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STUDIES,

STORIES, AND MEMOIRS.

By MRS. JAMESON.

AUTHOR OF "CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," ETC. ETC.

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CONTENTS.

STUDIES.

	PAGE
The Tragedy of Correggio	9
German Actresses	15
Goethe's Tasso, Iphigenia, and Clavigo	26
Music and Musicians	31
On the Female Character	36
Goethe and Ekermann	40
Goethe's last Love	48
Goethe's Table-Talk	52
Goethe's Ideas on the Position of Women	60
Lord Byron	66
Schiller	67
Historical Skepticism	68
The Supernatural	70
Ghost Stories	74
Detached Thoughts	97
Hoffmann	103
Ruckert	105
Grillparzer's Sappho and Medea	107
Sternberg's Novels	111
Don Carlos	126

TALES.

The False One	135
Halloran the Peddler	187

PAGE
The Indian Mother..... 219
Much Coin, much Care..... 238

MEMOIRS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ART.

The House of Titian..... 277
Washington Allston..... 329
Adelaide Kemble..... 366

STUDIES.

STUDIES.*

THE TRAGEDY OF CORREGGIO.

January 21–22.

WHILE ranging my German books this morning, I fell upon the "Correggio" of Oehlenschläger, and "Die Schuld" of Müllner; and I read both through carefully. The former pleased me *more*, the latter struck me *less*, than when I read them both for the first time a year ago.

One despairs of nothing since the success of "Ion;" but would it be possible, think you, that the tragedy of "Correggio" could be exhibited in England with any thing like the success it met with in Germany? Here—in England I mean—it might indeed "*fit* audience find, though *few*," but would it meet with the same sympathy?—would it even be endured with common patience by a mixed audience—such as hailed its appearance in Germany?

Here is a tragedy, of which the pervading interest is not low ambition and the pride of kings; nor

* Fragments of a Journal addressed to a Friend, written during the author's residence in Canada, and first published in 1838.

love, nor terror, nor murder, nor the rivalship of princes, nor the fall of dynasties, nor any of the usual forms of tragic incident,—but ART, high art, —its power as developed within the individual soul,—its influence on the minds of others. This idea is embodied in the character of Correggio; yet he is no abstraction, but perfectly individualized. All those traits of his life and peculiar habits and disposition, handed down by tradition, are most carefully preserved, and the result is a most admirable portrait of the artist and the man. His gentleness, his tenderness, his sensitive modesty, his sweet, loving, retiring disposition, are all touched with exquisite delicacy. The outbreak of noble self-confidence, when he exclaimed, after gazing on Raffaelle's St. Cecilia, "*Anch' io sono Pittore!*" is beautifully introduced. The sight of the same picture sent La Francia home to his bed to die, so at least it is said; but Correggio was not a man to die of another's excellence, though too often doubting his own. The anecdote of the man who was saved from the rapacity and vengeance of a robber, by an appeal to one of his pictures, and the story of his paying his apothecary with one of his finest works,* are also real incidents of the painter's life, introduced with the most picturesque effect.

Those who have travelled through the forests of Catholic Germany and Italy, must often have seen

* The Christ on the Mount of Olives, now, if I remember rightly, in possession of the Duke of Wellington.

a Madonna, or a Magdalen, in a rude frame, shrined against the knotted trunk of an old oak overshadowing the path; the green grass waving round, a votive wreath of wild flowers hung upon the rude shrine, and in front a little space worn bare by the knees of travellers who have turned aside from their journey to rest in the cool shade, and put up an *Ave Maria*, or an *Ora pro nobis*. I well remember once coming on such a Madonna in a wild woodland path near Vollbrücken, in Upper Austria. Two little, half-naked children, and a gaunt, black-bearded wood-cutter, were kneeling before it, and from afar the songs of some peasants gathering in the harvest were borne on the air. The Magdalen of Correggio, the same which is now in the Dresden gallery, and multiplied in prints and copies through the known world, is represented without any violent stretch of probability as occupying such a situation; nor are we left in doubt as to the identity of the picture; it is described in three or four exquisite lines. It is beautiful,—is it not?—where Correggio comments on his work, as he is presenting it to the old hermit:—

"Ein sündhaft Mädchen, das mit Reu' und Angst
Wie ein gescheuchtes Reh zum Dickicht floh,
Um der nachstellung ferner zu entgehen.
Doch ist es schön von einem Weibe, meyn ich,
Einmal gefallen wieder sich zu heben;
Es gibt sehr wen'ge Männer, die das können." *

* An erring maiden, that in fear and penitence
Flies, like timid hind, to the deep woods,

And the reply of Silvestro places the lovely form before us, *painted* in words.

. . . Welch schön Gemählde!
Der dunkle Schattenwald, die blonden Haare,
Die weisse Haut, das himmel blau Gewand
Die Jugendfülle und der Todtenkopf,
Das Weiberhafte und das grosse Buch,
Ihr habt mit vieler Kunst die Gegensätze
In schöner Harmonie hier auf-gelöst." *

The manner in which Correggio betrays his regret on parting with his picture, is also natural and most exquisite.

" Die Dichter haben's gut; sie können immer
Die Kinder alle in der Nähe haben.
Der Mahler ist ein armer Vater, der
Sie in die weite Welt aussenden muss;
Da müssen sie nachher sich selbst versorgen." †

Seeking t' escape the snares around her laid,—
And it is good to see a hapless woman
That has once fallen redeem herself;——in truth,
There be few men methinks could do as much.

* . . . . What a fair picture!
This dark o'erhanging shade, the long fair hair,
The delicate white skin, the dark blue robe,
The full luxuriant life, the grim death's head,
The tender womanhood, and the great book—
These various contrasts have you cunningly
Brought into sweetest harmony.

† Well for the poet! he can ever have
The children of his soul beside him here;
The painter is a needy father; he
Sends his poor children out in the wide world
To seek their fortune

Grouped around Correggio in every possible degree of harmony and contrast, we have a variety of figures all sufficiently marked, each in itself complete, and all aiding in carrying out the main effect, the apotheosis of the artist hero.

Nor has Oehlenschläger made his tragedy the vehicle for mere declamation, nor for inculcating any particular system of art or set of principles. In Michael Angelo and in Giulio Romano we have exhibited two artist-minds as different from each other and from Antonio Correggio as can be imagined. The haughty, stern, arrogant, but magnanimous and magnificent Michael Angelo, can with difficulty be brought to appreciate, or even look upon, a style so different from his own, and thunders out his rules of art like Olympian Jove. The gay, confident, generous, courteous Giulio Romano is less exclusive, if less severely grand, in his taste. The luxuriant grace of Correggio, the blending of the purely natural with the purely ideal, in his conceptions of beauty, are again distinct from both these great masters. Again the influence of art over minds variously constituted is exhibited in the tender wife of Correggio, the favorite model for his Madonnas; the old hermit Silvestro; the high-born, beautiful enthusiast, Celestina, who places the laurel wreath on the brow of the sleeping painter; and the peasant girl, Lauretta, who gives him drink when fainting with thirst; and the penitent robber; and the careless young noble, with whom art is subservient to his vanity and his passions; and the

vulgar villain of the piece, Battista, who alone is absolutely insensible to its influence;—all these form as beautiful a group, and as perfect in keeping, as we can meet in dramatic literature. Then there are such charming touches of feeling, such splendid passages of description and aphorisms on art, which seize on the fancy and cling to the memory! while the allusions to certain well-known pictures, bringing them before the mind's eye in a few expressive and characteristic words, are delicious to the amateur.

The received account of the cause of Correggio's death rests on a tradition,* which later researches render very problematical; but it remains uncontradicted that he lived and died poor—that his health was feeble and delicate—his life retired and blameless;—and the catastrophe has been so long current and credited, that the poet has done well to adhere to the common tradition. In the very moment that Correggio sinks into death, a messenger arrives from the Duke of Mantua, with splendid offers of patronage. He comes too late. Art and the world are the heirs of the great man's genius;

* That of Vasari, who states that he died in extreme poverty; that, having received at Parma a payment of sixty crowns, which was churlishly made to him in copper, he walked to the city of Correggio with this load on his back from anxiety to relieve his family, and died in consequence of the effort. Lanzi and other of his biographers distrust this story, and have pointed out its improbability. Whatever the cause of his death, the expressions of Annibal Carracci are conclusive as to the neglect and poverty in which he lived.

his poor family follow him heart-broken to the grave.

The "Schuld" of Adolf Müllner does not produce such an overpowering effect on the imagination the second time of reading, because we are not hurried forward by the interest of the story; but in one respect it has affected me more deeply than at first. Hugo says,

"Mich dunket, nie
Sollten Nord und Süd sich küssen!" *

And all through this fine play the spirit of the North and the spirit of the South are brought into beautiful yet fearful contrast. The passions which form the groundwork of the piece are prepared amid the palaces and orange-groves of the glowing South; the catastrophe evolved amid the deserts and pine-forests of the North; and in the fair, still-souled, but heroic Scandinavian maid, Jerta, and the dark, impassioned Elvira, we have the personified *sentiment* of the North and the South.

GERMAN ACTRESSES.

Has it ever occurred to you that Coleridge must have had this tragedy in his mind when he wrote his "Remorse?"

What a slight touch upon an extreme link will

* Methinks,
That North and South should never kiss each other.

send us back sometimes through a long, long chain of memories and associations! A word, a name, has sent me from Toronto to Vienna; what a flight! what a contrast!—it makes even Fancy herself breathless! Did I ever mention to you Madame Arneth? When the "Schuld" was produced at Vienna, she played the Scandinavian Jerta, and I have heard the effect of her representation compared, in its characteristic purity and calmness, and mild intellectual beauty, to the "moonlight on a snow-wreath,"—a comparison which gave me a vivid impression of its *truth*. Madame Arneth was herself not unlike the fair and serious Jerta.

The question has been often agitated, often controverted, but I am inclined to maintain the opinion elsewhere expressed, that there is nothing in the profession of an actress which is incompatible with the respect due to us as women—the cultivation of every feminine virtue—the practice of every private duty. I have conversed with those who think otherwise, and yet continue to frequent the theatre as an amusement, and even as a source of mental delight and improvement; and this I conceive to be a dereliction of principle—wrong in itself, and the cause of wrong. A love for dramatic representation, for imitative action, is in the elements of our human nature; we see it in children, in savages, in all ages, in all nations;—we cannot help it—it is even so. That the position of an actress should sometimes be a false one,—a dangerous one even for a female, is not the fault of the

profession, but the effect of the public opinion of the profession. When fashion, or conventional law, or public opinion, denounce as inexpedient what they cannot prove to be wrong—stigmatize what they allow—encourage and take delight in what they affect to contemn—what wonder that from such barbarous, such senseless inconsistency, should spring a whole heap of abuses and mistakes? As to the idea that acting, as a profession, is incompatible with female virtue and modesty, it is not merely an insult to the estimable women who have adorned and still adorn the stage, but to all womankind; it makes me blush with indignation. Unreflecting people—the world is full of such—point to the numerous instances which might be cited to the contrary. I have been perplexed by them sometimes in argument, but never on consideration and examination; and with regard to some other evils, not less, as it appears to me, in a moral point of view, I do not see their necessary connection with the stage as a profession. Vanity, jealousy, selfishness, the spirit of intrigue, the morbid effects of over-excitement, are not confined to actresses; if women placed in this position do require caution and dignity to ward off temptation, and self-control to resist it, and some knowledge of their own structure and the liabilities incurred by their profession, in order to manage better their own health, moral and physical, then they only require what all women should possess—what every woman needs, no matter what her position.

But to return to Madame Arneth.

At Vienna, some years ago, there lived three celebrated actresses, all beautiful, and young, and gifted. Sophie Müller was first mentioned to me by Schlegel; he spoke of her with rapturous admiration as the most successful representative of some of Shakspeare's characters that had yet been seen in Germany, and she seems to have left an ineffaceable impression on those who saw her play Chrimhilde in the "Niebelung." She was surrounded by admirers, adorers, yet I never heard that one among them could boast of being distinguished even by a preference; austere to herself, devoted to her art, which she studied assiduously, her ambition centred in it; in the mean time she was performing all the duties of a daughter to an aged father, and of a mother to a family of younger brothers and sisters; and her house was a model of good order and propriety. She died in 1830.

Not long before died Anna Krüger, equally blameless in her conduct and reputation as a woman, but in all other respects negligent of herself and of her own interests. She was remarkably free from all selfishness or jealousy, charitable and good, and universally beloved. Her representation of spirited or heroic characters, in comedy and in tragedy, has been described to me as wonderfully fine. Schiller's Joan of Arc was her *chef d'œuvre.*

The third was Antoinette Adamberger, now Madame Arneth, whom I am happy and proud to number among my friends. Her former name

cannot be unknown to you, for it has a dear yet melancholy celebrity throughout all Germany, and is inseparably associated with the literature of her country, as the betrothed bride of Theodore Körner, the poet-hero of the war of deliverance. It was not till we had been for some time intimate that I ever heard her allude to Körner. One evening as we were sitting alone, she gave me, with much feeling and graphic power, and even more simplicity, some particulars of her first interview with him, and the circumstances which led to their engagement. I should tell you that she was at the time a favorite actress of the Court Theatre, and excelled particularly in all characters that required more of delicacy, and grace, and dignity, than of power and passion ; those of Thekla in the "Wallenstein," and Jerta in the "Schuld," being considered as her masterpieces. Of her judgment as an *artiste* I could form some idea, from the analysis into which I once tempted her of the Beatrice in Schiller's "Braut von Messina," a character in which she is said to have excelled, and which, in its tender delicacy and almost evanescent grace, might be compared to Perdita. To analyze all the passive beauty and power of Schiller's conception, must have required a just and exquisite taste, and to render them with such felicity and effect, a person corresponding in girlish delicacy. Yet, perhaps, in her youthful years, when she played Beatrice divinely, Madame Arneth could not have analyzed the character as ingeniously as she did

when a ripened judgment and more cultivated taste enabled her to reflect on her own conception. This, however, is digressing; for the moral qualities, not the intellectual powers, of the actress, are what I am contending for. Theodore Körner came to Vienna in 1813, bringing with him his "Grüne Domino," a piece composed expressly for Anna Krüger and Antoinette Adamberger. These two young women, differing altogether in character, were united by the most tender friendship, and a sincere admiration for each other's particular talent. I have been told that it was delightful to see them play together in the same piece, the perfect understanding which existed between them producing an effect of harmony and reality which was felt, rather than perceived, by the audience. At the period of Körner's arrival, Antoinette was ill in consequence of the extreme severity of the winter of that year, and the rehearsal of the "Grüne Domino" was put off from day to day, from week to week, till Körner became absolutely impatient. At this time he had not been introduced to Antoinette, and it was suspected that the beauty of Anna Krüger had captivated him. At length, the convalescence of the principal actress was announced, the day for the long-deferred rehearsal arrived, and the performers had assembled in the green-room. Now, it happened that in the time of the late empress,* the representation of Schiller's "Marie Stuart" had been forbidden, be-

* Maria-Theresa-Caroline of Naples, who died in 1807.

cause her imperial majesty had been greatly scandalized by the indecorous quarrel scene between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, and particularly by the catastrophe of the latter, regarding the whole play as extremely dangerous and derogatory to all crowned heads, more especially female ones. On her death it was hoped that this prohibition would be repealed, and the performers presented a petition to that effect. The emperor, however, steadily refused, on the plea that he had *promised* the empress never to permit the representation of the tragedy.* The refusal had just been received, and the whole *corps dramatique* were in a state of commotion, and divided on the merits of the case. Körner, in particular, was in a perfect fever of indignation, and exclaimed, in no measured terms, against the edict which deprived the public of one of Schiller's masterpieces, in tenderness to the caprices of an old woman now in her grave, *et cetera*. The greater number of those present sympathized with him. The dispute was at its height when Antoinette entered the room, still weak from recent illness, and wrapped up in cloaks and furs. Her comrades crowded around her with congratulations and expressions of affection, and insisted that the matter in dispute should be referred to "Toni;" Körner, meanwhile, standing by in proud

* I do not know whether the emperor was ever induced to break this promise. It was *after* his death that I saw the "Marie Stuart" performed at Vienna, where Madame Schroeder and Madlle. Fournier appeared as Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart.

silence; he had not yet been introduced. When the affair was stated, and the opinions of the majority vehemently pressed on her, she replied in her gentle manner, "I do not pretend to judge about the injury done to the public, or the expediency or inexpediency of the matter; it is a simple question between right and wrong—between truth and falsehood. For myself, I can only say, that if I had made a promise to a person I loved, or to any one, I would keep it as long as I had life myself, and the death of that person would render such a promise not less, but more binding, more sacred, if possible."

This simple appeal to principle and truth silenced all. Körner said no more, but his attention was fixed, and from that moment, as he told her afterwards, he loved her; his feelings were interested before he had even looked into her eyes; and it is no wonder that those eyes, when revealed, completed her conquest.

Within a few weeks they were betrothed lovers, and within a few months afterwards the patriotic war (die Freiheits-Kriege) broke out, and Körner joined Lutzow's volunteers. His fate is well known. Young and handsome, a poet and a hero, loving, and in the full assurance of being loved, with all life's fairest visions and purest affections fresh about his head and heart, he perished—the miniature of "Toni" being found within his bosom next to the little pocketbook in which he had written the Song of the Sword—the first shattered by

the bullet which had found his heart, the latter stained with his blood; I have seen it,—held it in my hand! Now, will you believe, that within three or four months afterwards, when Antoinette was under the obligation to resume her professional duties, the first character she was ordered to play was that of Thekla? In vain she entreated to be spared this outrage to every feeling of a heart yet bleeding from her loss; the greater her reluctance, the greater the effect which would be produced on the curiosity and sympathy of the public;—this, I suppose, was the cold calculation of the directory! She was *not* excused; and after going through the scene in which the Swedish captain relates to Thekla the death of her lover,* the poor Antoinette was carried from the stage by her aunt almost lifeless, and revived only to give way to such agonies of grief and indignation as threatened her reason.

Madame Arneth is remarkably calm and simple in her manner, and more than twenty years had elapsed since she had been thus insulted and tortured; but when she alluded to this part of her history, she became gradually convulsed with emotion, trembled in every limb, and pressed her hands upon her eyes, from which the tears *would* gush in spite of an effort to restrain them. And to this, you will say, an actress could be exposed? Yes; and I remember another instance, when

* It will be remembered that the death of Theodore Körner was similar to that of Max Piccodomini.

under circumstances as cruel and as revolting, a young and admired actress was hurried before the public in an agony of reluctance; but still I do say, that such exhibitions are not necessarily or solely confined to the profession of the stage; woman, as a legal property, is subjected to them in her conventional position; a woman may be brought into a church against her will, libelled and pilloried in an audacious newspaper; an English matron may be dragged from private life into a court of justice, exposed, guiltless, and helpless, to the public obloquy or the public sympathy, in shame and in despair. If such a scene *can* by possibility take place, one stage is not worse than another.

Antoinette had suffered what a woman of a quiet but proud temper never forgets or forgives. She had made up her mind to quit the stage, and there was only one way of doing so with honor. Four years after the death of Körner she married Mr. Arneth, one of the directors of the Imperial Museum, a learned and amiable man, considerably older than herself,* and with whom she has lived

* Madame Arneth is now *Vorleserin* (Reader) to the Empress Dowager, and intrusted with the direction of a school, founded by the Empress for the children of soldiers. In Austria only two soldiers in each company are allowed to marry, and the female children of such marriages are, in a manner, predestined to want and infamy. In the school under Madame Arneth's direction, I found (in 1835) forty-five children, well managed and healthy. The benevolence which suggested such an institution is, without doubt, praiseworthy; but what shall we say of the system which makes such an institution necessary?

happily. Before I left Vienna she presented me with a book which Körner had given her, containing his autograph and the dramas he had written for her—"Die Toni," "der Grüne Domino," and others. I exclaimed thoughtlessly, "O how can you part with it?" and she replied, with a sweet seriousness, "When I married a worthy man who loved me and trusted me, I thought there should be no wavering of the heart between past recollections and present duties; I put this and all other objects connected with *that* first period of my life entirely away, and I have never looked at it since. Take it! and believe me, even *now*, it is better in your hands than in mine." And mine it shall never leave.

Madame Arneth once described to me the admirable acting of Schroeder in Medea, when playing with her own children; she treated them, however, with savage roughness, and when remonstrated with, she replied, "the children were her own, and she had a right to do what she liked with them." "That was certainly her affair," added Madame Arneth, "but I would not for the whole world have exhibited myself before my own children in such a character."

Is not this a woman worthy of all love, all respect, all reverence? and is not this the sentiment of duty which is, or should be, "the star to every wandering bark?"

GOETHE'S TASSO, IPHIGENIA, AND CLAVIGO.

February 24.

"Ce qui est *moins* que moi, m'éteint et m'assomme: ce qui est *à côté* de moi m'ennuie et me fatigue: il n'y a que ce qui est *au-dessus* de moi qui me soutienne et m'arrache à moimême." * This is true—*how* true, I *feel*, and far more prettily said than I could say it; and thus it is that during these last few days of illness and solitary confinement, I took refuge in another and a higher world, and bring you my ideas thereupon.

I have been reading over again the "Iphigenia," the "Tasso," and the "Egmont" of Goethe.

"Iphigenia" is all repose; "Tasso" all emotion; "Egmont" all action and passion. "Iphigenia" rests upon the grace and grandeur of form—it is *statuesque* throughout. "Tasso" is the strife between the poetic and prosaic nature. "Egmont" is the working of the real; all here is palpable, practical —even love itself.

I laid down the "Tasso" with a depth of emotion which I have never felt but after reading "Hamlet," to which alone I could compare it; but this is a tragedy profound and complete in effect, without the intervention of any evil principle, without a dagger, without a death, without a tyrant, without a traitor! The *truth* of Leonora d'Este's character

* Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse.

struck me forcibly; it is true to itself, as a character,—true to all we know of her history. The shadow which a hidden love has thrown over the otherwise transparent and crystalline simplicity of her mind is very charming—more charming from the contrast with her friend Leonora Sanvitale, who reconciles herself to the project of removing Tasso with exquisite feminine subtlety and sentimental cunning.

Why do you not finish your translation of the "Egmont?" who will ever do it as you *can?* What deep wisdom, what knowledge of human nature in every scene! And what can be finer than the two female portraits—the imperial, imperious Margaret of Austria, and the plebeian girl, Clärchen? The character of Clärchen grows upon me as I study it. Is she not really a Flemish Juliet, in her fond impatience, her wilfulness, and the energy of resolve arising out of the strength of passion? And her tenderness for her poor discarded lover, Brackenberg, whom she cannot love and cannot hate, is all so womanly natural!

. . . . . .

"Iphigenia" is an heroic tragedy—"Tasso," a poetical tragedy—"Egmont," an historical tragedy. "Clavigo" is what the Germans call a bürgerliche, or domestic tragedy (tragédie bourgeoise). I did not read this play as I read the "Tasso," borne aloft into the ideal, floating on the wings of enthusiasm between the earth and stars; but I laid it down with a terrible and profound *pain*—yes, pain!

for it was worse and deeper than mere emotion. Yet it is difficult to speak of "Clavigo" as a work of art. The matter-of-fact simplicity of the plot, the every-day nature of the characters, the prosaic sentiments, the deep homely pathos of the situations, are almost too real,—they are brought home to our own bosoms, our own experience,—they are just what, in feeling most, we can least dare to express. The scene between Carlos and Clavigo, in which Carlos dissuades his friend from marrying the woman to whom he was engaged, is absolutely wonderful. If Clavigo yielded to any mere persuasion or commonplace arguments, he would be a despicable wretch,—we should feel no interest about him, and it would also belie the intellect with which he is endowed. It is to that *intellect* Carlos addresses himself. His arguments, under one point of view —that of common sense—are unanswerable. His reasoning, springing from conviction, is reason itself. What can be more practically wise than his calculations—more undeniably true than his assertions? His rhetoric, dictated as it is by real friendship, and full of fire and animation, is even more overwhelming from its sincerity than its eloquence; and his sarcastic observations on poor Marie Beaumarchais, on her want of personal attractions, her ill health, her foreign manners; on the effect she will produce on society as his wife, and the clog she must prove to his freedom and ambitious career, are all so well aimed, so well meant, so well founded, that far from hating Carlos and despising Clavigo, we are im-

pressed with a terror, a sympathy, a sort of fearful fascination. Every one who reads this play must acknowledge, and with an inward shuddering, that it is possible he might have yielded to this conventional common sense, this worldly logic, even for want of arguments to disprove it. The only things left out in the admirable reasonings and calculations of Carlos are nature and conscience, to which, in their combination, the world have agreed to give the name of *Romance*. But never yet were the feelings and instincts of our nature violated with impunity; never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution. In the tragedy, the catastrophe is immediate and terrible; in real life it might come in some other shape, or it might come later, but it *would* come—of *that* there is no doubt.

February 25.

The accusation which has been frequently made against Goethe, that notwithstanding his passionate admiration for women, he has throughout his works wilfully and systematically depreciated womanhood, is not just, in my opinion. No doubt he is not so universal as Shakspeare, nor so ideal as Schiller; but though he might have taken a more elevated and a more enlarged view of the sex, his portraits of individual women are true as truth itself. His idea of women generally was like that entertained by Lord Byron, rather oriental and *sultanish;* he is a little of the bashaw persuasion. "Goethe,"

said a friend of mine who knew him intimately, "had no notion of heroic women," (Heldenfrauen;) "in poetry, he thought them unnatural, in history, false. For such delineations as Schiller's "Joan of Arc," and Stauffacher's wife (in Wilhelm Tell) he had neither faith nor sympathy."

His only heroic and ideal creation is the "Iphigenia," and she is as perfect and as pure as a piece of Greek sculpture. I think it a proof that if he did not understand or like the active heroism of Amazonian ladies, he had a very sublime idea of the passive heroism of female nature. The basis of the character is *truth*. The drama is the very triumph of unsullied, unflinching truth. It has been said, that Goethe intended this character as a portrait of the Grand Duchess Louise, of Weimar. The *intention* of the poet remains doubtful; but it should seem that from the first moment the resemblance was generally admitted; and what a glorious compliment to the Duchess was this acknowledgment! It was through this true-heartedness, this immutable integrity in word and deed, and through no shining qualities of mind or blandishments of manner, that she prevailed over the angry passions, and commanded the respect of Napoleon, a man who openly contemned women, but whose instructions to his ambassadors and ministers always ended with "Soignez les femmes," a comment of deep import on our false position and fearful power.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

March 1.

In the different branches of art, each artist thinks his own the highest, and is filled with the idea of all its value and all its capabilities which he understands best, and has most largely studied and developed. "But," says Dr. Chalmers, "we must take the testimony of each man to the worth of that which he does know, and reject the testimony of each to the comparative worthlessness of that which he does not know."

For it is not, generally speaking, that he overrates his own particular walk of art from over enthusiasm, (no art, when considered separately, as a means of human delight and improvement, *can* be overrated,) but such a *one-sided* artist underrates from ignorance the walks of others which diverge from his own.

Of all artists, musicians are most exclusive in devotion to their own art, and in the want of sympathy, if not absolute contempt, for other arts. A painter has more sympathies with a musician, than a musician with a painter. Vernet used to bring his easel into Pergolesi's room to paint beside his harpsichord, and used to say that he owed some of his finest skies to the inspired harmonies of his friend. Pergolesi never felt, perhaps, any harmonies but those of his own delicious art.

"Aspasia, he who loves not music is a beast of one species, and he who overloves it is a beast of another, whose brain is smaller than a nightingale's, and his heart than that of a lizard!" I refer you for the rest to a striking passage in Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia," containing a most severe philippic, not only against the professors, but the *profession*, of music, and which concludes very aptly, "Panenus said this: let us never believe a word of it!" It is too true that some excellent musicians have been ignorant, and sensual, and dissipated, but there are sufficient exceptions to the sweeping censure of Panenus to show that "imprudence, intemperance, and gluttony," do not always, or necessarily, "open their channels into the sacred stream of music." Musicians are not selfish, careless, sensual, ignorant, because they are musicians, but because, from a defective education, they are nothing else. The German musicians are generally more moral and more intellectual men than English or Italian musicians, and hence their music has taken a higher flight, is more intellectual than the music of other countries. Music as an art has not degraded them, but they have elevated music.

It is impeaching the goodness of the beneficent Creator to deem that moral evil can be inseparably connected with any of the fine arts—least of all with music—the soul of the physical, as love is of the moral, universe.

The most accomplished and intellectual musician

I ever met with is Felix Mendelssohn. I do not recollect if it were himself or some one else who told me of a letter which Carl von Weber had addressed to him, warning him that he never could attain the highest honors in his profession without cultivating the virtues and the decencies of life. "A great artist," said Weber, "ought to be a good man."

While I am "i' the vein," I must give you a few more musical reminiscences before my fingers are quite frozen.

I had once some conversation with Thalberg and Felix Mendelssohn, on the unmeaning names which musicians often give to their works, as Concerto in F, Concerto in B b, First Symphony, Second Symphony, &c. Mendelssohn said, that though in almost every case the composer might have a leading idea, it would be often difficult, or even impossible, to give any title sufficiently comprehensive to convey the same idea or feeling to the mind of the hearer.

But music, except to musicians, can only give ideas, or rather raise images, by association; it can give the pleasure which the just accordance of musical sounds must give to sensitive ears, but the associated ideas or images, if any, must be quite accidental. Haydn, we are told, when he sat down to compose, used first to invent a story in his own fancy—a regular succession of imaginary incidents and feelings—to which he framed or suited the successive movements (motivi) of his concerto.

Would it not have been an advantage if Haydn could have given to his composition such a title as would have pitched the imagination of the listener at once upon the same key? Mendelssohn himself has done this in the pieces which he has entitled "Overture to Melusina," "Overture to the Hebrides," "Meeres Stille und Glückliche Fahrt," "The Brook," and others,—which is better surely than Sonata No. 1, Sonata No. 2. Take the Melusina, for example; is there not in the sentiment of the music, all the sentiment of the beautiful old fairy tale?—first, in the flowing, intermingling harmony, we have the soft elemental delicacy of the water nymph; then, the gushing of fountains, the undulating waves; then the martial prowess of the knightly lover, and the splendor of chivalry prevailing over the softer and more ethereal nature; and then, at last, the dissolution of the charm; the ebbing, fainting, and failing away into silence of the beautiful water spirit. You will say it might answer just as well for Ondine; but this signifies little, provided we have our fancy pitched to certain poetical associations preëxisting in the composer's mind. Thus, not only poems, but pictures and statues, might be set to music. I suggested to Thalberg as a subject the Aurora of Guido. It should begin with a slow, subdued, and solemn movement, to express the slumbrous softness of that dewy hour which precedes the coming of the day, and which in the picture broods over the distant landscape, still wrapt in darkness and

sleep; then the stealing upwards of the gradual dawn; the brightening, the quickening of all life; the awakening of the birds, the burst of the sunlight, the rushing of the steeds of Hyperion through the sky, the aerial dance of the Hours, and the whole concluding with a magnificent choral song of triumph and rejoicing sent up from universal nature.

And then in the same spirit—no, in his own grander spirit—I would have Mendelssohn improvise the Laocoön. There would be the pomp and procession of the sacrifice on the sea-shore; the flowing in of the waves; the two serpents which come gliding on their foamy crests, wreathing, and rearing, and undulating; the horror, the lamentation, the clash of confusion, the death struggle, and, after a deep pause, the wail of lamentation, the funereal march;—the whole closing with a hymn to Apollo. Can you not just imagine such a piece of music, and composed by Mendelsohn? and can you not fancy the possibility of setting to music, in the same manner, Raffaelle's Cupid and Psyche, or his Galatea, or the group of the Niobe? Niobe would be a magnificent subject either for a concerto, or for a kind of mythological oratorio.

ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

March 2.

TURNING over Boswell to-day, I came upon this passage: Johnson says, "I do not commend a society where there is an agreement that what would not otherwise be fair shall be fair; but I maintain that an individual of any society who practises what is allowed, is not dishonest."

What say you to this reasoning of our great moralist? does it not reduce the whole moral law to something merely conventional?

In another place, Dr. Johnson asks, "What proportion does climate bear to the complex system of human life?" I shiver while I answer, "A good deal, my dear Doctor, to some individuals, and yet more to whole races of men."

He says afterwards, "I deal more in *notions* than in facts." And so do I, it seems.

He talks of "men being *held down* in conversation by the presence of women"—*held up* rather, where moral feeling is concerned; and if held down where intellect and social interests are concerned, then so much the worse for such a state of society.

Johnson knew absolutely nothing about women; witness that one assertion, among others more insulting, that it is matter of indifference to a woman whether her husband be faithful or not. He says,

in another place, "If we men require more perfection from women than from ourselves, it is doing them honor."

Indeed! If, in exacting from us more perfection, you do not allow us the higher and nobler nature, you do us not honor, but gross injustice; and if you do allow us the higher nature, and yet regard us as subject and inferior, then the injustice is the greater. There, Doctor, is a dilemma for you.

Of all our modern authors, Coleridge best understood the essential nature of women, and has said the truest and most beautiful things of our sex generally; and of all our modern authors, Hazlitt was most remarkable for his utter ignorance of women, generally and individually.

Charles Lamb, of all the men I ever talked to, had the most kindly, the most compassionate, the most reverential feelings towards woman; but he did not, like Coleridge, set forth these feelings with elaborate eloquence—they came gushing out of his heart and stammering from his tongue—clothed sometimes in the quaintest disguise of ironical abuse, and sometimes in words which made the tears spring to one's eyes. He seemed to understand us not as a poet, nor yet as a man of the world; but by the unerring instinct of the most loving and benevolent of hearts.

When Coleridge said antithetically, "that it was the beauty of a woman's character to be characterless," I suppose it is as if he had said, "It is the

beauty of the diamond to be colorless;" for he instances Ophelia and Desdemona; and though they are colorless in their pure, transparent simplicity, they are as far as possible from characterless, for in the very quality of being colorless consists the character.

Speaking of Coleridge reminds me that it was from Ludwig Tieck I first learned the death of this wonderful man; and as I, too, had "sat at the feet of Gamaliel and heard his words," the news struck me with a solemn sorrow. I remember that Tieck, in announcing the death of Coleridge, said, in his impressive manner, "A great spirit has passed from the world, and the world knew him not."

March 6.

As light was the eldest-born principle of the universe, so love was the eldest-born passion of humanity, though people quote Milton to prove that vanity was so—in our own sex at least; and many are the witty sayings on this favorite text; but they are wrong, and their text misinterpreted. Eve, when she looked in passionate delight on her own lovely face reflected in the stream, knew not it was her own, and had nothing else to love; the moment she found an Adam on whom to lavish the awakened sympathies, she turned from the shadow to the reality, even though "less winning soft, less amiably fair;" she did not sit upon the bank, and pine to death for her own fair face,

. . "Like that too beauteous boy
That lost himself by loving of himself;"

—while the voice of love wooed her in vain. Vanity in this instance was but the shadow of love.

But, O me! how many women since the days of Echo and Narcissus, have pined themselves into air for the love of men who were in love only with themselves!

Where the vivacity of the intellect and the strength of the passions, exceed the development of the moral faculties, the character is likely to be imbittered or corrupted by extremes, either of adversity or prosperity. This is especially the case with women; but as far as my own observation and experience go, I should say that many more women have their heads turned by prosperity than their hearts spoiled by adversity; and, in general, the female character rises with the pressure of ill fortune. Sir James Mackintosh says somewhere, "That almost every woman is either formed in the school, or tried by the test of adversity; it may be more necessary to the greatness of the female character than that of men."

And why so?—I understand the first part of this sentence, but not the last. Why should the test of adversity be *more* necessary to the greatness of the female character than that of men? The perpetual, and painful, and struggling collision of man with man forms and tries him; woman has little

compulsory collision with woman; our equals are our most severe schoolmasters, and the tyranny of circumstances supplies this *want* to women.

GOETHE AND EKERMANN.

March 10.

I brought from Weimar Dr. Ekermann's book,* which, as yet, I have only glanced over in parts; by this time it must be well known all over the world of literature. When I left Weimar, it was not yet published. There my attention was strongly directed to this book, not so much by the interest as by the *kind* of interest it had excited around me. I remember one of Goethe's grandsons turning over the leaves as it lay on my table, and exclaiming with animation—"Es ist der Grosspapa selbst! da lebt er!—da spricht er!" (It is grandpapa himself!—here he lives—he speaks!")

Another, habitually intimate with the domestic life of Goethe, said, with emotion—"Es ist das buch von liebe und wahrheit." (It is the book of love and truth.)

"Whatever may be in that book," said a dear friend of mine, when she placed it in my hands,

* Gespräche mit Goethe. (Conversations with Goethe.)

"I would pledge myself beforehand for its truth. The mind of Ekermann, at once unsullied and unruffled by all contact with the world, is so constituted, that he could not perceive or speak other than the truth, any more than a perfectly clear and smooth mirror could reflect a false or a distorted image."

Now all this was delightful! The sort of praise one does not often hear either of a book or a writer —and so, to read I do most seriously incline.

I read the preface to-day, and part of the introduction.

In the preface, Ekermann says, very beautifully, "When I think of the fulness, the richness of those communications which for nine years formed my chief happiness, and now perceive how little of all I have been able to preserve in writing; I feel like a child, who seeks to catch in his open hands the plenteous showers of spring, and finds that the greatest part has escaped through his fingers."

A little farther on he says—"I am far from believing that I have here unveiled the whole inward being of Goethe, (der ganze innere Goethe.) One may liken this most wonderful spirit to a many-sided diamond, which in every direction reflected a different hue; and as, in his intercourse with different persons in different positions, he would himself appear different—I can only say modestly—"This is MY Goethe!"

This may be said with truth of every character, viewed through the mind of another; of every

portrait of the same individual painted by a different artist.

And not only where we have to deal with marked and distinguished characters, but in the common intercourse of life, we should do well to take this distinction into account; and, on this principle, I would never judge a character by hearsay, nor venture further, even in my own judgment, than to admit that such a person I like, and such another I do *not* like. In the last case the fault, the deficiency, the cause, whatever it may be, is as probably on my side as on theirs; and though this may sound offensive and arbitrary, it is more just than saying such a one is worthless or disagreeable; for the first I can never know, and as for the latter, the most disagreeable people I ever met with had those who loved them, and thought them, no doubt with reason, very agreeable.

Of a very great, and at the same time complex mind, we should be careful not to trust entirely to any one portrait, even though from the life, and of undoubted truth. Johnson, as he appears in "Boswell," is, I think, the only perfectly individualized portrait I remember; and hence the various and often inconsistent effect it produces. One moment he is an object of awe, the next of ridicule; we love, we venerate him on this page—on the next we despise, we abhor him. Here he gives out oracles and lessons of wisdom surpassing those of the sages of old; and there we see him grunting over his favorite dish, and "*trundling*" the meat down his

throat, like a Hottentot. But, in the end, such is the influence of truth, when we *can* have the whole of it, that we dismiss Johnson like a friend to whose disagreeable habits and peculiarities we had become accustomed, while his sterling virtues had won our respect and confidence. If I had seen Johnson once, I should probably have no impression but that made on my imagination by his fame and his austere wisdom, and should remain awe-struck; at the second interview I might have disliked him. But Boswell has given me a friend, and I love the old fellow, though I cannot love his bull-dog manners, and worse than bull-dog prejudices.

Were it possible to have of Goethe as universal, many-sided, and faithful a picture, it would be something transcendent in interest; but I do not think he had a Boswell near him, nor any one, I imagine, who would be inclined to buy immortality at the same price with that worthy;—at least Ekermann does not seem such a man.*

* A lady, a near and dear relation of Goethe, who had lived for very many years in the closest communion with him, was pressed by arguments and splendid offers of emolument to give to the world the domestic life of the poet, or at least contribute some notes with regard to his private conversations and opinions. She refused at once and decidedly. "I had," said she, "several reasons for this. In the first place, I have not a good memory, and I have a very lively imagination; I could not always trust myself. What I should say would be something very near the truth, and very like the truth, but would it be *the truth?* How could I send into the world a book, of the exact truth of which I could not in my own conscience, and to my own conviction, be assured? A second reason was, that Goethe did not die young; I could not do him any justice he was unable to do himself, by

The account of himself in the introduction is the most charming little bit of autobiography I have ever met with; it is written to account for his first introduction to, and subsequent intercourse with, Goethe, and is only too short. The perfect simplicity and modesty, yet good taste and even elegance of this little history, are quite captivating. The struggles of a poor German scholar, the secret aspirations, the feelings, the sorrows, the toils, the hardships, of a refined and gentle spirit, striving with obscurity and vulgar cares and poverty, are all briefly but graphically touched,—a sketch only, yet full of life and truth. Ekermann, it seems, was the son of a poor cottager and peddler, residing, when not engaged in his ambulatory traffic, in a little village near Hamburg. Though steeped in poverty, they seem to have been above actual want, and not unhappy. For the first fourteen years of his life Ekermann was employed in taking care of their only cow, the chief support of the family; gathering wood for firing in the winter; and in summer occasionally assisting his father in carrying the package of small wares with which he travelled through the neighboring villages. "All this time," says Ekermann, "I was so far from being tor-

telling the world what he *would* have done, what he *could* have done, or what he had intended to do, if time had been given. He lived long enough to accomplish his own fame. He told the world all he chose the world to know; and if not, is it for me—for *me!*—to fill up the vacancy, by telling what, perhaps, he never meant to be told?—what I owed to his boundless love and confidence?—*that* were too horrible!"

mented by any secret ambition for higher things, or any intuitive longing after science or literature, that I did not even know that they existed." In this case, as in many others, accident, as we call it, developed the latent faculties of a mind of no common order. A woodcut of a galloping horse—the excise stamp, on a paper of tobacco which his father brought from Hamburg—first excited his admiration, and then the wish to imitate what he admired. He attempted to copy the horse with a pen and ink; succeeded, much to his own delight and the wonder of his simple parents; and then, by dint of copying some poor engravings, (lent to him by a potter in the neighborhood, who used them to ornament his ware,) he became a tolerable draughtsman; he was then noticed and encouraged by a gentleman, who asked him if he should like to become a painter. Now the only idea of a painter which had ever occurred to his father and mother was that of a house-painter; and as they had seen house-painters at Hamburg suspended on dangerous scaffolds, when decorating the exterior of the buildings there, his tender mother begged him not to think of a trade in which he ran the risk of breaking his neck; and the offer was respectfully declined.

In the family of the gentleman who noticed him, Ekermann picked up a little French, Latin, and music; and now the thirst for information was awakened in his mind; he studied with diligence, and, as a clerk in different offices, maintained himself

till the breaking out of the war of deliverance in 1813. He then, like every man who could carry a firelock, enrolled himself in the army, and made the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. The corps in which he served was marched into Flanders, and there for the first time he had the perception of what pictures are, of all that he had lost in refusing to become a painter, and could have wept, as he says, for very grief and self-reproach. He passed all his leisure in wandering through the churches, gazing on the works of the great Flemish masters. At once the resolution to become an artist took possession of his mind. When his regiment was disbanded, he set to work and placed himself under the tuition of Ramberg, in Hanover. There is something very touching in this part of his history; he had himself nothing in the world—no means of subsistence; but he had a friend in tolerable circumstances at Hanover; he made his solitary way through the snow on foot to that city, and took up his residence with this friend of his youth, who shared with him his home and slender income. Anxious, however, not to be a burden longer than was absolutely necessary, he sought employment, worked so hard as to injure his health, and brought himself to the verge of the grave,—in short, he was obliged to give up all hope of studying art as a profession, and he took to literature; here he showed the same indefatigable temper, and, conscious of his imperfect education, he put himself to school; and, that he might

be enabled to pay for instruction, procured the situation of a clerk in a public office. At the age of twenty-six he became a scholar in the second class of the Gymnasium, among boys of fourteen and fifteen. Here, he says, the most advanced pupils in the school, far from turning him into ridicule, treated him with every mark of respect, and even assisted him in his studies; but between his clerk's office and his schooling there remained to him scarce one moment either for food or exercise; he who was eager to perfect himself in the classics, remained ignorant of the great laws by which he held his existence; and we are not surprised to find that the result of these excessive efforts was broken health, a constitution almost destroyed, and, in fact, permanently injured. In the midst of all this, Ekermann found time to fall deeply in love; and the wish to obtain distinction and some settled means of subsistence assumed another, a more pleasing, and a more anxious form. But ill health and a desultory education were against him. He wrote a book of poems, which was published and met with some success; the profits enabled him to go to a university, where for some time he seems to have entertained the hope of procuring an office, or a professorship, which should enable him to marry. Thus year after year passed. In the year 1822, he wrote his "Beiträge zur Poesie," (poetical essays,) and sent the MSS., with a modest letter, to Goethe; the result was, an invitation to Weimar, where he finally took up his residence,

Some time afterwards he procured a permanent situation, and was enabled to marry the woman he loved. Shy by nature, and averse to society, ambitious only of literary distinction, having laid up his whole heart, and hopes, and life, in the quiet pleasures of his modest home, and in the society of the wife whom he had obtained after a protracted engagement of ten years, Ekermann during the next three years might, perhaps, be pronounced a happy man. In the third year of his marriage he lost his amiable wife, who died in giving birth to a son, and since that time he has become more shy and inaccessible than ever—shrinking nervously from the presence of strangers, and devoted to the poor little infant which has cost him so dear. The daughter-in-law and the grandsons of Goethe, who look up to him with a tender reverence, he seems to idolize, and has become in some sort the literary Mentor and aid of the young men, as Goethe had been *his*, long years ago. It is a family tie, every way sanctified, and not, I trust, to be severed in this world by aught that the world can give or take away.

GOETHE'S LAST LOVE.

The period at which these conversations commence was an interesting epoch in the personal existence of Goethe; it was about the time of his

visit to Marienbad, in 1823, and was marked by the composition of one of his finest lyrical poems, the elegy in three parts, which he has entitled "Trilogie der Leidenschaft." He was then seventy-four, but in appearance sixty; his eye still beaming with a softened fire, a cheek yet fresh with health, a well-knit figure, an upright, graceful carriage, a manner which took all hearts captive. The grand, the beautiful old man!—old, yet, alas! still young enough, it seems, in heart and frame, to feel once more, and for the last time, the touch of passion; not a mere old man's love, such as we usually see it—half disease, or half infatuation—at best a weakness—the sickly flare of a dying lamp; but genuine passion in all its effects, and under its most profound and most painful, as well as its most poetical aspect.

Ekermann merely touches on this subject with all possible, all becoming delicacy; but there seems no occasion for me to suppress here the mention of some circumstances not generally known, but which can bring nor shame, nor pain, nor regret to any human being.

The object of this love was a young person he had met at Marienbad—one of the daughters of Madame de L——w. She has been described to me as fair and rather full-formed, intelligent, accomplished, and altogether most attractive. He began by admiring and petting her as a child—then loved her—loved her against his will, his better sense, one might almost say, against his nature.

There was a report in Germany that he had offered her marriage; this is not true; but it was feared he might do so. He returned from Marienbad changed in manner; he had lost that majestic calm, that cheerfulness, which inspired such respect as well as affection in those around him; and for some weeks all were in anxiety for the event. But Goethe was a man of the world, and a man of strong sense; he resolved to free himself from a thraldom of which he felt all the misery, and perceived all the ridicule. He struggled manfully, and conquered; but after weeks of terrible suffering and a fit of illness, during which he was seized with a kind of lethargy, a suspension of all memory, perception, feeling, from which he was with difficulty roused; but he *conquered;* and on his recovery betook himself to his usual remedy for pain and grief—hard work. He found "a file for the serpent," and was soon deep in his new theory of colors and his botanical researches. If there be any one in the world so vulgar-minded and so heartless, as to find in this story of a great poet's last love, a subject for cruel and coarse pleasantry, I must say that I pity such a being. In the elegy alluded to, we find no trace of the turbulence of youthful passion—no hopes, no wishes, no fears, no desires, no reproaches, such as lovers are wont to sing or say. It is no flowery, perfumed wreath of flattery thrown at the feet of a mistress, but rather the funereal incense of a solemn and fated sacrifice. It breathes the profoundest, the saddest ten-

derness—as if in loving he took leave of love. There is nothing in these lines unbecoming to his age, nor discreditable to *her;* but all is grand, and beautiful, and decorous, and grave, in the feeling and expression. Sometimes, when I read it and think upon its truth, tears fill my eyes even to overflowing, and my very heart bows down in compassionate reverence, as if I should behold a majestic temple struck by the lightning of heaven, and trembling through its whole massy structure. In other moments of calmer reflection, I have considered the result with another kind of interest, as one of the most extraordinary poetical and pyschological phenomena in the history of human genius.

The first part of this poem is addressed to the shade of Werther, and contains some of the most powerful and harmonious lines he ever wrote; to the second part he has prefixed, as a motto, those beautiful lines in his own "Tasso"—

> Und wenn der Mensch in seiner Qual verstummt
> Gab *mir* ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide!

Ekermann says, that when Goethe laid before him this singular poem, he found it distinguished above all the rest of his manuscripts, written with peculiar care in his own neatest handwriting, on the best paper, and fastened with a silken knot into a red morocco cover. This little piece of fanciful, sentimental dandyism will bring to your recollection the anecdote of Rousseau binding his favorite

letters in the "Heloise" with ribbon *couleur de rose*, and using lapis-lazuli powder to dry the writing.

. . . . . .

GOETHE'S TABLE-TALK.

March 11.

WENT on with Ekermann's book, and found some interesting things.

Ekermann, after he had spent some weeks at Weimar, tells his friend that he was beginning to feel the favorable influence of a more social life, and in some sort to emerge from the merely ideal and theoretical existence he had hitherto led, &c. Goethe encourages him, and says strikingly, "Hold fast to the PRESENT. Every position, (zustand,) every moment of life, is of unspeakable value as the representative of a whole eternity."

The following passage is at once very touching and very characteristic. He seems to be a little melancholy, which was not often the case. "When I look back," said Goethe, "on my early and middle life, and now in my old age reflect how few of those remain who were young with me, life seems to me like a summer residence in a watering-place. When we first arrive, we form friendships with

those who have already spent some time there, and must be gone the next week. The loss is painful, but we connect ourselves with the second generation of visitors, with whom we spend some time and become dearly intimate; but these also depart, and we are left alone with a third set, who arrive just as we are preparing for our departure, in whom we feel little or no interest.

"The world has always regarded me as a peculiar favorite of fortune, nor will I complain of my existence taken as a whole; yet, in truth, it has been little else than weariness and labor; and I may say that in my five-and-seventy years I have not enjoyed four weeks of peace and comfort—it was the eternal rolling of the stone. The claims upon my time and capabilities, from within and from without, were too many. My only happiness lay in my poetic talents; yet even in this how have I been, through outward things, disturbed, limited, and hindered! Had I kept myself more apart from public business, and could I have lived more in solitude, I had been happier as a man, and as a poet I had effected much more. Thus, after the publication of my 'Götz' and my 'Werther,' a certain sensible friend said to me in warning, 'When a man has once done something to delight the world, the world will thenceforward take care that he shall not do it a second time.' A widespread name, a high position in society, are doubtless good things, but, with all my reputation and my rank, I could not often do more nor better than

give way to the opinions of others; and this were in truth but a sorry jest, if I had not therewith so far the advantage, that I learned (erfahre) how others thought: aber sie nicht wie ich."

How solemn sounds all this from the lips of a man, who in years, in fame, in wisdom, in prosperity, exceeded so far his fellow-men!

Pointing out to Ekermann some beautiful antique gems, and comparing them with the manner in which the same subjects and ideas had been treated by modern artists, he makes the oft-repeated observation, how far in these later times we fall short of the classical models; even with the highest feeling for the pure inimitable grace, the unaffected nature of these relics, even with a conception of *how* it was all produced, we cannot repeat the results we admire. "Meyer," he added, "used often to say, 'If only it were not so difficult to think;' but the worst is, that all the *thinking* in the world will not help us to *think*—we must go direct to nature, so that beautiful ideas shall present themselves before us like God-sends, (freye kinder Gottes,) and call out to us, "*Here we are!*" *

Tiedge, in 1800, wrote a poem on the immortality of the soul, entitled "Urania," and Goethe alludes amusingly to the sensation it produced for a time. The "Urania" lay on every table—"Urania" and immortality were the subject of every conver-

* He says the same thing otherwise, and better, in another place—"Alles Geschehe ist schon einmal gedacht worden; man muss nur versuchen, es noch einmal zu denken."

sation, and stupid, conceited women discussed round their tea-tables the sublimest speculations on a future life; all which seems to have excited his impatience and his derision. How truly he says somewhere, that the same things are constantly repeated in the world; that there never was any thing, any fact, that had only once existed! How well I recollect when the publication of "Satan," and the "Omnipresence of the Deity," and some other poems of the same stamp, were all the rage in England, and sent our evangelical ladies, some up into the clouds, within precincts where seraphs fear to tread, and some down—never mind where,—it was Tiedge's "Urania" over again. Of course, I speak here only of the presumption and frivolity, amounting to profaneness and audacity, or worse, which I have witnessed in some women whose heated imaginations outran their reason, as different from the staid, the sober humility of real piety, as the raving Pythoness of old was unlike the meek Mary, "who sat at Jesus's feet and heard his words."

Goethe says, in the same passage "that he would not himself give up for aught in the world the belief in futurity; and he thinks with Lorenzo de' Medici, that he who lives not in the hope of a future life may be counted as already *dead;* but he exclaims against treating with vulgar and audacious familiarity the divine, the incomprehensible truths, which prophets and apostles touched upon with awe· and I think with him.

Goethe has (*has?*—I think of him as being *now!*) I should say, that out of a collection of more than seventy portfolios of engravings and original drawings, it was his general custom to have one or two laid on the table after dinner, and to turn them over in presence of his guests and the ladies of his family, discoursing most eloquently on the different subjects, or pleased to appeal to the natural sense and taste of those around him. It was a divine lecture on art.

There are in one of these portfolios some most exquisite etchings and drawings by Roos, the famous animal painter, all representing sheep or goats in every possible attitude, wonderful for their truth. "When I look at them," says Goethe, speaking in the fulness of his admiration, "I feel a certain strange uneasiness. The narrow, stupid, silly, dreamy, yawny nature of these creatures attracts me into a kind of beastly sympathy with them; I look at them till I am half afraid of becoming a sheep myself, and could almost fancy that the artist had been one; he had no vocation to paint the fiercer quadrupeds, he confined himself to the ruminating animals, and in that he did well; his sympathy with the nature of these creatures was born with him—it was innate."

What would Goethe have thought of some of Edwin Landseer's pictures—his wild deer—his dogs!—the "Highland Nurse," for instance, where the colley is watching by the sleeping infant? Did Roos, or Snyders, or Rubens himself, ever give us

the *morale* of animal life in the fine spirit of Edwin Landseer?

After some other things, Goethe goes on to say, that he thinks a knowledge of the universe must be *innate* with some poets. (It seems to have been so with Shakspeare.) He says he wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" when he was a young inexperienced man of two-and-twenty. "Ten years later," he adds, "I stood astonished at the truth of my own delineation; I had never beheld or experienced the like, therefore the knowledge of these multifarious aspects of human nature I must have possessed through a kind of anticipation."

Yes; the "kind of anticipation," through which Joanna Baillie conceived and wrote her noble tragedies. Where did she, whose life has been pure and "retired as noontide dew," find the dark, stern, terrible elements, out of which she framed the delineations of character and passion in De Montfort, Ethwald, Basil, Constantine?—where, but in her own prophetic heart and genius?—in that intuitive, almost unconscious revelation of the universal nature, which makes the poet, and not experience or knowledge. Joanna Baillie, whose most tender and refined, and womanly and christian spirit never, I believe, admitted an ungentle thought of any living being, created De Montfort, and gave us the physiology of Hatred; and might well, like Goethe, stand astonished at the truth of her own delineation.

Farther on, Goethe speaks of the perfection with which some of the German women write their own language, so as to excel in this particular some of their best authors. The same holds good in France and England; so that to understand the full force of Goethe's compliment to his countrywomen, one must recollect that it is no such easy matter to write a fine and clear German style, where there are twenty dialects and a hundred different styles. Prince Metternich once observed to me, "What I admire in your language is, that you have *one* good style in speaking and writing; and all well-bred and well-educated persons in England speak and write nearly alike. Here, in Germany, we have as many different styles as individual writers, and the difference is greater than a foreigner could easily imagine."

Yet even this kind of individuality, in point of style, may possibly have a value and a charm, and this will be felt if ever the rules of a good style be so fixed by criticism or fashion, that all Germany will write uniformly.

What he says of himself and Tieck is very interesting; he speaks of him with admiration and kind feeling, but adds, "that when the Schlegels set up Tieck as a sort of literary rival to himself, they placed him in a false position. I may say this openly," adds this great man, with a dignified and frank simplicity. "I did not make myself; and it were much the same thing as though I should even myself with Shakspeare, who also did

not make himself—a being far, far above me, to whom I look up with reverence and wonder."

Driving home one day from Tiefurt, as the carriage turned, they faced the sun just as he was sinking in the west. Goethe ceased speaking, and remained for a few moments as if lost in thought; then rousing himself, he repeated from some old poet—

"Untergehend sogar ist's immer dieselbige Sonne."

He then continued, with a most cheerful and animated expression—"When a man has lived seventy-five years, he must needs think sometimes upon death. This thought brings me perfect peace, for I have the fixed conviction that the spirit is immortal, and has a never-ceasing progression from eternity to eternity; it is like the sun, which only *seems* to set to our earthly eyes, but which in reality never does set, and never ceases to shine."

Farther on, Ekermann expresses his regret that Goethe should have sacrificed so much time as director of the theatre at Weimar, and considers that many works were thus lost to the world. To which Goethe replies—"Truly, it is possible I might have written many good things during that time; yet, when I reflect, I feel no regret. All my productions, as well as endeavors, I have been accustomed to regard as merely symbolical, (that is, as I understand it, leading to something beyond, and significant of something better, than themselves,) and in point of fact, it was with me as with a potter, to

whom it is quite indifferent whether he makes pitchers or whether he makes platters of his clay."

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GOETHE'S IDEAS ON THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

March 13.

IDLE to-day, and although I read a good deal, I translated very little, and noted less.

Yet the following passage struck me. The conversation turned on the German poetesses, and Rehbein, Goethe's physician, insisted that the poetical talent in women was "ein Art von geistigem Geschlechtstrieb."

"Hear him!" exclaimed Goethe; "hear the physician, with his 'intellectual impulse of sex!'"

Rehbein explained himself, by observing "that the women who had distinguished themselves in literature, poetry especially, were almost universally women who had been disappointed in their best affections, and sought in this direction of the intellect a sort of compensation. When women are married, and have children to take care of, they do not often think of writing poetry." *

This is not very politely or delicately expressed;

* This applies more to Germany than with us, and even up to the present time it has required a very powerful reaction of some kind to drive a German woman into the public path of literature.

but we must not therefore shrink from it, for it involves some important considerations. It is most certain that among the women who have been distinguished in literature, three fourths have been either by nature, or fate, or the law of society, placed in a painful or a false position; it is also most certain that in these days when society is becoming every day more artificial and more complex, and marriage, as the gentlemen assure us, more and more expensive, hazardous, and inexpedient, women *must* find means to fill up the void of existence. Men, our natural protectors, our lawgivers, our masters, throw us upon our own resources; the qualities which they pretend to admire in us,—the overflowing, the clinging affections of a warm heart,—the household devotion,—the submissive wish to please, that feels "every vanity in fondness lost,"—the tender shrinking sensitiveness which Adam thought so charming in his Eve,—to cultivate these, to make them, by artificial means, the staple of the womanly character, is it not to cultivate a taste for sunshine and roses, in those we send to pass their lives in the arctic zone? We have gone away from nature, and we must,—if we can, substitute another nature. Art, literature, and science, remain to us. Religion, which formerly opened the doors of nunneries and convents to forlorn women, now mingling her beautiful and soothing influence with resources which the prejudices of the world have yet left open to us, teaches us another lesson, that only in utility, such as is

left to us, only in the assiduous employment of such faculties as we are permitted to exercise, can we find health and peace, and compensation for the wasted or repressed impulses and energies more proper to our sex—more natural—perhaps more pleasing to God; but trusting in his mercy, and using the means he has given, we must do the best we can for ourselves and for our sisterhood. The cruel prejudices which would have shut us out from nobler consolation and occupations have ceased in great part, and will soon be remembered only as the rude, coarse barbarism of a bygone age. Let us then have no more caricatures of methodistical, card-playing, and acrimonious old maids. Let us hear no more of scandal, parrots, cats, and lapdogs—or worse!—these never-failing subjects of derision with the vulgar and the frivolous, but the source of a thousand compassionate and melancholy feelings in those who can reflect! In the name of humanity and womanhood, let us have no more of them! Coleridge, who has said and written the most beautiful, the most tender, the most reverential things of women—who understands better than any man, any poet, what I will call the metaphysics of love—Coleridge, as you will remember, has asserted that the perfection of a woman's character is to be *characterless*. "Every man," said he, "would like to have an Ophelia or a Desdemona for his wife." No doubt; the sentiment is truly a masculine one; and what was *their* fate? What would now be the fate of such unre-

sisting and confiding angels? Is this the age of Arcadia? Do we live among Paladins and Sir Charles Grandisons, and are our weakness, and our innocence, and our ignorance, safeguards—or snares? Do we indeed find our account in being

"Fine by defect, and beautifully weak?"

No, no; women need in these times *character* beyond every thing else; the qualities which will enable them to endure and to resist evil; the self-governed, the cultivated, active mind, to protect and to maintain ourselves. How many wretched women marry for a maintenance! How many wretched women sell themselves to dishonor for bread!—and there is small difference, if any, in the infamy and the misery! How many unmarried women live in heart-wearing dependence;—if poor, in solitary penury, loveless, joyless, unendeared;—if rich, in aimless, pitiful trifling! How many, strange to say, marry for the independence they dare not otherwise claim! But the more paths opened to us, the less fear that we should go astray.

Surely it is dangerous, it is wicked, in these days, to follow the old saw, to bring up women to be "happy wives and mothers;" that is to say, to let all her accomplishments, her sentiments, her views of life, take one direction, as if for women there existed only one destiny—one hope, one blessing, one object, one passion in existence; some people say it ought to be so, but we know that it is *not* so; we know that hundreds, that thousands of women

are not happy wives and mothers—are never either wives or mothers at all. The cultivation of the moral strength and the active energies of a woman's mind, together with the intellectual faculties and tastes, will not make a woman a less good, less happy wife and mother, and will enable her to find content and independence when denied love and happiness.

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March 12.

Goethe speaks with great admiration of the poems, original and translated, of Talvi, (Mademoiselle Jacob, now Mrs. Robinson, and settled, I believe, in America.)

There is a great deal about Lord Byron in scattered passages. Goethe seems to have understood him astonishingly well—I mean the man as well as the poet.* At this time Lord Byron was turning all heads in Germany, and Goethe, who was flattered by the veneration and admiration of Byron, felt and acknowledged his genius. "He was," says Ekermann, "quite inexhaustible when once he began to speak of Byron," and, as a poet himself, sympathized in the transcendent poetical powers he displayed; but as a philosopher and sage, Goethe lamented the abuse, the misdirection of the talents he appreciated. He reproaches him with the negative, the gloomy tendency of his mind; he con-

* Lord Byron ist nur gross wenn er dichtet, sobald er reflectirt, ist er ein kind.

trasts it with the healthful cheerfulness of such a spirit as Shakspeare's. Speaking of his strange attempt to defend and revive the strict law of the drama with regard to the three unities, he says pointedly, "Had he but known as well how to restrain himself within the fixed *moral* limits!"

In another place he speaks with contempt of the poets, imitators of Lord Byron, "who write as if they were all sick, and the whole bright world a lazar-house." He says, "It is a real misuse and abuse of poetry, which was given to us to console us in the struggle of life, and make man more content with the world he lives in, not less."

How entirely I sympathize with Goethe, when he breaks out in indignation against the negative and the satirical in poetry and art! He says, "When I have called the bad—*bad*, how much is gained by that? The man who would work aright must not deal in censure, must not trouble himself about what is bad, but show and do what is *good;*" and this is surely true. He says elsewhere, that when there was doubt and contradiction in his mind, he kept it within himself; he gave to the public only the assured result, (or what he considered such,) when he had arrived at it. This firmness of tone, this lofty and cheerful view of the universe and humanity, strike us particularly in many of Goethe's works. He says himself, that the origin of most of his lyrics was truth; some *real* incident, some *real* sentiment; and some of his fine moral poems—for instance, those which he has entitled

"Gränzen der Menschheit" and "Das Göttliche," remind me of Wordsworth, in the pure healthful feeling, as well as the felicity and beauty of the expression through which it has found a channel to our hearts.

He says of Winckelmann, with untranslatable felicity, "Man *lernt* nichts wenn man ihn lieset, aber man *wird* etwas."

This next is amusing, and how frankly magnanimous! He says, "People talk of originality—what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the surrounding world begins to operate upon us, and so on to the end. And, after all, what *can* we truly call our own, but *energy*, *power*, *will?* Could I point out all that I myself owe to my great forerunners and contemporaries, truly there would remain but little over!"

Goethe could afford to say this!

He speaks of Schiller so affectionately, and with such a fine, just discrimination of his powers! "All in Schiller was high and great—his deportment, his gait, the mould of his limbs, his least motion, was dignified and grand—only his eyes were soft." And, adds Goethe, "like his form was his talent. We lived together," he says, "in such close, such daily intimacy, so *in one another*, that of many thoughts which occur in the works of both, it would be a question whether they originated with the one or the other."

The two great men, thus bound together during their lives, were, after Schiller's death, placed in a

kind of rivalship; and still the partisans of the different literary factions dispute where no dispute ought to exist. Coleridge says that "Schiller is a thousand times more *hearty* than Goethe, and that Goethe does not, nor ever will, command the common mind of the people as Schiller does." I believe it to be true. The reason is, that Schiller has with him generally the women and the young men, *i. e.* those whose opinions and feelings are most loudly, most enthusiastically expressed. Goethe, in allusion to this, says playfully, "Now have the public been disputing for these twenty years which of the two is greatest, Schiller or myself! Let them go and be thankful that have two such fellows to dispute about!"

He speaks of the new school of critical historians, who have endeavored to prove that all ancient history is fable.

"Till now," he says, "the world has believed in the heroism of a Lucretia, a Mutius Scævola, and has been warmed and inspired by the idea. Now comes some historical critic, and assures us that these personages never had a real existence; that it is all fiction and fable, invented by the grand imagination of the old Romans. What have we to do with such pitiful truth! If the Romans were great enough to invent such things, let us at least be great enough to believe in them!"

Here I should think he was speaking more playfully and feelingly than seriously and critically; and is it not charming?

He goes on—"I used to be delighted with a certain fact in the history of the thirteenth century, where the Emperor Frederic II. being engaged against the Pope, all the north of Germany lay open to invaders. The Asiatic hordes advanced even into Silesia, where the Duke of Leignitz defeated them; they turned back to Moravia, where the Count Sternberg beat them. These gallant warriors have hitherto lived in my imagination as the saviours of the German nation. Now comes your historical critic, and he tells me that these heroes sacrificed themselves very unnecessarily, for that the Turkish army would doubtless have retired of itself—so is a grand patriotic deed lessened and maligned, and one is put horribly out of humor." It is plain that Goethe, like Johnson, did not like to have his *fagot* disturbed.

He adds, farther on, that in poetry this kind of skeptical criticism is not so mischievous. "Professor Wolf has destroyed Homer, but he could do nothing to the poem itself, for the Iliad is endued with the miraculous property of the heroes in the Valhalla, who, though hewed to pieces in the morning fight, always sit down to dinner with whole limbs."

But there is no end to this—I must stop; yet this about Shakspeare is so beautiful I must have it down.

"How inconceivably rich and great is Shakspeare! There is no *motive* * in human existence

* The meaning of the word *motive*, in German criticism

which he has not represented and expressed, and with what ease and freedom! One *cannot* speak of Shakspeare, it is all insufficient. I have in the Wilhelm Meister *groped* about him, but it is mere trifling; he is no play-writer, he never thought of a stage, it was too narrow, too paltry a space for his mighty spirit; yes, even the great visible universe itself was for him in space too narrow!

"Nay, he is too rich, too mighty. A productive poet should read but one piece of his in the year, or he will wreck himself in the vain attempt to reach the *unreachable*. I did well," he adds, "that in writing my 'Götz' and my 'Egmont,' I shook him off my shoulders. How many excellent German poets have been destroyed through him and Calderon? for Shakspeare," he adds fancifully, "presents to us golden apples in cups of silver; through the study of his works we get hold of the cups of silver, but alas, we put potatoes into them."

I close my book, and so good-night!

Where is he now, he who disappeared and could not be lost?—sitting with his Shakspeare and his Schiller up there among the stars in colloquy sublime? and Walter Scott standing by with love and thought upon his spacious brow—What a *partie carrée!*

should perhaps be explained. It is used to signify any cause out of which the action or consequence springs. They have the verb *motiviren*, and they say of a drama, or any fiction, that it is well or ill *motivirt*.

March 15.

This last paragraph, which I wrote last evening, sent me to bed with my head full of all manner of thoughts and memories and fancies; and not being in a studious mood this miserably cold night, I draw my writing-table close to the fire, and bestow all my tediousness on you, and if it were twice as much, and you were twice as far off, I would bestow it on you *with all my heart*—would you not accept the bargain?

I have been much busied to-day with domestic matters, for we are preparing to change our residence for a new house never yet inhabited, and now I am alone in my room. I feel tired, and have fallen into a very dismal and fantastic mood.

Whence and what are we, "that things whose sense we see not, fray us with things that be not?" If I had the heart of that wondrous bird in the Persian tales, which being pressed upon a human heart, obliged that heart to utter truth through the lips, sleeping or waking, then I think I would inquire how far in each bosom exists the belief in the supernatural? In many minds which I know, and otherwise strong minds, it certainly exists a hidden source of torment; in others, not stronger, it exists a source of absolute pleasure and excitement. I have known people most wittily ridicule, or gravely discountenance, a belief in spectral appearances, and all the time I could see in their faces that once in their lives at least they had been frightened at their own shadow. The conventional cowardice,

the fear of ridicule, even the self-respect which prevents intelligent persons from revealing the exact truth of what passes through their own minds on this point, deprives us of a means to trace to its sources and develop an interesting branch of Psychology. Between vulgar credulity and exaggeration on the one hand, and the absolute skepticism and materialism of some would-be philosophers on the other, lies a vast space of debatable ground, a sort of twilight region or *limbo*, through which I do not see my way distinctly. One of the most gifted and accomplished, as well as most rational and most practical characters I ever met with, once said to me seriously, "I thank God I do not believe in the *impossibility* of any thing."

How far are our perceptions confined to our outward senses? Can any one tell?—for that our perceptions are not wholly confined to impressions taken in by the outward senses seems the only one thing proved; and are such sensible impressions the only real ones? When any one asks me gayly the so common and commonplace question—common even in these our rational times—"Do you now really believe in ghosts?" I generally answer as gayly—"I really don't know!" In the common, vulgar meaning of the words, I certainly do *not;* but in the reality of many things termed imaginary I certainly do.

While I was staying at Weimar, in Goethe's house, a very pretty little *soirée* was arranged for me at Madame d'Alefeldt's; there were no cards

that evening; and seated round a table we became extremely talkative and confidential, and at last we took to relating ghost stories. It should seem that Germany is still like Ireland, the land of the supernatural, as well as the land of romance. There was something quite delightful in the good faith and the perfect *sérieux* of some of the narrators, as well as some of the listeners—myself included.

Baron Sternberg gave us a story of an apparition at his sister's castle in Livonia; it was admirable, and most admirably told, though, truly, it seemed the last of all apparitions that one would have expected to haunt a castle in Livonia, for it was that of Voltaire.

Then the grand duke gave us the history of a certain Princess of Rudolstadt, whose picture is at Kochberg, and who, in the estimation of her family, had the gift of prophecy, of seeing visions, and dreaming dreams; but such visions and such dreams —so wild, so poetical, and even so grotesque— shadowing forth the former and future destinies of her family! and, in truth, the whole story, and the description of the old castle of Rudolstadt, and the old court, and the three old superannuated princesses, like gothic figures woven into tapestry—so stately, and so stiff, and so ugly, and withal so tinged with the ideal and romantic, were given with so much liveliness of detail, and so much graphic spirit, that I was beyond measure amused and interested. I thought I saw them before me, and methinks I see them now.

In return for this tale, I gave from the best authority, that of Crofton Croker, the history of the Irish banshee, and particularly of that identical banshee, whose visitations as the hereditary attendant on my own family I had painful reason to remember. My banshee pleased universally; to most of the company the idea was something new, and I have even hopes that it may have inspired Sternberg with a pendant to his poem on King O'Donohue.

The conversation turned naturally upon hereditary apparitions and spectral penances, the fruit of ancestral crimes, on which superstition Grillparzer has founded his fine lyric drama of "The Ahnfrau." The castle of the W—— family, in the neighborhood of Weimar, was mentioned as subject to this species of ghostly visitation. Two individuals present, who had been on a visit at this castle, spoke of the phantom *avec connaissance de fait.* The present Baroness W——, who had been brought up among enlightened and intelligent people, declared herself perfectly incredulous, and after her marriage went to inhabit the castle of her husband, in all the assurance that common sense and philosophy could give; but—so went the tale—it happened that, soon after the birth of her eldest child, she awoke at midnight, and beheld an unearthly being bending over the cradle of her infant—more, as it seemed, in love and benediction than with any unholy purpose; however, from this time they said that she had not willingly inhabited the castle of her husband's ancestors.

In the family of the Baron ——, whose castle is also in the neighborhood of Weimar, there is a gold ring of marvellous power, given by some supernatural being to a former Baron, with the assurance that as long as it remained in the castle, good fortune would attend the family. Every experiment made of late by unbelieving barons to put this tradition to the test has been followed by some signal disaster, the last time by a destructive fire, which consumed nearly the whole castle. This story also was very well told.

It should seem that in these little German states there was always some ancestor, some prince with a kind of Blue-Beard renown, to serve as the hero for all tales of horror—the bug-a-boo to frighten the children. Duke Ernest August plays the *rôle du tyran* in the history of Saxe Weimar. He was not only a tyrant, but atheist, alchemist, magician, and heaven knows what besides. Now, there was a profligate adventurer, named Caumartin, who had insinuated himself into the favor of the Duke, became his chamberlain, and assisted him in his magical and chemical researches. It is a tradition, that one of the ancestors of this princely family had discovered the philosopher's stone, and had caused the receipt to be buried with him, denouncing a terrible malediction on whoever should violate, from avaricious motives, his last repose. Duke Ernest persuaded Caumartin to descend into the family vault, and pluck the mighty secret from the coffin of his ancestor. Caumartin undertook the task with gay

audacity, and remained two hours in the vault. On reascending, he looked pale and much changed, and took solemn leave of his friends, as a man condemned to death. They mocked at him of course; but on the third day afterwards he was found dead on the floor of his room, his rapier in his hand, his clothes torn, and his features distorted, as if by a fearful struggle.

This story, so oft repeated in different ages and countries, and in every variety and form, appeared to me curious in a philosophical and historical point of view. Duke Ernest August lived at the time when a wildly superstitious credulity, a belief in magic and alchemy, rose up simultaneously with the most daring skepticism in religious matters, both becoming *fashionable* in Germany, France, and England, at the same time. It was the reign of Cagliastro and his imitators and disciples. Do you not recollect, in the Baron de Grimm's memoirs, the story of a French adventurer, who was received into the first circles of Paris as a supernatural being? He was said to possess the elixir of life, and the wandering Jew was apparently a youth to him in point of longevity. In the house of the Maréchal de Mirepoix he once sat down to the harpsichord, and played a piece of music of sublime and surpassing beauty. All inquired whether it was his own composition, or where it was to be found? To which he replied, with a pensive air—"The last time I heard it was when Alexander the Great entered Babylon!"

Many more stories were told that night of various interest, but all tinged with something poetical and characteristic. At last the party separated. I returned home, and, while still a little excited, we continued to converse for some time on the influence of fancy and its various illusions, and the superstitions of various times and countries. The thing was always there, forming, as it seemed, a part of our human nature, only modified and changed in its manifestations, sometimes by outward influences, sometimes by individual temperament; fashion, or in other words sympathy and imitation, having produced many ghosts, as well as many maniacs, and not a few suicides.

At last we bade good-night. I lighted my taper, fixed in a candlestick of rather antique form, the same which had been used when Goethe was christened, and which I always took in my hand with due reverence. In coming up to my bedroom, I had to pass by the door of the apartment in which Goethe had breathed his last. It has been from that moment considered as a sanctuary; the things remain untouched and undisturbed, and the key is deposited with the librarian. In the first or anteroom there stands—at least when I was at Weimar there stood—a large house-clock, which had been presented to Goethe on the celebration of his jubilee; it is the same which stood in the room of his mother, and struck the hour he was born; after passing through various hands, it was purchased by the Grand Duke of Baden, and sent as a gift to the

poet on that memorable occasion. This clock, like the rest of the furniture of that sacred apartment, remains untouched, but on this very night, by some inexplicable accident, just as I arrived at the door, the clock within began to strike—one, two, three, four, and so on to twelve. At the first stroke I stopped, even my breath almost stopped, as I listened. I looked not to the left, where the door opened into that hallowed chamber of death and immortality;—I looked not to the right, where the dark hollow of the staircase seemed to yawn—nor yet before me; but, with my eyes fixed on the silver relic I held in my hand, I stood quite still. The emotion which bound up my powers in that moment was assuredly the farthest possibly from fear, or aught resembling it—it was only a sound, but it was the same sound and hour which had ushered into the world one of the greatest and most gifted spirits whom God, in his supreme goodness, had ever sent to enlighten the world, and to enlarge the bounds of human delight and improvement; it was the same sound and hour which sent it to mingle with the great soul of nature, to be

> A voice in all her music, from the moan
> Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
> To be a presence to be felt and known
> In darkness and in light.

And so in the silence and the loneliness of the night, as those sounds fell deliberately one by one, they seemed to fill the whole air around me, to enter in at my ears and thrill down to my finger

ends, and I saw the light tremble which I held before me. But sense and the power of motion returned. In the next moment I was in my room and seated in HIS chair, with a steady pulse and a calm spirit, glad to breathe again "queen o'er myself,"—my reasonable self; yet would I not have missed the strange, the overpowering, deliciously awful feelings of those well-remembered moments —no—not for the universe! Short and transient as they have been, they henceforth belong to the tissue of my life; were I to live a century, I cannot forget them, nor would I dare to give them expression,—if indeed there are words which *could* express them.

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March 16.

I was idle to-day, and, instead of going on regularly with my book, I turned over the leaves, and dwelt upon passages here and there, as people, when they *are* nice and are *not* hungry, capriciously pick out tit-bits.

The attempt to note down all that I would wish to retain in my memory of this delightful book, I find hopeless, quite. At first I fancied it something like "Boswell;" nothing can be more unlike. The difference between Dr. Johnson and Goethe is not greater than the difference between Ekermann and Boswell. Boswell's book is delicious, but the man's personal character is always in the way; we profit often by his indiscretion, but his indiscriminate tri-

fling as often disgusts. Johnson, in his book, is the 'great Colossus" bestriding this narrow world, with a Pharos in one hand, and a bundle of darts in the other; but in Ekermann's book Goethe is nothing less than the "Olympian Jupiter," seated at his table and dispensing nectar and ambrosia, while he plays childlike with his own lightnings.* Boswell's meddling coxcombry and servility sometimes place his great patron in no very dignified position; and the well-known similes of the monkey on the bear's back, and the puppy in the lion's den, seem hardly too severe. Were I to find a simile for Ekermann, I should say he is like a thrush singing under the wing of a great eagle, sometimes overshadowed by his mighty master, but not overdazzled, not overawed by the "terrors of his beak and lightning of his eyes," always himself —and, as himself, always amiable, always respectable. His simplicity, his uprightness, and his gentleness, his poetical and artist-like feeling, are always delightful; one must love him for his own sake as well as Goethe's.

Yet a translation of this book would hardly please in England; it deals in "notions more than in facts," and in speculations and ideas, more than in anecdotes and personalities. It is necessary to take a strong interest in German literature and

* There is now a melancholy propriety in the basso rilievo over the entrance to Goethe's apartment, in his house at Weimar; it represents the empty throne of Jupiter, with the eagle cowering at its foot, and the thunderbolts lying extinguished and idle.

society, and in the fine arts generally, to care about a great deal of it; it is something like Coleridge's "Table-Talk," which certainly few Germans would like or understand, though the criticisms and opinions are full of interest for the English reader; but it is yet more dramatic and lively in manner.

When I was first in possession of this book, and referring with delight to some few sentences which caught my attention, a friend of mine, who had known Goethe well and long, wrote me, in her own peculiar style, some very charming things of its character and intention; the meaning, and as nearly as I can, the words, I must try to render into English.

"Ekermann's book," said she, "is the purest altar that has yet been erected to the fame of Goethe. In times like these, when the feeling of reverence (Pietat) seems to be fast departing, when a young author of talent takes up the pen, as a sort of critical dissecting-knife, mangling and prying where once he trembled and adored; when his first endeavor is to fling down that heaviest burden upon the soul of an egotist,—the burden of admiration for the merits of another, is it not pleasant to meet with such a book as this? And when every thing one reads is so artificial, so *gemacht*, so impertinent, is it not delightful to open a book where in every page we feel the pulse-throb of a warm, true heart? I do not know if I am right, but it seems to me that those who cannot admire, can have nothing in themselves to be

admired; then how worthy of admiration must that man be, who thus throws down his whole heart and soul in admiration before the feet of another! the simplicity of this entire abnegation of self lends to it a certain dignity. There is nothing here but truth and love—for Goethe loved Ekermann, and O! how Ekermann loved Goethe!

"I can have no critical judgment here, and ought not to have; I can only bear witness to the general truth of the whole,—nothing can be truer. I cannot be, like you, struck and charmed by particular passages. I was too long a sort of Lady High Treasurer to be dazzled or astonished now that the caskets are opened. I greet the gems as old acquaintance!"

After this encouraging testimony, I go on with my notes and my translating.

It appears that Schiller had the notion of a theatre where pieces should be given occasionally for men only, and Goethe seems to approve of this: I do not. The two sexes are more than sufficiently separated by different duties and pursuits; what tends to separate them farther in their amusements cannot be good for either. A theatre for men only would soon become a bear-garden.

At an evening party, some of his own songs, to which Ekermann had composed beautiful music, were sung for him—he was much pleased. When all was over, he observed to Ekermann, that the

songs out of the "Divan,"* seemed to have no longer any connection with himself: "both what is Oriental and what is impassioned in those songs," said he, "have passed away from me; it is like the cast skin of a snake, which he leaves lying on his path; but the little song 'um Mitternacht'† remains with me, a living part of my own life."

After several pages on all manner of things, I find this remark on Schiller: "Through all his works," said Goethe, "we have the idea of *freedom*. And this idea changed its form as the genius and character of Schiller were progressively developed. In his early age it was physical freedom, in his latter life the ideal;" and afterwards he says finely, "*that* is not freedom where we acknowledge nothing above ourselves, but that is freedom, when we can reverence something greater than ourselves."

He says of La Grange, he was a GOOD man, and even through that, he was truly great; for when a *good* human being is gifted with talents, he will work for the *moral* benefit of the world, whether he be artist, natural philosopher, poet, or whatever he may be." This is like what Weber wrote to Mendelssohn.

Farther on he says, "All that is great and distinguished must be in the minority. There have been ministers who had both people and sovereign against them, and yet have accomplished their own great plans; it is not to be hoped that reason will

* Written when he was more than seventy.

† Written in his early youth.

ever be popular. Passion, feeling, may be popular; but reason will be the possession of the few."

March 6.

I have often thought and felt, that while in England we have political liberty, we have nothing like the personal and individual freedom, the social liberty of the Germans, even under their worst governments. The passage which follows has, therefore, struck me particularly. Goethe, in speaking with approbation of Guizot, quotes his remark, that "from the old Germans we derive the idea of personal freedom, which was especially characteristic of that people, and quite unknown in the ancient republics." "Is not this true?" said Goethe. "Is he not perfectly right? and is not the same idea prevalent among the Germans of our own time? From this source sprung the Reformation, and not less the various complexion of our literature. The continual striving after originality in our poets, so that each thinks it necessary to make or find a new path for himself, the *isolation* * and eccentric habits of our learned men, where each will stand on his ground, and work his aim out of his individual mind, all come from the same cause. The French and the English, on the contrary, hold more together, and the people

* Verisolirung. Isolirung is solitude and separation—what the French call *isolement*. Verisolirung expresses isolation with its injurious tendency.

all imitate one another. There is something uniform in their dress and behavior; they are afraid to swerve from a given fashion, to make themselves peculiar or ridiculous. But in Germany every man follows his humor, without troubling himself about others; each man endeavors to suffice to himself; for in each man, as Guizot has well observed, lives the idea of personal and individual freedom, from which proceeds much that is excellent, and also much that is absurd."

This appears to me very true, and must, I think, strike every one who has been in Germany, and felt the interest which this kind of individuality imparts to society; though certainly I have met with travellers who were not a little put out by it. Life, with them, having hitherto flowed on "comme une goutte d'huile sur une table de marbre," they know not how to understand the little projections and angles they have to encounter. The women appear affected, and the men quizzical, precisely because the former are natural and the latter original, and all very unlike the ladies and gentlemen they have left behind, whose minds, like their bodies, are dressed in the same fashion.

. . . . . .

When in Germany, I was accustomed to hear Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne" mentioned, if mentioned at all, with something worse than contempt, either as forgotten or out of date. Her trite information, her superficial criticisms, her French prejudices, her feminine rashness, met with

no quarter; but think only, what changes of opinion, what revolutions in criticism, have taken place within thirty years! Sir James Mackintosh—rich in all the lore of his age, beyond his age in most respects—writes, in 1807, (only two or three years before Madame de Staël produced her book,) of German literature and criticism, as a sort of *terra incognita*, as the navigators of the fifteenth century talked of a western continent, venturing, but with hesitation, to commend Goethe, and seeming to think his ideas on art not *quite* despicable—"rather plausible and ingenious." He mentions the *antipathy* in France and England against German literature, and speaking of distinguished modern writers, who might be considered as likely to survive their own age, he says, "I comprehend *even* Goethe and Schiller within the pale; and though I know that few, either in France or England, agree with me, I have recourse to the usual consolation of singularity, that my opinion will be more prevalent when I am myself forgotten."

Madame de Staël first made a breach through what Goethe himself called a "Chinese wall of prejudices;" and we may pass through it surely without trampling upon her who had courage to open the way for us.

The Germans understand us better than we understand them. To have a far stronger stamp of national character than most other people, yet better to comprehend and appreciate what lies in the *national nature* of other people, is one of the

most interesting characteristics of the Germans. Their language lends itself with wondrous richness and flexibility to translation from every tongue, and their catholic taste embraces all literature, without insisting on any adaptation to their own canons of criticism or *bienséance*.

All that Goethe says of art and artists is admirable—worthy of him who was the greatest critic and connoisseur of his country and age; for instance, what he says of Claude Lorraine: "His pictures have the highest possible truth, and not a trace of reality; he knew the real world in its minutest details, and used these details as a means to express the fairer world within his own soul; and that is the true ideal, where real means are so used that the apparent truth shall produce an illusion, as if it were *reality*."

He calls architecture "*eine erstarrte musik*," an expression as untranslatable as it is exquisitely felicitous. And many other passages I leave unnoted with regret.

Yet one thing I must not omit, for it has made me think much.

Goethe appears to consider our Saviour, with the twelve apostles, as presenting too much uniformity to be a good subject for sculpture. The remark may possibly refer to the famous bronzes of Peter Vischer on the tomb of St. Sibald at Nuremburg. I was struck by the variety and discrimination exhibited in these figures; yet, on recollection, the variety was in the drapery and attitude—in the

external, not internal character. It were easy to distinguish in sculpture two such opposite characters as St. John and St. Paul; but how are we to distinguish St. Andrew and St. Simon, except by an external attribute, as that of giving St. Peter the keys, and St. Bartholomew his own skin over his arm, as at Milan? How make St. Thomas look incredulous? So that, on the whole, there must be something characterless in such a group.

Goethe says, that he had selected from the scriptures a cyclus of twelve figures as suited to sculpture, and presenting altogether the history of our religion.

1. ADAM, as the first man and father of mankind —a type of human grandeur and perfection. He should have a spade, as the first cultivator of the earth; and to express his character of progenitor and parent, he should be accompanied by a child, looking up to him with a bold confiding glance—a kind of boyish Hercules, crushing a snake in his hand; (perhaps with reference to the promise.)

2. NOAH, the beginner of a new creation, as a vine-dresser, who, by the introduction of the grape, relieved the cares and made glad the heart of man.

3. MOSES, as the first lawgiver.

4. After him, ISAIAH, as prince and prophet.

5. DANIEL, as the harbinger of the Messiah.

6. CHRIST, as Saviour and Redeemer.

7. JOHN.

8. The CENTURION of Capernaum, as representing the believer, the Christian.

9. Next, the MARY MAGDALENE, as the symbol of humanity, reconciled to God through repentance. These two figures, Faith and Repentance, representing the spirit of Christianity.

10. Next, ST. PAUL, as promulgator of its doctrine.

11. Then ST. JAMES, as the first missionary, representing the diffusion of Christianity among strange lands.

12. Lastly, ST. PETER, as keeper of the gate of salvation. He should have an inquiring, penetrating expression, as if demanding of those who presented themselves, whether they were worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven.

"What do you think of this my cyclus?" added Goethe; "I think it would be richer in expression and contrast than the twelve apostles. The Moses and the Magdalene should be seated."

He says that he composed the witch scene in the "Faust," in the Borghese Gardens at Rome. If ever I visit those gardens again, what a strange association will now mingle itself with those antique statues, and fountains, and classical temples!

There is a great deal about his new theory of colors, which I read with interest, but dare not meddle with, because I do not quite understand all. This theory, it seems, is intended to supersede Newton's theory of light and colors; whether it will or not is another thing; but as the *savans* in France have taken it up, I suppose it will be looked into by our own philosophers; and, meantime, whichever

way the question may be decided hereafter, Goethe's own feeling on the subject will be referred to with interest, either as a curious instance of self-delusion, or a sublime anticipation of future glory.

"On what I have done as a poet," said he, "I would not presume much—I do not pique myself on it"—(hear this!)—"excellent poets have lived as my contemporaries—more excellent before me—and others will live after me; but that, in my own age, I am the only one who, in the profound science of colors, has obtained a knowledge of the *truth*—in that I do give myself some credit—in that only I have a consciousness of superiority over many."

This is something like the grand, calm, self exultation of Milton. Is it as well founded?—Methinks I should like to know.

He speaks in various places of the unseen, imperceptible influences of all outward things in forming the genius and character. "Surely," he says, "the man who has passed all his life long beneath the lofty serious oak, will be a very different man from him who has lived beneath the shade of the myrtle and the willow."

He says, feelingly, "*It is not good for man to be alone*, and, above all, it is not good for man to work alone; he requires sympathy, encouragement, excitement, to succeed in any thing good; in this way I may thank Schiller for some of my best ballads; and you may take the credit to yourself," he adds kindly to Ekermann, "if ever I finish the second part of 'Faust.'"

There is a great deal all through the second volume relating to the second part of the "Faust," which occupied Goethe during the last years of his life, and which he finished at the age of eighty-two. On completing it he says, "Now I may consider the remainder of my existence as a free gift, and it is indifferent whether I do any thing more or not;" as if he had considered his whole former life as held conditionally, binding him to execute certain objects to which he believed himself called. He survived the completion of the "Faust" only one year.

The purport of the second part of "Faust" has puzzled many German and English scholars, and in Germany there are already treatises and commentaries on it, as on the "Divina Commedia." I never read it, and, if I had, would not certainly venture an opinion "where doctors disagree;" but I recollect that Von Hammer once gave me, in his clear animated manner, a comprehensive analysis of this wonderful production—that is, according to his *own* interpretation of it. "I regard it," said he, "as being from beginning to end a grand poetical piece of irony on the whole universe, which is turned, as it were, wrong side out. In this point of view I understand it; in any other point of view it appears to me incomprehensible. It contains some of the most splendid passages he has written."

Everywhere Goethe speaks of Sir Walter Scott with the utmost enthusiasm of admiration, as the

greatest writer of his time; he speaks of him as being without his *like*, as without his equal.

I remember Goethe's daughter-in-law saying to me playfully, "When my father got hold of one of Scott's romances, there was no speaking to him till he had finished the third volume; he was worse than any girl at a boarding-school with her first novel!"

I have particular pleasure in noting this, because I have seen in several English papers and reviews a passage from some book of travels in which Goethe, on what authority I know not, is represented as holding Sir Walter Scott in the utmost contempt. This is altogether false; yet the same passage I have lately seen translated into American papers, and thence into the papers of Upper and Lower Canada. Thus over the whole reading world is the belief diffused, that one great genius could either be wretchedly mistaken or enviously unjust in estimating another great genius—a belief as dishonorable to genius and human nature, as it is consolatory to the common cry of curs, to ignorant mediocrity, "for folly loves the martyrdom of fame." I held in my own hands—read with mine own eyes—a long letter addressed by Sir Walter to Goethe, giving an account of his own family, his pursuits, &c. as friend to friend, and expressive of the utmost reverence, as well as gratitude for marks of kindness and approbation received from Goethe.

"A lie," says the Chinese proverb, "has no feet,

it cannot stand ; " but it has wings, and can fly fast and far enough. I only wish that truth may be able to follow it, and undo the mischief thus done —through some unintentional mistake perhaps,— but not the less *mischief* and *injustice*.

The following beautiful and original interpretation of Goethe's ballad of the " Erl-King " is not in Ekermann's book ; but never mind, I give it to you in the words in which it was given to me.

" Goethe's ' Erl-König ' is a moral allegory of deep meaning, though I am not sure he meant it as such, or intended all that it signifies.

" There are beings in the world who see, who feel, with a finer sense than that granted to other mortals. They see the spiritual, the imaginative sorrow, or danger, or terror which threatens them; and those who see not with the same eyes, talk reason and philosophy to them. The poor frightened child cries out for aid, for mercy ; and Papa Wisdom—worldly wisdom—answers,

" ' Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstrief! '

" Or,

" ' Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau! '

" It is only the vapor-wreath, or the gray willows waving, and tells him to be quiet! At last the poor child of feeling is found dead in the arms of Wisdom, from causes which no one else perceived—or believed! Is it not often so ? "

What Goethe says of false and true *tendencies* of mind, and the mistaking a *tendency* for a *talent*, deserves attention; it is a mistake we often fall into, both with regard to ourselves and others.

He says, smiling, "People think that a man must needs grow old, in order to be wise; the truth is, that as years increase upon us, we have enough to do to be as good and as wise, as we *have* been. . . In certain things a man is as likely to be in the right at twenty as at sixty."

On this point there is much more, to which I subscribe heartily.

On the subject of religion I find this beautiful comparison, but am not sure whether it be Ekermann's or Goethe's. "A connoisseur standing before the picture of a great master will regard it as a whole. He knows how to combine instantly the scattered parts into the general effect; the universal, as well as the individual, is to him animated. He has no preference for certain portions; he does not ask why this or that face is beautiful or otherwise; why *this* part is light, *that* dark; only he requires that all shall be in the right place, and according to the just rules of art; but place an ignorant person before such a picture, and you will see that the great design of the whole will either be overlooked by him, or confuse him utterly. Some small portion will attract him, another will offend him, and in the end he will dwell upon some trifling object which is familiar to him, and praise this helmet, or that feather, as being well executed."

"We men, before the great picture of the destinies of the universe, play the part of such dunces, such novices in art. Here we are attracted by a bright spot, a graceful configuration; *there* we are repelled by a deep shadow, a painful object; the immense WHOLE bewilders and perplexes us; we seek in vain to penetrate the leading idea of that great Being, who designed the whole upon a plan which our limited human intellect cannot comprehend."

When Goethe was more than eighty, he purchased, for the first time, an easy chair. His indifference, and even contempt for the most ordinary comforts and luxuries of this kind, were amusing. The furniture of his study and bedroom (still preserved as he left them) is of the most homely description. A common deal table, a wooden desk, and a high stool, the very sight of which gave me a pain in my back, were the only conveniences. He used to say, that never being accustomed from his youth to luxuries and fine furniture, they took his attention from his work. But his drawing-room was elegant—I remember two very large frames, in which he was accustomed to dispose a variety of original drawings by the old masters, perhaps eight or ten in each. When they had hung some time, he changed them for another set. These were *his* luxuries; the set of drawings which he last selected, remain hanging in the room.

The anecdote related by Ekermann of the Roman cobbler, who used an antique head of one of the Cæsars as a block to hammer his leather on, reminds me that the head of the Ilioneus was put to a similar use by a cobbler at Prague.

The most extraordinary thing in this book is what Goethe calls "Das Dämonische." I have (I believe) a kind of glimmering of what he means; whatever exercises a power, a fascination over the mind, whatever in intellect or nature is inexplicable, whatever seems to have a spiritual existence apart from all understood or received laws, acknowledged as irresistible, yet mocking all reason to explain it—a kind of intellectual electricity or magnetism—in short, whatever is unaccountable—he classes under the general head of "Das Dämonische;" a very convenient way, and truly a very poetical way, of getting rid of what one does not comprehend. It is, he says, as if "the curtain was drawn away from the background of existence." In *things*, he instances as examples of this Dämonische, music in itself and in its effect on the mind; poetry of the highest order; and in characters he instances Shakspeare, Napoleon, Byron, the late Grand Duke, (his friend, Karl August,) and others. But it is dangerous almost to go on playing thus with his and one's own deepest, wildest thoughts—and I cannot follow them.

There are passages scattered up and down the book, which clearly prove that Goethe never considered himself as one called upon to take a part

in the revolutions and political struggles of his time; but because he stood calmly on the "shore of peace with unwet eye," and let the giddy torrent whirl past him, shall we infer that he took no heed of its course? Can we think that this great and gifted being, whose ample ken embraced a universe, had neither sympathies in the grandest interests, nor hopes in the brightest destinies, of humanity? It were a profanation to think thus:—

> "Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
> Cannot but pity the perplexed state
> Of troublous and distressed mortality,
> That thus make way unto the ugly berth
> Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
> Affliction upon imbecility:
> Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
> He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone." *

(Even while these lines were printing, Thomas Carlyle has observed, with equal truth and eloquence, "That to ask of such a mind as Goethe's, that he should mix himself up with the political turmoils of the day, was as if we should call down the moon from the firmament of heaven, and convert her into a street torch.")

Great and worthy of all gratitude and fame were those men who have devoted their best faculties, poured out their best blood, for the cause of freedom, for the land they called their own, the principles they espoused; but greater far, and more worthy of gratitude, and of purer and more endur-

* Daniel.

ing fame, the very few, who lived not for an age, a country, but for all ages—for all mankind; who did not live to preach up this or that theory, to sustain this or that sect or party, to insist on this or that truth, but who lived to work out the intellectual and spiritual good, and promote the progress of the whole human race—to kindle within the individual mind the light which is true freedom, or leads to it. Such was the example left by Jesus Christ—such a man was Shakspeare—such a man was Goethe.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

March 29.

To those who see only with their eyes, the distant is always indistinct and little, becoming less and less as it recedes, till utterly lost; but to the imagination, which thus reverses the perspective of the senses, the far off is great and imposing, the magnitude increasing with the distance.

—•—

I amused myself this morning with that most charming book "The Doctor;"—it is not the second nor the third time of reading. How delicious it is wherever it opens!—how brimful of erudition and wit, and how rich in thought, and sentiment, and humor! but containing assumptions, and opin-

ions, and prognostications, in which I would not believe;—no, not for the world!

Southey's is a mind at which I must needs admire; he stands upon a vast height, as upon a pinnacle of learning; he commands all around an immense, a boundless prospect over whatever human intellect and capacity has achieved or may achieve; but, from the peculiar construction of his mind, he obstinately looks but one way—back to the past, to what has been done; if ever he looks to the future, he merely glances at it sideways.

If I might, like Solomon, ask a gift of God, I would profit by his mistake. I would not ask a *wise* and an *understanding* heart; for what did his wisdom and his understanding do for him? They brought him to the conclusion, that all under the sun was vanity and vexation of spirit, and that the increase of knowledge was the increase of sorrow, and so the end was epicurism, despair, and idolatry. "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" No!—I would ask, were it permitted, for a *simple* heart, that should not deceive itself or others, but seek truth for its own sake, and, having found truth, find also goodness and happiness, which *must* follow to complete the moral harmonic chord.

We are so accustomed to the artificial atmosphere round us, that we lose sometimes the power of distinguishing the false from the true, till we call in our natural instincts to do for us what our perverted reason cannot. They say that the Queen of Sheba once presented before Solomon two gar-

lands of flowers, and desired him to pronounce which was the natural, which the artificial wreath. The wisdom of this wisest of men did not enable him to do this by the appearance only, so exquisitely had art imitated nature, till on seeing a bee fluttering near, he called it to his aid. The little creature at once settled the question by alighting on the real flowers, and avoiding the false ones.

We have instincts as true as those of the bee to refuse the evil and to choose the good, if we did not smother them up with nonsense and metaphysics.

. . . . . .

How true what Southey says! (the Doctor I mean—I beg his pardon,)—"We make the greater part of the evil circumstances in which we are placed, and then we fit ourselves for those circumstances by a process of degradation, the effect of which most people see in the classes below them, though they may not be conscious that it is operating in a different manner, but with equal force, upon themselves."

The effect of those preordained evils—if they are such—which we inherit with our mortal state; inevitable death—the separation from those we love—old age with its wants, its feebleness, its helplessness—those sufferings which are in the course of nature, are quite sufficient in the infliction, or in the fear of them, to keep the spirit chastened, and the reflecting mind humble before God. But what I *do* deprecate, is to hear people

preaching resignation to social, self-created evils; fitting, or trying to fit, their own natures by "a process of degradation" to circumstances which they ought to resist, and which they do *inwardly* resist, keeping up a constant, wearing, impotent strife between the life that is *within* and the life that is *without*. How constantly do I read this in the countenances of those I meet in the world!—They do not know themselves why there should be this perpetual uneasiness, this jarring and discord within; but it is the vain struggle of the soul, which God created in his own image, to fit its strong, immortal nature for the society which men have framed after their own devices. A *vain* struggle it is! succeeding only in appearance, never in reality,—so we walk about the world the masks of ourselves, pitying each other. When we meet truth we are as much astonished as I used to be at the carnival, when, in the midst of a crowd of fantastic, lifeless, painted faces, I met with some one who had plucked away his mask and stuck it in his hat, and looked out upon me with the real human smile.

—♦—

Custom is a mere face, or rather a mere mask; as opinion is a mere voice—or less—the echo of a voice.

—♦—

The Aurora Borealis is of almost nightly occurrence, but this evening it has been more than

usually resplendent; radiating up from the north, and spreading to the east and west in form like a fan, the lower point of a pale white, then yellow, amber, orange, successively, and the extremities of a glowing crimson, intense, yet most delicate, like the heart of an unblown rose. It shifted its form and hue at every moment, flashing and waving like a banner in the breeze; and through this portentous veil, transparent as light itself, the stars shone out with a calm and steady brightness; and I thought, as I looked upon them, of a character we both know, where, like those fair stars, the intellectual powers shine serenely bright through a veil of passions, fancies, and caprices. It is most awfully beautiful! I have been standing at my window watching its evolutions, till it is no longer night, but morning.

—♦—

In former times, when people travelled into strange countries, they travelled *de bonne foi*, really to see and learn what was new to them. Now, when a traveller goes to a foreign country, it is always with a set of preconceived notions concerning it, to which he fits all he sees, and refers all he hears; and this, I suppose, is the reason that the old travellers are still safe guides; while modern travellers may be pleasant reading, but are withal the most unsafe guides any one can have.

—♦—

I am inclined to distrust the judgment of those persons whom I see occupied by one subject, one idea, one object, and referring all things to that, till it assumes by degrees an undue magnitude and importance, and prevents them from feeling the true relative proportion and value of other objects: yet thus it is, perhaps, that single truths are worked out and perfected. Yet, again, I doubt whether there *be* separate and single truths—whether it be possible for one to arrive at *the truth* by any narrow path;—or is truth, like heaven, "a palace with many doors," to which we arrive by many paths, each thinking his own the right one; and it is not till we have arrived within the sanctuary that we perceive we are in a central point to which converge a thousand various paths from every point of the compass—every region of thought?

In the Pitti Palace at Florence there is a statue, standing alone in its naked beauty, in the centre of a many-sided saloon, panelled with mirrors, in which it is reflected at once in every different aspect, and in each, though differently, yet *truly*, as long as the mirror be clear and unwarped—and such is truth. We all look towards it, but each mind beholds it under a different angle of incidence; and unless we were so freed from all earthly bonds as to behold in one and the same moment the statue itself, in its pure unvarying *oneness*, and all its multiplied and ever-varying reflections imaged around, how shall we presume to settle which of these is the false, and which the true?

To reason from analogy is often dangerous, but to illustrate by a fanciful analogy is sometimes a means by which we *light* an idea, as it were, into the understanding of another.

April 24.

The King of Prussia, after seeing Othello, forbade Desdemona to be murdered for the future, and the catastrophe was altered accordingly—"by his majesty's command." This good-natured monarch, whose ideas of art are quite singular, also insisted that in the opera of "Undine," Huldibrand should not die as in the tale, but become a water-spirit, and "all end happily;" but I would not advise you to laugh at this, as long as we endure the new catastrophes tacked to Shakspeare.

It was Hoffmann, so celebrated for his tales of diablerie, and in Germany not less celebrated as a musician, who composed the opera of "Undine." The music, as I have been assured, was delicious, and received at Berlin with rapturous approval. After the first few representations, the opera-house was burnt down, and with it the score of the "Undine" perished. Hoffmann had accidentally one *partie* in his desk, but in the excess of his rage and despair he threw that also into the fire, and thus not a note of this charming opera survives.

Only the other day I was reading Hoffmann's analysis and exposition of the "Don Juan." It is certainly one of the wildest, and yet one of the

most beautiful, pieces of criticism I ever met with —the criticism of an inspired poet and musician. Methinks that in this opera the words and the music are as body and soul; and certainly we must judge the character and signification of the whole by the music, not by the words. Hoffmann regards Don Juan as a kind of Faust, and insists that Donna Anna was in love with him; and the music given to her expresses certainly a depth of passion and despair beyond the words, and something *different* from them. The *text* speaks the conventional woman, and the music breathes the voice of nature revealing the struggle, the tempest within.

When at New York this winter, I was introduced to a fine old Italian, with long and flowing white hair, and a most venerable and marked physiognomy; it was Lorenzo da Porta, the man who had first introduced Mozart to the Emperor Joseph, and who wrote for him the text of the "Don Juan," the "Figaro," and the "Cosi fan Tutti;" we have no such *libretti* now!

The German text of the "Zauberflöte" was by Schichenada, a buffoon comedian and singer in the service of Joseph II.; he was himself the original Papageno. Some people think that he meant to dramatize in this opera the mysteries of Freemasonry, and others are anxious to find in it some profound allegorical meaning; whereas I doubt whether the text has any meaning at all, while to the delicious music we may ally a thousand mean-

ings, a thousand fairy-dreams of poetry. Schichenada was patronized by Joseph, and much attached to him; after the emperor's death, he went mad, and spent the rest of his life sitting in an arm-chair, with a large sheet thrown all over him, refusing to speak to his family. When any one visited him, he would lift the sheet from his head, and ask, with a fixed look, "Did you know Joseph?" If the answer were "*Yes*," he would, perhaps, condescend to exchange a few words with his visitor—always on the same subject, his emperor and patron; but if the answer were "*No*," he immediately drew his sheet about him like a shroud, hid his face, and sank again into his arm-chair and obstinate silence; and thus he died.

May 1.

Exceedingly cold,—a severe frost—a keen, boisterous wind, and a most turbulent lake. Too ill to do any thing but read. I amused myself with Friedrich Rückert's poems,* which left on my imagination an impression like that which the perfume of a bouquet of hot-house flowers, or the sparkling of a casket of jewels, would leave on my senses. As an amatory lyric poet, he may be com-

* Friedrich Rückert is professor of the Oriental languages at Erlangen. He has published three volumes of poems, partly original, and partly translated or imitated from eastern poets, and enjoys a very high reputation both as a scholar and a poet.

pared to Moore;—there is the same sort of *efflorescence* of wit and fancy, the same felicity of expression, the same gem-like polish, and brilliance, and epigrammatic turn in his exquisite little lyrics. I suppose there could not be a greater contrast than between his songs and those of Heine. It is greater than the difference between Moore and Burns, and the same kind of difference.

Lenau,* again, is altogether distinct; and how charming he is! Yet great as is his fame in Germany, I believe it has not reached England. He is the great pastoral poet of modern Germany—not pastoral in the old-fashioned style, for he trails no shepherd's crook, and pipes no song "to Amaryllis in the shade," nor does he deal in Fauns or Dryads, and such "cattle." He is the priest of Nature, her Druid, and the expounder of her divinest oracles. It is not the poet who describes or comments on nature;—it is Nature, with her deep mysterious voice, commenting on the passions and sorrows of humanity. His style is very difficult, but very expressive and felicitous; in one of those compound words to which the German language lends itself—like the Greek, Lenau will place a picture suddenly before the imagination, like a whole landscape revealed to sight by a single flash of lightning. Some of his poems, in which he uses the commonest stuff of our daily existence as a

* Nicholaus Lenau is a noble Hungarian, a Magyar by birth: the name under which his poetry is published is not, I believe, his real name.

material vehicle for the loftiest and deepest thought and sentiments, are much in the manner of Wordsworth. One of the most beautiful of these is "Der Postilion."

Lenau has lately written a dramatic poem on the subject of "Faust," the scope and intention of which I find it difficult to understand—more difficult than that of Goethe. For the present I have thrown it aside in despair.

GRILLPARZER'S SAPPHO AND MEDEA.

The genius of Franz Grillparzer has always seemed to me essentially lyric, rather than dramatic; in his admirable tragedies the character, the sentiment, are always more *artistically* evolved than the situation or action.

The characters of Sappho and Medea, in his two finest dramas,* are splendid creations. We have not, I think, in the drama of the present day, any thing conceived with equal power, and at the

* The "Sappho" appeared after the "Ahnfrau," to which it presents a remarkable contrast in style and construction. The "Golden Fleece," in three parts, appeared in 1822. Both these tragedies have been represented on all the theatres in Germany; and Madame Wolff at Berlin, Madame Heygendorf at Weimar, Madame Schroeder at Munich and Vienna, have all excelled as Sappho and Medea.

same time carried out in every part, and set forth with such glorious poetical coloring. Lord Byron's "Sardanapalus" would give perhaps a more just idea of the *manner* in which Grillparzer treats a dramatic subject, than any thing else in our literature to which I could compare him.

Sappho is the type of the woman of genius. She enters crowned with the Olympic laurel, surrounded by the shouts of gratulating crowds, and shrinks within herself to find that they bring her incense, not happiness—applause, not sympathy—fame, not love. She would fain renew her youth, the golden dreams of her morning of life, before she had sounded the depths of grief and passion, before experience had thrown its shadow over her heart, in the love of the youthful, inexperienced, joyous Phaon; and it is well imagined too, that while we are filled with deepest admiration and compassion for Sappho, betrayed and raging like a Pythoness, we yet have sympathy for the boy Phaon, who leaves the love of his magnificent mistress—love rather bestowed than yielded—for that of the fair, gentle slave Melitta. His first love is the woman to whom he does homage; his second, the woman to whom he gives protection. Nothing can be more natural; it is the common course of things.

Learned and unlearned agree in admiring Grillparzer's versification of Sappho's celebrated ode—

"Golden-Thronende Aphrodite!"

—It sounds to my unlearned ears wonderfully

grand and Greek, and musical and classical; and when Schroeder recites these lines in the theatre, you might hear your own heart beat in the breathless silence around.*

German critics consider the "Medea" less perfect than the "Sappho" in point of style, and, considered merely as a work of art, inferior. Of this I cannot so well judge, but I shall never forget reading it for the first time—I think of it as an era in my poetic reminiscences. It is the only conception of the character in which we understand the *necessity* for Medea's murder of her children. In the other tragedies on the same subject, we must take it for granted; but Grillparzer conducts us to the appalling catastrophe through such a linked chain of motives and feelings, that when it comes, it comes as something inevitable.

Medea is the type of the woman of instinct and passion. Contrasted with the elegant, subdued Greek females, she is a half savage, all devotion and obedience one moment, a tameless tigress in the next; first subdued by the masculine valor, then revolted by the moral cowardice of Jason. Grillparzer has wisely kept the virago and the sorceress, with whom we hardly sympathize, out of

* The translation of the same ode by Ambrose Phillips,

> "O Venus! beauty of the skies,
> To whom a thousand temples rise,"

is well known. In spite of the commendation bestowed on it by Addison, it appears very trivial and affected, compared with that of Grillparzer.

sight as much as possible; while the human being, humanly acted upon and humanly acting and feeling, is forever before us. There is a dreadful truth and nature in the whole portrait, which is perfectly finished throughout. Placed beside the Medea of Euripides, it is the picturesque compared with the statuesque delineation.

The subject of the "Medea" has a strange fascination around it, like that of the terrible agonized beauty of the "Medusa," on which we *must* gaze though it turn us to stone. It has been treated in every possible style, in I know not how many tragedies and operas, ancient and modern. I remember, at Vienna, a representation of a singular kind given by Madame Schroeder; it was a monologue in prose, with musical symphonies, composed by George Benda, about 1755. After every two or three spoken sentences came a strain of music, which the actress accompanied by expressive pantomime. The prose text (by Gotter) appeared to me a string of adjurations, exclamations, and imprecations, without any coloring of poetry; and the music interrupted rather than aided the flow of the passion. Still it was a most striking exhibition of Schroeder's peculiar talent; her fine classical attitudes were a study for an artist, and there were bursts of pathos, and flashes of inconceivable majesty, which thrilled me. The fierceness was better expressed than the tenderness of the woman, and the adjuration to Hecate recalled for a moment Mrs. Siddons's voice and look when she read the

witch-scene in "Macbeth;" yet, take her altogether, she was not so fine as Pasta in the same character. Schroeder's Lady Macbeth I remember thinking insufferable.

STERNBERG'S NOVELS.

June 10.

THE number of the "Foreign Review" for February contains, among other things, a notice of Baron Sternberg's popular and eloquent novels. It is not very well done. It is true, as far as it goes; but it gives no sufficient idea of the general character of his works, some of which display the wildest and most playful fancy, and others again, pictures, not very attractive ones, of every day social life.

Sternberg, whom I knew in Germany, is a young nobleman of Livonia, handsome in person, and of quiet, elegant manners. Yet I remember that in our first interview, even while he interested and fixed my attention, he did not quite please me; there was in his conversation something cold, guarded, not flowing; and in the expression of his dark, handsome features, something too invariable and cynical; but all this thawed or brightened away, and I became much interested in him and his works.

Sternberg, as an author, may be classed, I think,

with many other accomplished and popular authors of the day, flourishing here, in France, and in England, simultaneously—signs of the times in which we live, taking the form and pressure of the age, not informing it with their own spirit. They are a set of men who have drunk deep, even to license, of the follies, the pleasures, and the indulgences of society, even while they struggled (some of them at least) with its most bitter, most vulgar cares. From this gulf the intellect rises, perhaps, in all its primeval strength, the imagination in all its brilliance, the product of both as luxuriant as ever; but we are told,

> "That every gift of noble origin,
> Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath!"

And a breath of a different kind has gone over the works of these writers—a breath as from a lazar-house. A power is gone from them which nothing can restore,—the healthy, the clear vision, with which a fresh, pure mind looks round upon the social and the natural world, perceiving the due relations of all things one with another, and beholding the "soul of goodness in things evil;" these authors, if we are to believe their own account of themselves, given in broad hints, and very intelligible *mysterious* allusions, have suffered horribly from the dominion of the passions, from the mortifications of wounded self-love, betrayed confidence, ruined hopes, ill-directed and ill-requited affections, and a long *et cetera* of miseries. They

wish us to believe, that in order to produce any thing true and great in art, it is necessary to have known and gone through all this, to have been dragged through this sink of dissipation, or this fiery furnace of suffering and passion. I don't know. Goethe, at least, did not think so, when he spoke of the "sort of anticipation" through which he produced his "Götz von Berlichingen" and his "Werther." I hope it is not so. I hope that a knowledge of our human and immortal nature, and the due exercise of our faculties, does not depend on this sort of limited, unhealthy, artificial experience. It is as if a man or woman either, in order to learn the free, natural, graceful use of the limbs, were to take lessons of a rope-dancer; but waving this, we see in these writers, that what they call truth and experience has at least been bought rather dear; they can never again, by all the perfumes of Arabia, sweeten what has been once polluted, nor take the blistering scar from their brow. From their works we rise with admiration, with delight, with astonishment at the talent displayed; with the most excited feelings, but never with that blameless as well as vivid sense of pleasure, that unreproved delight, that grateful sense of a healing, holy influence, with which we lay down Shakspeare, Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Goethe. Yet what was hidden from these men? Did they not know all that the world, and man, and nature could unfold? They knew it by "anticipation," by soaring on the wings of untrammelled thought, far, far

above the turmoil, and looking superior down, and with the ample ken of genius embraced a universe. These modern novel-writers appear to me in comparison like children, whose imperfect faculties and experience induce them to touch every thing they see; so they burn or soil their fingers, and the blister and the stain sticks perpetual to their pages—those pages which yet can melt or dazzle, or charm. Nothing that is, or has been, or may be, can they see but through some personal medium. What they have themselves felt, suffered, seen, is always before them, is mixed up with their fancy, is the material of their existence, and this gives certainly a degree of vigor, a palpable reality, a life, to all they do, which carries us away; but a man might as well think to view the face of universal nature, to catch the pure, unmixed, all-embracing light of day through one of the gorgeous painted windows of Westminster Abbey, as to perceive abstract moral truth through the minds of these writers; but they have their use, aye, and their beauty—like all things in the world—only I would not be one of such. I do not think them enviable either in themselves as individuals, or in the immediate effect they produce, and the sort of applause they excite; but they have their praise, their merit, their *use*,—they have their *day*—hereafter, perhaps, to be remembered as we remember the school of writers before the French revolution; as we think of the wretched slave, or the rash diver, who from the pit or from the whirlpool has snatched some gems worthy to be

gathered into Truth's immortal treasury, or wreathed into her diadem of light.

They have their day—how long it will last, how long *they* will last, is another thing.

To this school of fiction-writing belong many authors of great and various merit, and of very different character and tendencies. Some, by true but partial portraitures of social evils, boldly aiming at the overthrow of institutions from which they have as individuals suffered; others, through this medium, publicly professing opinions they would hardly dare to promulgate in a drawing-room, and discussing questions of a doubtful or perilous tendency; others, only throwing off, in a manner, the impressions of their own minds, developed in beautiful fictions, without any ultimate object beyond that of being read with sympathy and applause—especially by women.

I think Sternberg belongs to the latter class. He has written some most charming things. I should not exactly know where to find his prototype; he reminds me of Bulwer sometimes, and one or two of his tales are in Barry St. Leger's best manner,—the eloquence, the depth of tragic and passionate interest, are just his; then, again, others remind me of Wilson, when he is fanciful and unearthly; but, on the whole, his genius differs essentially from all these.

His comic and fantastic tales are exquisite. The fancy and the humor run into pathos and poetry, and never into caricature, like some of Hoffmann's.

One of the first things I fell upon was his "Herr von Mondshein," (Master Moonshine,) a little *jeu d'esprit*, on which it seems he sets small value himself, but which is an exquisite thing for all that—so wildly, yet so playfully, so gracefully grotesque! The effect of the whole is really like that of moonlight on a rippled stream, now seen, now lost, now here, now there—it is the moon we see—and then it is not; and yet it is again! and it smiles, and it shines, and it simpers, and it glitters, and it is at once in heaven and on the earth, near and distant, by our side, or peeped at through an astronomer's telescope; now helping off a pair of lovers—then yonder among the stars—and in the end we rub our eyes, and find it is just what it ought to be—*all moonshine!*

Superior and altogether different is the tale of "Molière,"—the leading idea of which appears to me beautiful.

A physician of celebrity at Paris, the inventor of some famous elixir—half quack, half enthusiast, and something too of a philosopher—finds himself, by some chance, in the parterre at the representation of one of Molière's comedies, in which the whole learned faculty are so exquisitely ridiculed; the player who represents the principal character, in order to make the satire more poignant, arrays himself in the habitual dress of Tristan Dieudonné; the unfortunate doctor sees himself reproduced on the stage with every circumstance of ignominious ridicule, hears around him the loud applause, the

laugh of derision—meets in every eye the mocking glance of recognition; his brain turns, and he leaves the theatre a raving maniac. (So far the tale is an "o'er true tale.") By degrees this frenzy subsides into a calmer but more hopeless, more melancholy madness; he shuts himself up from mankind, at one time sinking into a gloomy despondency, at another revelling in projects of vengeance against Molière, his enemy and destroyer. One only consolation remains to him; in this miserable, abject state, a charitable neighbor comes to visit him daily; by degrees wins upon the affections, and gains the confidence of the poor madman—soothes him, cheers him, and performs for him all tender offices of filial love; and this good Samaritan is of course the heart-stricken, remorseful poet, Molière himself.

There is a love-story interwoven of no great interest, and many discussions between the poet and the madman, on morals, medicine, philosophy; that in which the insane doctor endeavors to prove that many of his patients who appear to be living are in reality *dead*, is very striking and very true to nature; it shows how ingenious metaphysical madness can sometimes be.

Other known personages, as Boileau, Chapelain, Racine, are introduced in person, and give us their opinions on poetry, acting, the fine arts, with considerable discrimination in the characters of the speakers.

The scenes of Parisian society in this novel are

not so good; rather heavy and Germanesque—certainly not French,

"Lessing" is another tale in which Sternberg has taken a real personage for his hero. He says that he has endeavored, in these two tales, to delineate the strife which a man whose genius is in advance of the age in which he lives, must carry on with all around him. They may be called biographical novels.

. . . . . .

"Galathée," Sternberg's last novel, had just made its appearance when I was at Weimar; all the women were reading it and commenting on it—some in anger, some in sorrow, almost all in admiration. It is allowed to be the finest thing he has done in point of style. To me it is a painful book. It is the history of the intrigues of a beautiful coquette and a Jesuit priest to gain over a young Protestant nobleman from his faith and his betrothed love. They prove but too successful. In the end he turns Roman Catholic, and forsakes his bride. The heroine, Galathée, dies quietly of a broken heart. "The more fool she!" I thought, as I closed the book, "to die for the sake of a man who was not worth living for!" but "'tis a way we have."

Sternberg's women—his virtuous women especially, (to be sure he is rather sparing of them,)—have always individual character, and are touched with a firm, a delicate, a graceful pencil; but his men are almost without exception vile, or insipid,

or eccentric—and his heroes (where could he find them?) are absolutely *characterless*—as weak as they are detestable.

Sternberg possesses, with many other talents, that of being an accomplished amateur artist. He sketches charmingly, and with enviable facility and truth catches the characteristic forms both of persons and things. Then he has all the arcana of a lady's toilette at the end of his pencil, and his glance is as fastidious as it is rapid in detecting any peculiarity of dress or manner. Whenever he came to us he used to ask for some white paper, which, while he talked or listened, he covered with the prettiest sketches and fancies imaginable; but whether this was to employ his fingers, or to prevent me from looking into his eyes while he spoke, I was never quite sure.

This talent for drawing—this lively sense of the picturesque in form and color, we trace through all his works. Some of the most striking passages—those which dwell most strongly on the memory—are pictures. Thus, the meeting of Molière and the Doctor in the churchyard at dusk of evening, the maniac seated on the grave, the other standing by, wrapped in his flowing mantle, with his hat and feather pulled over his brow, and bending over his victim with benevolent expression, is what painters call a fine "bit of effect." The scene in the half-lighted chapel, where the beautiful Countess Melicerte is doing penance, and receiving on her naked shoulders the scourge from the hand of

her confessor, is a very powerful but also a very disagreeable piece of painting. The lady in crimson velvet seated on the ground *en Madelene*, with her silver crucifix on her knees and her long dark jewelled tresses flowing dishevelled, is a fine bit of color, and the court ballet in the gardens of the Favorita Palace a perfect Watteau. Reading very fine, eloquent, and vivid descriptions of nature and natural scenery, by writers who give us licentious pictures of social life in a narrow, depraved, and satirical spirit, is very disagreeable — it always leaves on the mind an impression of discord and unfitness. And this discrepancy is of perpetual recurrence in Sternberg, and in other writers of his class.

But it is in the tale entitled "Die Gebrüder Breughel," (the "Two Breughels,") that Sternberg has abandoned himself *con amore* to all his artist-like feelings and predilections. The younger Breughel (known by the names of Höllen Breughel and the "Mad Painter," on account of the diabolical subjects in which his pencil revelled) is the hero of this remarkable tale; forsaking the worship of beauty, he paid a kind of crazed adoration to deformity, and painted his fantastic and extravagant creations with truly demoniac skill and power. Sternberg makes the cause of this eccentric perversion of genius a love-affair, which has turned the poor painter's wits "the seamy side without," and rendered him the apostate to all that is beautiful in nature and art. This love-tale, how-

ever, occupies little of the interest. The charm of the whole consists in the lively sketches of Flemish art, and the characteristic portraits of different well-known artists; we have the gay, vivacious Teniers—the elegant and somewhat affected Poelenberg, the coarse, good-humored Jordaens—Peter Laers, the tavern-keeper,—the grave yet splendid coxcombry of the Velvet Breughel—his eccentric, half-crazed brother, the Hero—old Peter Kock, with his color mania, (the Turner of his day,) and presiding over all, the noble, the magnificent Peter Paul Rubens, and the dignified, benevolent Burgomaster Hubert, the patron of art; all these are brought together in groups, and admirably discriminated. In this tale Sternberg has most ingeniously transferred to his pages some celebrated and well-known pictures as actual scenes; and thus Painting pays back part of her debt to Poetry and Fiction. The Alchymist in his laboratory—the Gambling Soldiers — the Boors and Beggars at cards—the Incantation in the Witch's Tower—the Burning Mill—the Page asleep in the Ante-chamber—and the country Merrymaking—are each a Rembrandt, a Jordaens, an Ostade, a Peter Laers, a Breughel, or a Teniers, transferred from the canvas to the page, and painted in words almost as brilliant and lively as the original colors.

I doubt whether a translation of this clever tale would please generally in England; it is too discursive and argumentative. It requires a familiar knowledge of art and artists, as well as a feeling

for art, to enter into it, for it is almost entirely devoid of any interest arising from incident or passion. Yet I sat up till after two o'clock this morning to finish it—wasting my eyes over the small type, like a most foolish improvident woman.

—♦—

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.

—♦—

I have met with certain minds which seem never to be themselves penetrated by truth, yet have the power to demonstrate it clearly and beautifully to other minds, as there are certain substances which most brightly reflect, and only partially absorb, the rays of light.

—♦—

Reading what Charles Lamb says on the "sanity of true genius," it appears to me that genius and sanity have nothing (necessarily) to do with each other. Genius may be combined with a healthy or a morbid organization. Shakspeare, Walter Scott, Goethe, are examples of the former; Byron, Collins, Kirke White, are examples of the latter.

—♦—

A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense.

How admirable what Sir James Mackintosh says of Madame de Maintenon !—that "she was as virtuous as the fear of hell and the fear of shame could make her." The same might be said of the virtue of many women I know, and of these, I believe that more are virtuous from the fear of shame than the fear of hell.—Shame is the woman's hell.

Rahel* said once of an acquaintance, "Such a one is an ignorant man. He knows nothing but what he has learned, and that is little, for a man can only learn that which man already knows."—Well, and truly, and profoundly said!

Every faculty, every impulse of our human nature, is useful, available, in proportion as it is dangerous. The greatest blessings are those which may be perverted to most pain: as fire and water are the two most murderous agents in nature, and the two things in which we can least endure to be stinted.

Who that has lived in the world, in society, and looked on both with observing eye, but has often

* Madame Varnhagen von Ense, whose remains were published a few years ago. The book of "Rahel" is famous from one end of Germany to the other, but remains, I believe, a sealed fountain still for English readers.

been astonished at the fearlessness of women, and the cowardice of men, with regard to public opinion? The reverse would seem to be the natural, the necessary result of the existing order of things, but it is not always so. Exceptions occur so often, and so immediately within my own province of observation, that they have made me reflect a good deal. Perhaps this seeming discrepancy might be thus explained.

Women are brought up in the fear of opinion, but, from their ignorance of the world, they are in fact ignorant of that which they fear. They fear opinion as a child fears a spectre, as something shadowy and horrible, not defined or palpable. It is a fear based on habit, on feeling, not on principle or reason. When their passions are strongly excited, or when reason becomes matured, this exaggerated fear vanishes, and the probability is, that they are immediately thrown into the opposite extreme of incredulity, defiance, and rashness; but a man, even while courage is preached to him, learns from habitual intercourse with the world the immense, the terrible power of opinion. It wraps him round like despotism; it is a reality to him; to a woman a shadow, and if she can overcome the fear in her own person, all is overcome. A man fears opinion for himself, his wife, his daughter; and if the fear of opinion be brought into conflict with primary sentiments and principles, it is ten to one but the habit of fear prevails, and opinion triumphs over reason and feeling too.

The new law passed during the last session of our provincial parliament, "to render the remedy in cases of seduction more effectual," has just come into operation. What were the circumstances which gave rise to this law, and to its peculiar provisions, I cannot learn. Here it is touching on delicate and even forbidden ground to ask any questions. One person said that it was to guard against infanticide; and I recollect hearing the same sort of argument used in London against one particular clause of the new Poor Law Act, viz: that it would *encourage* infanticide. This is the most gross and unpardonable libel on our sex ever uttered. Women do not murder their children from the fear of want, but from the fear of shame. In this fear, substituted for the light and the strength of virtue and genuine self-respect, are women trained, till it becomes a second nature—not indeed stronger than the natural instincts and the passions which God gave us, but strong enough to drive to madness and delirious outrage, the wretched victim who finds the struggle between these contradictory feelings too great for her conscience, her reason, her strength. Nothing, as it seems to me, but throwing the woman upon her own self-respect and added responsibility, can bring a remedy to this fearful state of things. To say that the punishment of the fault, already too great, is thereby increased, is not true; it admitted of no real increase. In entailing irremediable disgrace, and death of name and fame, upon the frail woman, the law of society had done its utmost;

and to let it be supposed that the man had power to make amends by paying a nominal tax for indulgence bought at such a tremendous price, what was it but to flatter and delude both the vanity of lordly, sensual man, and the weakness of wretched, ignorant, trusting, woman? As long as treachery to woman is honorable in man; as long as men *do* not, or *will* not protect us; as long as we women *cannot* protect ourselves, their protecting laws are a farce and a mockery. Opinion has ever been stronger than law. Luckily there is something stronger than either.

DON CARLOS.

I HAVE only three books with me here, besides the *one* book needful, and find them sufficient for all purposes,—Shakspeare, Schiller, Wordsworth. One morning, being utterly disinclined for all effort, either of conversation or movement, I wandered down to a little wild bosquet beyond the Table Rock, not very accessible to dilettante hunters after the picturesque, and just where the waters, rendered smooth by their own infinite velocity, were sweeping by, before they take their leap into the gulf below; —there I sat all the sultry noontide,—quiet, among the birds and the thick foliage, and read through "Don Carlos,"—one of the finest dramas in the world, I should think.

It is a proof of the profound humanity of Schiller, that in this play one must needs pity King Philip, though it is in truth the sort of pity which Saint Theresa felt for the devil,—one pities him because he is *the devil.* The pitiableness and the misery of wickedness were never so truly and so pathetically demonstrated. The unfathomable abyss of egotism in the character turns one giddy to look into.

With regard to Posa, it has been objected, I believe—for I never read any criticism on this play—that he is a mere abstraction, or rather the embodied mouthpiece of certain abstract ideas of policy and religion and morals—those of Schiller himself—and not an individual human being—in short, an impossibility. Yet why so? Perhaps such a man as Posa never did exist;—but why impossible? Can a man conceive that which a man could not by possibility be? If Schiller were great enough to invent such a character, is not humanity great enough to realize it? My belief is, that it is only a glorious anticipation—that poets, in some sort, are the prophets of perfection—that Schiller himself might have been a Posa, and, had he lived a century or two hence, would have been a Posa. Is that a mere abstraction which, while I read, makes me thrill, tremble, exult, and burn, and on the stage filled my eyes with most delicious tears? Is that a mere abstraction which excites our human sympathies in the strongest, highest degree? Every woman, methinks, would like a Posa for a lover

—at least, if I could love, it would be such a man. The notion that Posa could not by possibility exist in the court of Philip II. appears to me unfounded, for such a court would be just the place where such a character would be needed, and by reaction produced; extremes meet. Has not the Austrian court, in these days, produced Count Auersperg, the poet of freedom, who has devoted his whole soul, his genius, and his gift of song, to the cause of humanity and liberty? Francis the First and Metternich, and the dungeons of the Spielberg, have as naturally produced an Auersperg, as Philip and the Autos-da-Fé in Flanders might have produced a Posa.

It may be said that the moral unity and consistency of the character of Posa is violated by that lie which he tells to save the life of Carlos. Posa is living in an atmosphere of falsehood; the existence and honor of Carlos are about to be sacrificed by a lie, and Posa, by another lie, draws the vengeance of the king upon himself;

> Magnanima menzogna! or quando è il vero
> Si bello, che si possa a te preporre?

—But the effect of this "magnanimous" falsehood is like that of *all* falsehood, evil. This one deviation from the clear straight line of truth not only fails of its purpose, but plunges Carlos, the queen, and Posa himself, in the same abyss of destruction.

It was the opinion of ————, with whom I read this play in Germany, that the queen (Eliza-

beth of France, Philip's second wife) is a character not defined, not easily understood—that there is a mystery about her intended by the author. I do not see the character in this point of view. It does not seem to me that Schiller meant her to be any thing but what she appears. There is no mask here, conscious or unconscious; in such a mind her love for Don Carlos is not a feeling combated, struggled with, but put out of her mind altogether, as a thing which ought not to be thought of, ought not to exist, and therefore ceases to exist;—a tender, perfectly pure interest in the happiness and the fate of Don Carlos remains; but this is all; she does not cheat herself nor us with verbal virtue. The cloudless, transparent, crystalline purity of the character is its greatest charm, it will be said, perhaps, that if we see *the whole*—if there be indeed nothing veiled, beyond or beneath what is visible and spoken, then it is *shallow*. Not so—but, like perfectly limpid water, it seems shallower than it is. The mind of a woman, which should be wholly pure, simple, and true, would produce this illusion; we see at once to the bottom, whether it be shining pebble or golden sands, and do not perceive the true depth till we try, and are made to feel and know it by getting beyond our own depth before we are aware. Such a character is that of Elizabeth of France. The manner in which she rebukes the passionate ravings of Carlos,—the self-confiding simplicity,—the dignity without assumption,—the virtue, so clothed in innocence as

to be almost unconscious,—all is most beautiful, and would certainly lose its charm the moment we doubted its *truth*—the moment we suspected that the queen was acting a forced or a conscious part, however virtuous. The scene in which Elizabeth repels the temptation of the Duke of Alva and the monk might be well contrasted with the similar scene between Catharine of Arragon and the two cardinals in Shakspeare. Elizabeth has a passive, graceful, uncontending pride of virtue, which does not assert itself, only guards itself. Her genuine admiration of Posa, and the manner in which, in the last scene, you see the whole soft, feminine being, made up of affections, tears, and devotion, develop itself to be caught and crushed as in an iron vice, renders this delineation, delicate as it is in the conception, and subordinate in interest, one of the finest I have met with out of Shakspeare, and comparable only to his "Hermione" in the beauty and singleness of the conception.

When I saw "Don Carlos" performed at Vienna, with a perfection and *ensemble* of which our stage affords few examples, it left, as a work of art, an impression of a moral kind, at once delightful and elevating, which I cannot easily forget. I was never more touched, more excited, by any dramatic representation that I can remember. Korn, allowed to be one of their finest actors, played Posa magnificently; and it seemed to be no slight privilege to tread the stage but for three hours, clothed in such godlike attributes—to utter in words elo-

quent as music, the sentiments of a MAN—sentiments and aspirations that, in every thrilling heart, found at least a silent echo—sentiments which, if uttered or written off the stage, would have brought down upon him the surveillance of the secret police, or the ban of the censor.

Fichtner played Don Carlos with impassioned youthful sensibility; and though I heard it objected by the Princess H—— that he had not sufficiently *l'air noble*, it did not strike me. Karl La Roche, an actor formed under Goethe's tuition, in the golden age of the Weimar theatre, played Philip II., and looked, and dressed, and acted the character with terrible and artist-like fidelity. Mademoiselle Fournier, one of the most beautiful women I ever beheld, and a clever actress, was admirable in the Princess Eboli. Mademoiselle Peche, also a good actress, failed in the queen, as at the time I felt rather than thought, for I had not well considered the character, She embodied too formally, perhaps intentionally, the idea of something repressed and concealed with effort, which I do not find in Schiller's Elizabeth. On this representation occurred an incident worth noting. The old Emperor Francis was present in his box, looking, as usual, very heavy-headed and attentive; it was about a month or six weeks before his death. In the scene where Posa expostulates with King Philip, pleads eloquently for toleration and liberty, and at length, throwing himself at his feet, exclaims, "Geben Sie uns Gedankenfreiheit!" the audience, that is, the

parterre, applauded; and there were around me cries, not loud but deep, of "Bravo, Schiller!" After this the performance of "Don Carlos" was forbidden, and it was not given again while I was at Vienna.

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TALES.

TALES.

THE FALSE ONE.*

> And give you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
> Some samples of the finest orientalism.
>
> LORD BYRON.

AKBAR, the most enlightened and renowned among the sovereigns of the East, reigned over all those vast territories, which extend from the Indus to the Ganges, and from the snowy mountains of the north to the kingdoms of Guzerat and Candeish on the south. After having subdued the factious omrahs, and the hereditary enemies of his family, and made tributary to his power most of the neighboring kingdoms, there occurred a short period of profound peace. Assisted by able ministers, Akbar employed this interval in alleviating the miseries, which half a century of war and ravage had called down upon this beautiful but ever wretched country. Commerce was relieved from the heavy imposts, which had hitherto clogged its

* First published in 1827. The anecdote on which this tale is founded, I met with in the first volume of "Ferishta's History of Hindostan."

progress; the revenues of the empire were improved and regulated; by a particular decree, the cultivators of the earth were exempted from serving in the imperial armies; and justice was everywhere impartially administered; tempered, however, with that extreme clemency, which in the early part of his reign, Akbar carried to an excess almost injurious to his interests. India, so long exposed to the desolating inroads of invaders, and torn by internal factions, began, at length, to "wear her plumed and jewelled turban with a smile of peace;" and all the various nations united under his sway—the warlike Afghans, the proud Moguls, the gentle-spirited Hindoos, with one voice blessed the wise and humane government of the son of Baber, and unanimously bestowed upon him the titles of AKBAR, or the GREAT, aud JUGGUT GROW, or GUARDIAN of MANKIND.

Meantime the happiness, which he had diffused among millions, seemed to have fled from the bosom of the sovereign. Cares far different from those of war, deeper than those of love, (for the love of eastern monarchs is seldom shadowed by anxiety,) possessed his thoughtful soul. He had been brought up in the strictest forms of the Mohammedan religion, and he meditated upon the text, which enjoins the extermination of all who rejected his prophet, till his conscience became like a troubled lake. He reflected that in his vast dominions there were at least fifteen different religions, which were subdivided into about three hun-

dred and fifty sects; to extirpate thousands and tens of thousands of his unoffending subjects, and pile up pyramids of human heads in honor of God and his prophet, as his predecessors had done before him, was, to his mild nature, not only abhorrent, but impossible. Yet as his power had never met with any obstacle, which force or address had not subdued before him, the idea of bringing this vast multitude to agree in one system of belief and worship appeared to him not utterly hopeless.

He consulted, after long reflection, his favorite and secretary, Abul Fazil, the celebrated historian, of whom it was proverbially said, that "the monarchs of the East feared more the pen of Abul Fazil than the sword of Akbar." The acute mind of that great man saw instantly the wild impracticability of such a scheme; but willing to prove it to his master without absolutely contradicting his favorite scheme, he proposed, as a preparatory step, that the names of the various sects of religion known to exist in the sultan's dominions should be registered, and the tenets of their belief contained in their books of law, or promulgated by their priests, should be reviewed and compared; thence it would appear how far it was possible to reconcile them one with another.

This suggestion pleased the great king; and there went forth a decree from the imperial throne, commanding that all the religions and sects of religion to be found within the boundaries of the empire should send deputies, on a certain day, to

the sultan, to deliver up their books of law, to declare openly the doctrines of their faith, and be registered by name in a volume kept for this purpose—whether they were followers of Jesus, of Moses, or of Mohammed; whether they worshipped God in the sun, in the fire, in the image, or in the stream; by written law or traditional practice; true believer or pagan infidel, none were excepted. The imperial mandate was couched in such absolute, as well as alluring terms, that it became as impossible as impolitic to evade it; it was therefore the interest of every particular sect, to represent in the most favorable light the mode of faith professed by each. Some thought to gain favor by the magnificence of their gifts; others, by the splendor of their processions. Some rested their hopes on the wisdom and venerable appearance of the deputies they selected to represent them; and others, (they were but few,) strong in their faith and spiritual pride, deemed all such aids unnecessary, and trusted in the truth of the doctrines they professed, which they only waited an opportunity to assert, secure that they needed only to be heard, to convert all who had ears to hear.

On the appointed day, an immense multitude had assembled from all the quarters of the empire, and pressed through the gates and streets of Agra, then the capital and residence of the monarch. The principal durbar, or largest audience-court of the palace, was thrown open on this occasion. At the upper end was placed the throne of Akbar.

It was a raised platform, from which sprung twelve twisted pillars of massy gold, all radiant with innumerable gems, supporting the golden canopy, over which waved the white umbrella, the insignia of power; the cushions upon which the emperor reclined, were of cloth of gold, incrusted with rubies and emeralds; six pages, of exquisite beauty, bearing fans of peacocks' feathers, were alone permitted to approach within the silver balustrade, which surrounded the seat of power. On one side stood the vizir Chan Azim, bold and erect of look, as became a warrior, and Abul Fazil, with his tablets in his hand, and his eyes modestly cast down; next to him stood Dominico Cuença, the Portuguese missionary, and two friars of his order, who had come from Goa by the express command of the sultan: on the other side, the muftis and doctors of the law. Around were the great omrahs, the generals, governors, tributary princes, and ambassadors. The ground was spread with Persian carpets of a thousand tints, sprinkled with rose-water, and softer beneath the feet than the velvety durva grass; and clouds of incense, ambergris, and myrrh, filled the air. The gorgeous trappings of eastern splendor, the waving of standards, the glittering of warlike weapons, the sparkling of jewelled robes, formed a scene, almost sublime in its prodigal and lavish magnificence, such as only an oriental court could show.

Seven days did the royal Akbar receive and entertain the religious deputies; every day a hundred

thousand strangers feasted at his expense; and every night the gifts he had received during the day, or the value of them, were distributed in alms to the vast multitude, without any regard to difference of belief. Seven days did the royal Akbar sit on his musnud, and listen graciously to all who appeared before him. Many were the words spoken, and marvellous was the wisdom uttered; sublime were the doctrines professed, and pure the morality they enjoined; but the more the royal Akbar heard, the more was his great mind perplexed; the last who spoke seemed ever in the right, till the next who appeared turned all to doubt again. He was amazed, and said within himself, like the judge of old, "*What is truth?*"

It was observed, that the many dissenting or heterodox sects of the Mohammedan religion excited infinitely more indignation among the orthodox muftis, than the worst among the pagan idolaters. Their hearts burned within them through impatience and wrath, and they would almost have died on the spot for the privilege of confuting those blasphemers, who rejected Abu Becker; who maintained, with Abu Zail, that blue was holier than green; or with Mozar, that a sinner was worse than an infidel; or believed with the Morgians, that in paradise God is beheld only with the eyes of our understanding; or with the Kharejites, that a prince who abuses his power may be deposed without sin. But the sultan had forbidden all argument in his presence, and they were con-

strained to keep silence, though it was pain and grief to them.

The Seiks from Lahore, then a new sect, and since a powerful nation, with their light olive complexions, their rich robes and turbans all of blue, their noble features and free undaunted deportment, struck the whole assembly with respect, and were received with peculiar favor by the sultan. So also were the Ala-ilahiyahs, whose doctrines are a strange compound of the Christian, the Mohammedan, and the Pagan creeds; but the Sactas, or Epicureans of India, met with a far different reception. This sect, which in secret professed the most profane and detestable opinions, endeavored to obtain favor by the splendid offerings they laid at the foot of the throne, and the graceful and seducing eloquence of their principal speaker. It was, however, in vain, that he threw over the tenets of his religion, as publicly acknowledged, the flimsy disguise of rhetoric and poetry; that he endeavored to prove, that all happiness consisted in enjoying the world's goods, and all virtue in mere abstaining from evil; that death is an eternal sleep; and therefore to reject the pleasures of this life, in any shape, the extreme of folly; while at every pause of his oration, voices of the sweetest melody chorussed the famous burden:—

"May the hand never shake which gather'd the grapes!
May the foot never slip which press'd them!"

Akbar commanded the Sactas from his presence,

amid the murmurs and execrations of all parties; and though they were protected for the present by the royal passport, they were subsequently banished beyond the frontiers of Cashmere.

The fire-worshippers, from Guzerat, presented the books of their famous teacher, Zoroaster; to them succeeded the Jainas, the Buddhists, and many more, innumerable as the leaves upon the banyan-tree—countless as the stars at midnight.

Last of all came the deputies of the Brahmans. On their approach there was a hushed silence, and then arose a suppressed murmur of amazement, curiosity, and admiration. It is well known with what impenetrable secrecy the Brahmins guard the peculiar mysteries of their religion. In the reigns of Akbar's predecessors, and during the first invasions of the Moguls, many had suffered martyrdom in the most horrid forms, rather than suffer their sanctuaries to be violated, or disclose the contents of their Vedas or sacred books. Loss of caste, excommunication in this world, and eternal perdition in the next, were the punishments awarded to those, who should break this fundamental law of the Brahminical faith. The mystery was at length to be unveiled; the doubts and conjectures, to which this pertinacious concealment gave rise, were now to be ended forever. The learned doctors and muftis bent forward with an attentive and eager look—Abul Fazil raised his small, bright, piercing eyes, while a smile of dubious import passed over his countenance — the Portuguese

monk threw back his cowl, and the calm and scornful expression of his fine features changed to one of awakened curiosity and interest; even Akbar raised himself from his jewelled couch as the deputies of the Brahmans approached. A single delegate had been chosen from the twelve principal temples and seats of learning, and they were attended by forty aged men, selected from the three inferior castes, to represent the mass of the Indian population—warriors, merchants, and husbandmen. At the head of this majestic procession was the Brahman Sarma, the high priest, and principal *Gooroo* or teacher of theology at Benares. This singular and venerable man had passed several years of his life in the court of the sultan Baber; and the dignity and austerity, that became his age and high functions, were blended with a certain grace and ease in his deportment, which distinguished him above the rest.

When the sage Sarma had pronounced the usual benediction, "May the king be victorious!" Akbar inclined his head with reverence. "Wise and virtuous Brahmans!" he said, "our court derives honor from your illustrious presence. Next to the true faith taught by our holy Prophet, the doctrines of Brahma must exceed all others in wisdom and purity, even as the priests of Brahma excel in virtue and knowledge the wisest of the earth; disclose, therefore, your sacred Sastras, that we may inhale from them, as from the roses of paradise, the precious fragrance of truth and of knowledge!"

The Brahman replied, in the soft and musical tones of his people, "O king of the world! we are not come before the throne of power to betray the faith of our fathers, but to die for it, if such be the will of the sultan!" Saying these words, he and his companions prostrated themselves upon the earth, and, taking off their turbans, flung them down before them; then, while the rest continued with their foreheads bowed to the ground, Sarma arose, and stood upright before the throne. No words can describe the amazement of Akbar. He shrunk back and struck his hands together; then he frowned, and twisted his small and beautifully curled mustachios: "The sons of Brahma mock us!" said he at length; "is it thus our imperial decrees are obeyed?"

"The laws of our faith are immutable," replied the old man, calmly, "and the contents of the Vedas were preördained from the beginning of time to be revealed to the TWICE-BORN alone. It is sufficient, that therein are to be found the essence of all wisdom, the principles of all virtue, and the means of acquiring immortality."

"Doubtless, the sons of Brahma are preëminently wise," said Akbar, sarcastically; "but are the followers of the Prophet accounted as fools in their eyes? The sons of Brahma are excellently virtuous, but are all the rest of mankind vicious? Has the most high God confined the knowledge of his attributes to the Brahmins alone, and hidden his face from the rest of his creatures? Where,

then, is his justice? where his all-embracing mercy?"

The Brahman, folding his arms, replied: "It is written, Heaven is a palace with many doors, and every man shall enter by his own way. It is not given to mortals to examine or arraign the decrees of the Deity, but to hear and to obey. Let the will of the sultan be accomplished in all things else. In this let the God of all the earth judge between the king and his servants."

"Now, by the head of our Prophet! shall we be braved on our throne by these insolent and contumacious priests? Tortures shall force the seal from those lips!"

"Not so!" said the old Brahman, drawing himself up with a look of inexpressible dignity. "It is in the power of the Great King to deal with his slaves as seemeth good to him; but fortitude is the courage of the weak; and the twice-born sons of Brahma can suffer more in the cause of truth, than even the wrath of Akbar can inflict."

At these words, which expressed at once submission and defiance, a general murmur arose in the assembly. The dense crowd became agitated as the waves of the Ganges just before the rising of the hurricane. Some opened their eyes wide with amazement at such audacity, some frowned with indignation, some looked on with contempt, others with pity, All awaited in fearful expectation, till the fury of the sultan should burst forth and consume these presumptuous offenders. But

Akbar remained silent, and for some time played with the hilt of his poniard, half unsheathing it, and then forcing it back with an angry gesture. At length he motioned to his secretary to approach; and Abul Fazil, kneeling upon the silver steps of the throne, received the sultan's commands. After a conference of some length, inaudible to the attendants around, Abul Fazil came forward, and announced the will of the sultan, that the durbar should be presently broken up. The deputies were severally dismissed with rich presents; all, except the Brahmans, who were commanded to remain in the quarter assigned to them during the royal pleasure, and a strong guard was placed over them.

Meantime Akbar withdrew to the private apartments of his palace, where he remained for three days inaccessible to all, except his secretary Abul Fazil, and the Christian monk. On the fourth day he sent for the high priest of Benares, and successively for the rest of the Brahmans, his companions; but it was in vain he tried threats and temptations, and all his arts of argument and persuasion. They remained calmly and passively immovable. The sultan at length pardoned and dismissed them with many expressions of courtesy and admiration. The Brahman Sarma was distinguished among the rest by gifts of peculiar value and magnificence, and to him Akbar made a voluntary promise, that, during his reign, the cruel tax, called the Kerea, which had hitherto been levied

upon the poor Indians whenever they met to celebrate any of their religious festivals, should be abolished.

But all these professions were hollow and insidious. Akbar was not a character to be thus baffled; and assisted by the wily wit of Abul Fazil, and the bold intriguing monk, he had devised a secret and subtle expedient, which should at once gratify his curiosity, and avenge his insulted power.

Abul Fazil had an only brother, many years younger than himself, whom he had adopted as his son, and loved with extreme tenderness. He had intended him to tread, like himself, the intricate path of state policy; and with this view he had been carefully educated in all the learning of the East, and had made the most astonishing progress in every branch of science. Though scarcely past his boyhood, he had already been initiated into the intrigues of the court; above all, he had been brought up in sentiments of the most profound veneration and submission for the monarch he was destined to serve. In some respects Faizi resembled his brother; he possessed the same versatility of talents, the same acuteness of mind, the same predilection for literary and sedentary pursuits, the same insinuating melody of voice and fluent grace of speech; but his ambition was of a nobler cast, and though his moral perceptions had been somewhat blunted by a too early acquaintance with court diplomacy, and an effeminate, though learned education, his mind and talents were de-

cidedly of a higher order. He also excelled Abul Fazil in the graces of his person, having inherited from his mother (a Hindoo slave of surpassing loveliness) a figure of exquisite grace and symmetry, and features of most faultless and noble beauty.

Thus fitted by nature and prepared by art for the part he was to perform, this youth was secretly sent to Allahabad, where the deputies of the Brahmans rested for some days on their return to the Sacred City. Here Abul Fazil, with great appearance of mystery and circumspection, introduced himself to the chief priest, Sarma, and presented to him his youthful brother as the orphan son of the Brahman Mitra, a celebrated teacher of astronomy in the court of the late sultan. Abul Fazil had artfully prepared such documents, as left no doubt of the truth of his story. His pupil in treachery played his part to admiration, and the deception was complete and successful.

"It was the will of the Great King," said the wily Abul Fazil, "that this fair youth should be brought up in his palace, and converted to the Moslem faith; but, bound by my vows to a dying friend, I have for fourteen years eluded the command of the sultan, and in placing him under thy protection, O most venerable Sarma! I have at length discharged my conscience, and fulfilled the last wishes of the Brahman Mitra. Peace be with him! If it seem good in thy sight, let this remain for ever a secret between me and thee. I have successfully thrown dust in the eyes of the sultan,

and caused it to be reported, that the youth is dead of a sudden and grievous disease. Should he discover, that he has been deceived by his slave; should the truth reach his mighty ears, the head of Abul Fazil would assuredly pay the forfeit of his disobedience."

The old Brahman replied with many expressions of gratitude and inviolable discretion; and, wholly unsuspicious of the cruel artifice, received the youth with joy. He carried him to Benares, where some months afterwards he publicly adopted him as his son, and gave him the name of Govinda, "the Beloved," one of the titles under which the Indian women adore their beautiful and favorite idol, the god Crishna.

Govinda, so we must now call him, was set to study the sacred language, and the theology of the Brahmans as it is revealed in their Vedas and Sastras. In both he made quick and extraordinary progress; and his singular talents did not more endear him to his preceptor, than his docility, and the pensive, and even melancholy sweetness of his temper and manner. His new duties were not unpleasing or unsuited to one of his indolent and contemplative temper. He possibly felt, at first, a holy horror at the pagan sacrifices, in which he was obliged to assist, and some reluctance to feeding consecrated cows, gathering flowers, cooking rice, and drawing water for offerings and libations; but by degrees he reconciled his conscience to these occupations, and became attached

to his Gooroo, and interested in his philosophical studies. He would have been happy, in short, but for certain uneasy sensations of fear and self-reproach, which he vainly endeavored to forget or to reason down.

Abul Fazil, who dreaded not his indiscretion or his treachery, but his natural sense of rectitude, which had yielded reluctantly, even to the command of Akbar, maintained a constant intercourse with him by means of an intelligent mute, who, hovering in the vicinity of Benares, sometimes in the disguise of a fisherman, sometimes as a coolie, was a continual spy upon all his movements; and once in every month, when the moon was in her dark quarter, Govinda met him secretly, and exchanged communications with his brother.

The Brahman Sarma was rich; he was proud of his high caste, his spiritual office, and his learning; he was of the tribe of Narayna, which for a thousand years had filled the offices of priesthood, without descending to any meaner occupation, or mingling blood with any inferior caste. He maintained habitually a cold, austere, and dignified calmness of demeanor; and flattered himself, that he had attained that state of perfect indifference to all worldly things, which, according to the Brahminical philosophy, is the highest point of human virtue; but, though simple, grave, and austere in his personal habits, he lived with a splendor becoming his reputation, his high rank, and vast possessions. He exercised an almost princely hospi-

tality; a hundred mendicants were fed morning and evening at his gates. He founded and supported colleges of learning for the poorer Brahmans, and had numerous pupils, who had come from all parts of India to study under his direction. These were lodged in separate buildings. Only Govinda, as the adopted son of Sarma, dwelt under the same roof with his Gooroo, a privilege which had unconsciously become most precious to his heart; it removed him from the constrained companionship of those he secretly despised, and it placed him in delicious and familiar intercourse with one, who had become too dearly and fatally beloved.

The Brahman had an only child, the daughter of his old age. She had been named, at her birth, Priyamvada; (*or softly speaking;*) but her companions called her Amrà, the name of a graceful tree bearing blossoms of peculiar beauty and fragrance, with which the Camdeo (Indian Cupid) is said to tip his arrows. Amrà was but a child when Govinda first entered the dwelling of his preceptor; but as time passed on, she expanded beneath his eye into beauty and maturity, like the lovely and odoriferous flower, the name of which she bore.

The Hindoo women of superior rank and unmixed caste are in general of diminutive size; and accordingly the lovely and high-born Amrà was formed upon the least possible scale of female beauty; but her figure, though so exquisitely delicate, had all the flowing outline and rounded pro-

portions of complete womanhood. Her features were perfectly regular, and of almost infantine minuteness, except her eyes; those soft oriental eyes, not sparkling, or often animated, but large, dark, and lustrous; as if in their calm depth of expression slept unawakened passions, like the bright deity Heri reposing upon the coiled serpent. Her eyebrows were finely arched, and most delicately pencilled; her complexion, of a pale and transparent olive, was on the slightest emotion suffused with a tint, which resembled that of the crimson water-lily as seen through the tremulous wave; her lips were like the buds of the Camàlata, and unclosed to display a row of teeth like seed-pearl of Manar. But one of her principal charms, because peculiar and unequalled, was the beauty and redundance of her hair, which in color and texture resembled black floss silk, and, when released from confinement, flowed downwards over her whole person like a veil, and swept the ground.

Such was Amrà; nor let it be supposed, that so perfect a form was allied to a merely passive and childish mind. It is on record, that, until the invasion of Hindostan by the barbarous Moguls, the Indian women enjoyed comparative freedom; it is only since the occupation of the country by the Europeans, that they have been kept in entire seclusion. A plurality of wives was discouraged by their laws; and, among some of the tribes of Brahmans, it was even forbidden. At the period of our story, that is, in the reign of Akbar, the

Indian women, and more particularly the Brahminees, enjoyed much liberty. They were well educated, and some of them, extraordinary as it may seem, distinguished themselves in war and government. The Indian queen Durgetti, whose history forms a conspicuous and interesting episode in the life of Akbar, defended her kingdom for ten years against one of his most valiant generals. Mounted upon an elephant of war, she led her armies in person; fought several pitched battles; and being at length defeated in a decisive engagement, she stabbed herself on the field, rather than submit to her barbarous conqueror. Nor was this a solitary instance of female heroism and mental energy; and the effect of this freedom, and the respect with which they were treated, appeared in the morals and manners of the women.

The gentle daughter of Sarma was not indeed fitted by nature either to lead or to govern, and certainly had never dreamed of doing either. Her figure, gestures, and movements, had that softness at once alluring and retiring, that indolent grace, that languid repose, common to the women of tropical regions.

> "All her affections like the dews on roses,
> Fair as the flowers themselves; as soft, as gentle."

Her spirit, in its "mildness, sweetness, blessedness," seemed as flexible and unresisting as the tender Vasanta creeper. She had indeed been educated in all the exclusive pride of her caste, and taught

to regard all who were not of the privileged race of Brahma as *frangi* (or impure); but this principle, though so early instilled into her mind as to have become a part of her nature, was rather passive than active; it had never been called forth. She had never been brought into contact with those, whose very look she would have considered as pollution; for she had no intercourse but with those of her own nation, and watchful and sustaining love were all around her. Her learned accomplishments extended no farther than to read and write the Hindostanee tongue. To tend and water her flowers, to feed her birds, which inhabited a gaily gilded aviary in her garden, to string pearls, to embroider muslin, were her employments; to pay visits and receive them, to lie upon cushions, and be fanned asleep by her maids, or listen to the endless tales of her old nurse, Gautami, whose memory was a vast treasure of traditional wonders —these were her amusements. That there were graver occupations, and dearer pleasures, proper to her sex, she knew; but thought not of them, till the young Govinda came to disturb the peace of her innocent bosom. She had been told to regard him as a brother; and, as she had never known a brother, she believed, that, in lavishing upon him all the glowing tenderness of her young heart, she was but obeying her father's commands. If her bosom fluttered when she heard his footsteps; if she trembled upon the tones of his voice; if, while he was occupied in the services of the

temple, she sat in her veranda awaiting his return, and, the moment he appeared through the embowering acacias, a secret and unaccountable feeling made her breathe quick, and rise in haste and retire to her inner apartments, till he approached to pay the salutations due to the daughter of his preceptor; what was it, what *could* it be, but the tender solicitude of a sister for a new-found brother? But Govinda himself was not so entirely deceived. His boyhood had been passed in a luxurious court, and among the women and slaves of his brother's harem; and though so young, he was not wholly inexperienced in a passion, which is the too early growth of an eastern heart. He knew why he languished in the presence of his beautiful sister; he could tell why the dark splendor of Amrà's eyes pierced his soul like the winged flames shot into a besieged city. He could guess, too, why those eyes kindled with a softer fire beneath his glance; but the love he felt was so chastened by the awe which her serene purity, and the dignity of her sweet and feminine bearing shed around her; so hallowed by the nominal relationship in which they stood; so different, in short, from any thing he had ever felt, or seen, or heard of, that, abandoned to all the sweet and dream-like enchantment of a boyish passion, Govinda was scarcely conscious of the wishes of his own heart, until accident in the same moment disclosed his secret aspirations to himself, and bade him for ever despair of their accomplishment.

On the last day of the dark half of the moon, it was the custom of the wise and venerable Sarma to bathe at sunset in the Ganges, and afterwards retire to private meditation upon the thousand names of God, by the repetition of which, as it is written, a man insures to himself everlasting felicity. But while Sarma was thus absorbed in holy abstraction, where were Govinda and Amrà?

In a spot fairer than the poet's creative pencil ever wrought into a picture for fancy to dwell on—where, at the extremity of the Brahman's garden, the broad and beautiful stream that bounded it ran swiftly to mingle its waves with those of the thrice-holy Ganges; where mangoes raised their huge twisted roots in a thousand fantastic forms, while from their boughs hung suspended the nests of the little Baya birds, which waved to and fro in the evening breeze—there had Amrà and Govinda met together, it might be, without design. The sun had set, the Cistus flowers began to fall, and the rich blossoms of the night-loving Nilica diffused their rich odor. The Peyoo awoke to warble forth his song, and the fire-flies were just visible, as they flitted under the shade of the Champac trees. Upon a bank, covered with that soft and beautiful grass, which, whenever it is pressed or trodden on, yields a delicious perfume, were Amrà and Govinda seated side by side. Two of her attendants, at some little distance, were occupied in twining wreaths of flowers. Amrà had a basket at her feet, in which were two small vessels of

porcelain. One contained cakes of rice, honey, and clarified butter, kneaded by her own hand; in the other were mangoes, rose-apples, and musk-melons; and garlands of the holy palàsa blossoms, sacred to the dead, were flung around the whole. This was the votive offering, which Amrà had prepared for the tomb of her mother, who was buried in the garden. And now, with her elbow resting on her knee, and her soft cheek leaning on her hand, she sat gazing up at the sky, where the stars came flashing forth one by one; and she watched the auspicious moment for offering her pious oblation. But Govinda looked neither on the earth, nor on the sky. What to him were the stars, or the flowers, or the moon rising in dewy splendor? His eyes were fixed upon one, who was brighter to him than the stars, lovelier than the moon when she drives her antelopes through the heavens, sweeter than the night-flower which opens in her beam.

"O Amrà!" he said, at length, and while he spoke his voice trembled even at its own tenderness, "Amrà! beautiful and beloved sister! thine eyes are filled with the glory of that sparkling firmament! the breath of the evening, which agitates the silky filaments of the Seris, is as pleasant to thee as to me; but the beauty, which I see, thou canst not see; the power of deep joy, which thrills over my heart like the breeze over those floating lotuses—oh! *this* thou canst not feel!—Let me take away those pearls and gems scattered among thy

radiant tresses, and replace them with these fragrant and golden clusters of Champac flowers! If ever there were beauty, which could disdain the aid of ornament, is it not that of Amrà? If ever there were purity, truth, and goodness, which could defy the powers of evil, are they not thine? O, then, let others braid their hair with pearls, and bind round their arms the demon-scaring amulet, my sister needs no spells to guard her innocence, and cannot wear a gem that does not hide a charm!"

The blush, which the beginning of this passionate speech had called up to her cheek, was changed to a smile, as she looked down upon the mystic circle of gold, which bound her arm.

"It is not a talisman," said she, softly; "it is the Tali, the nuptial bracelet, which was bound upon my arm when I was married."

"*Married!*" the word rent away from the heart of Govinda that veil, with which he had hitherto shrouded his secret hopes, fears, wishes, and affections. His mute agitation sent a trouble into her heart, she knew not why. She blushed quick-kindling blushes, and drooped her head.

"Married!" he said, after a breathless pause; "when? to whom? who is the possessor of a gem of such exceeding price, and yet forbears to claim it?"

She replied, "To Adhar, priest of Indore, and the friend of Sarma. I was married to him while yet an infant, after the manner of our tribe."

Then perceiving his increasing disturbance, she continued, hurriedly, and with downcast eyes: "I have never seen him; he has long dwelt in the countries of the south, whither he was called on an important mission; but he will soon return to reside here in the sacred city of his fathers, and will leave it no more. Why then should Govinda be sad?" She laid her hand timidly upon his arm, and looked up in his face.

Govinda would fain have taken that beautiful little hand, and covered it with kisses and with tears; but he was restrained by a feeling of respect, which he could not himself comprehend. He feared to alarm her; he contented himself with fixing his eyes on the hand which rested on his arm; and he said in a soft melancholy voice, "When Adhar returns, Govinda will be forgotten."

"O never! never!" she exclaimed with sudden emotion, and lifting towards him eyes, that floated in tears. Govinda bent down his head, and pressed his lips upon her hand. She withdrew it hastily, and rose from the ground.

At that moment her nurse, Gautami, approached them. "My child," said she, in a tone of reproof, "dost thou yet linger here, and the auspicious moment almost past? If thou delayest longer, evil demons will disturb and consume the pious oblation, and the dead will frown upon the abandoned altar. Hasten, my daughter; take up the basket of offerings, and walk before us."

Amrà, trembling, leaned upon her maids, and

prepared to obey; but when she had made a few steps, she turned back, as if to salute her brother, and repeated in a low emphatic tone the word "*Never;*"—then turned away. Govinda stood looking after the group, till the last wave of their white veils disappeared; and listened till the tinkling of their silver anklets could no longer be distinguished. Then he started as from a dream; he tossed his arms above his head; he flung himself upon the earth in an agony of jealous fury; he gave way to all the pent-up passions, which had been for years accumulating in his heart. All at once he rose; he walked to and fro; he stopped. A hope had darted into his mind, even through the gloom of despair. "For what," thought he, "have I sold myself? For riches! for honour! for power! Ah! what are they in such a moment? Dust of the earth, toys, empty breath! For what is the word of the Great King pledged to me? Has he not sworn to refuse me nothing? All that is most precious between earth and heaven, from the mountain to the sea, lies at my choice! One word, and she is mine! and I hesitate? Fool! she *shall* be mine!"

He looked up towards heaven, and marked the places of the stars. "It is the appointed hour," he muttered, and cautiously his eye glanced around, and he listened; but all was solitary and silent. He then stole along the path, which led through a thick grove of Cadam trees, intermingled with the tall points of the Cusa grass, that shielded him from all observation. He came at last to a little prom-

ontory, where the river we have mentioned threw itself into the Ganges. He had not been there above a minute, when a low whistle, like the note of the Chacora, was heard. A small boat rowed to the shore, and Sahib stood before him. Quick of eye and apprehension, the mute perceived instantly that something unusual had occurred. He pointed to the skiff; but Govinda shook his head, and made signs for a light and the writing implements. They were quickly brought; and while Sahib held the lamp, so that its light was invisible to the opposite shore, Govinda wrote, in the peculiar cipher they had framed for that purpose, a few words to his brother, sufficiently intelligible in their import, though dictated by the impassioned and tumultuous feelings of the moment. When he had finished, he gave the letter to Sahib, who concealed it carefully in the folds of his turban, and then, holding up the fingers of both hands thrice over, to intimate, that in thirty days he would bring the answer, he sprung into the boat, and was soon lost under the mighty shadow of the trees, which stretched their huge boughs over the stream.

Govinda slowly returned; but he saw Amrà no more that night. They met the next day, and the next; but Amrà was no longer the same; she was silent, pensive; and when pressed or rebuked, she became tearful and even sullen. She was always seen with her faithful Gautami, upon whose arm she leaned droopingly, and hung her head like her own neglected flowers. Govinda was almost dis-

tracted; in vain he watched for a moment to speak to Amrà alone; the vigilant Gautami seemed resolved, that they should never meet out of her sight. Sometimes he would raise his eyes to her as she passed, with such a look of tender and sorrowful reproach, that Amrà would turn away her face and weep; but still she spoke not; and never returned his respectful salutation farther than by inclining her head.

The old Brahman perceived this change in his beloved daughter; but not for some time; and it is probable, that, being absorbed in his spiritual office and sublime speculations, he would have had neither leisure nor penetration to discover the cause, if the suspicions of the careful Gautami had not awakened his attention. She ventured to suggest the propriety of hastening the return of his daughter's betrothed husband; and the Brahman, having taken her advice in this particular, rested satisfied; persuading himself, that the arrival of Adhar would be a certain and all-sufficient remedy for the dreaded evil, which in his simplicity he had never contemplated, and could scarcely be made to comprehend.

A month had thus passed away, and again that appointed day came round, on which Govinda was wont to meet his brother's emissary; even on ordinary occasions he could never anticipate it without a thrill of anxiety,—now every feeling was wrought up to agony; yet it was necessary to control the slightest sign of impatience, and wear the same

external guise of calm, subdued self-possession, though every vein was burning with the fever of suspense.

It was the hour when Sarma, having risen from his mid-day sleep, was accustomed to listen to Govinda while he read some appointed text. Accordingly Govinda opened his book, and standing before his preceptor in an attitude of profound humility, he read thus :—

"Garuna asked of the Crow Bushanda, 'What is the most excellent of natural forms? the highest good? the chief pain? the dearest pleasure? the greatest wickedness? the severest punishment?

"And the Crow Bushanda answered him: 'In the three worlds, empyreal, terrestrial, and infernal, no form excels the human form.

"'Supreme felicity, on earth, is found in the conversation of a virtuous friend.

"'The keenest pain is inflicted by extreme poverty.

"'The worst of sins is uncharitableness; and to the uncharitable is awarded the severest punishment; for while the despisers of their spiritual guides shall live for a thousand centuries as frogs, and those who contemn the Brahmans as ravens, and those who scorn other men as blinking bats, the uncharitable alone shall be condemned to the profoundest hell, and their punishment shall last for ever.'" *

Govinda closed his book; and the old Brahmin

* *Vide* the Heetopadessa.

was proceeding to make an elaborate comment on this venerable text, when, looking up in the face of his pupil, he perceived that he was pale, abstracted, and apparently unconscious that he was speaking. He stopped; he was about to rebuke him, but he restrained himself; and after reflecting for a few moments, he commanded the youth to prepare for the evening sacrifice; but first he desired him to summon Amrà to her father's presence.

At this unusual command Govinda almost started. He deposited the sacred leaves in his bosom, and, with a beating heart and trembling steps, prepared to obey. When he reached the door of the zenana, he gently lifted the silken curtain which divided the apartments, and stood for a few moments contemplating, with silent and sad delight, the group that met his view.

Amrà was reclining upon cushions, and looking wan as a star that fades away before the dawn. Her head drooped upon her bosom, her hair hung neglected upon her shoulders; yet was she lovely still; and Govinda, while he gazed, remembered the words of the poet Calidas: "The water-lily, though dark moss may settle on its head, is nevertheless beautiful; and the moon, with dewy beams, is rendered yet brighter by its dark spots." She was clasping round her delicate wrist a bracelet of gems; and when she observed, that ever as she placed it on her attenuated arm it fell again upon her hand, she shook her head and smiled mourn-

fully. Two of her maids sat at her feet occupied in their embroidery; and old Gautami, at her side, was relating, in a slow, monotonous recitative, one of her thousand tales of wonder, to divert the melancholy of her young mistress. She told how the demi-god Rama was forced to flee from the demons who had usurped his throne, and how his beautiful and faithful Seita wandered over the whole earth in search of her consort; and, being at length overcome with grief and fatigue, she sat down in the pathless wilderness and wept; and how there arose from the spot, where her tears sank warm into the earth, a fountain of boiling water of exquisite clearness and wondrous virtues; and how maidens, who make a pilgrimage to this sacred well and dip their veils into its wave with pure devotion, insure themselves the utmost felicity in marriage; thus the story ran. Amrà, who appeared at first abstracted and inattentive, began to be affected by the misfortunes and the love of the beautiful Seita; and at the mention of the fountain and its virtues, she lifted her eyes with an expression of eager interest, and met those of Govinda fixed upon her. She uttered a faint cry, and threw herself into the arms of Gautami. He hastened to deliver the commands of his preceptor, and then Amrà, recovering her self-possession, threw her veil round her, arose and followed him to her father's presence.

As they drew near together, the old man looked from one to the other. Perhaps his heart, though

dead to all human passions, felt at that moment a touch of pity for the youthful, lovely, and loving pair who stood before him; but his look was calm, cold and serene, as usual.

"Draw near, my son," he said; "and thou, my beloved daughter, approach, and listen to the will of your father. The time is come, when we must make ready all things for the arrival of the wise and honored Adhar. My daughter, let those pious ceremonies, with which virtuous women prepare themselves ere they enter the dwelling of their husband, be duly performed; and do thou, Govinda, son of my choice, set my household in order, that all may be in readiness to receive with honor the bridegroom, who comes to claim his betrothed. To-morrow we will sacrifice to Ganesa, who is the guardian of travellers; this night must be given to penance and holy meditation. Amrà, retire; and thou, Govinda, take up that fagot of Tulsi-wood, with the rice and the flowers for the evening oblation, and follow me to the temple." So saying, the old man turned away hastily; and without looking back, pursued his path through the sacred grove.

Alas for those he had left behind! Govinda remained silent and motionless. Amrà would have obeyed her father, but her limbs refused their office. She trembled—she was sinking; she timidly looked up to Govinda as if for support; his arms were extended to receive her; she fell upon his neck, and wept unrestrained tears. He held her to his bosom as though he would have

folded her into his inmost heart, and hidden her there for ever. He murmured passionate words of transport and fondness in her ear. He drew aside her veil from her pale brow, and ventured to print a kiss upon her closed eyelids. "To-night," he whispered, "in the grove of mangoes by the river's bank!" She answered only by a mute caress; and then supporting her steps to her own apartments, he resigned her to the arms of her attendants, and hastened after his preceptor. He forgot, however, the materials for the evening sacrifice, and in consequence not only had to suffer a severe rebuke from the old priest, but the infliction of a penance extraordinary, which detained him in the presence of his preceptor till the night was far advanced. At length, however, Sarma retired to holy meditation and mental abstraction, and Govinda was dismissed.

He had hitherto maintained, with habitual and determined self-command, that calm, subdued exterior, which becomes a pupil in the presence of his religious teacher; but no sooner had he crossed the threshold, and found himself alone breathing the free night-air of heaven, than the smothered passions burst forth. He paused for one instant, to anathematize in his soul the Sastras and their contents, the gods and their temples, the priests and the sacrifices; the futile ceremonies and profitless suffering to which his life was abandoned, and the cruel policy to which he had been made an unwilling victim. Then he thought of Amrà, and

all things connected with her changed their aspect.

In another moment he was beneath the shadow of the mangoes on the river's brink. He looked round, Amrà was not there; he listened, there was no sound. The grass bore marks of having been recently pressed, and still its perfume floated on the air. A few flowers were scattered round, fresh gathered, and glittering with dew. Govinda wrung his hands in despair, and flung himself upon the bank, where a month before they had sat together. On the very spot where Amrà had reclined, he perceived a lotos-leaf and a palàsa flower laid together. Upon the lotos-leaf he could perceive written, with a thorn or some sharp point, the word AMRA; and the crimson palàsa-buds were sacred to the dead. It was sufficient; he thrust the leaf and the flowers into his bosom; and "swift as the sparkle of a glancing star," he flew along the path which led to the garden sepulchre.

The mother of Amrà had died in giving birth to her only child. She was young, beautiful, and virtuous; and had lived happily with her husband notwithstanding the disparity of age. The pride and stoicism of his caste would not allow him to betray any violence of grief, or show his affection for the dead, otherwise than by raising to her memory a beautiful tomb. It consisted of four light pillars, richly and grotesquely carved, supporting a pointed cupola, beneath which was an altar for oblations; the whole was overlaid with brilliant

white stucco, and glittered through the gloom. A flight of steps led up to this edifice; upon the highest step, and at the foot of the altar, Amrà was seated alone and weeping.

Love—O love! what have I to do with thee? How sinks the heart, how trembles the hand as it approaches the forbidden theme! Of all the gifts the gods have sent upon the earth thou most precious—yet ever most fatal! As serpents dwell among the odorous boughs of the sandal-tree, and alligators in the thrice sacred waters of the Ganges, so all that is sweetest, holiest, dearest upon earth, is mixed up with sin, and pain, and misery, and evil! Thus hath it been ordained from the beginning; and the love that hath never mourned, is not love.

How sweet, yet how terrible, were the moments that succeeded! While Govinda, with fervid eloquence, poured out his whole soul at her feet, Amrà alternately melted with tenderness, or shrunk with sensitive alarm. When he darkly intimated the irresistible power he possessed to overcome all obstacles to their union—when he spoke with certainty of the time when she should be his, spite of the world and men—when he described the glorious height to which his love would elevate her—the delights and the treasures he would lavish around her, she, indeed, understood not his words; yet, with all a woman's trusting faith in him she loves, she hung upon his accents—listened and believed. The high and passionate

energy, with which his spirit, so long pent up and crushed within him, now revealed itself; the consciousness of his own power, the knowledge that he was beloved, lent such a new and strange expression to his whole aspect, and touched his fine form and features with such a proud and sparkling beauty, that Amrà looked up at him with a mixture of astonishment, admiration, and deep love, not wholly unmingled with fear; almost believing, that she gazed upon some more than mortal lover, upon one of those bright genii, who inhabit the lower heaven, and have been known in the old time to leave their celestial haunts for love of the earth-born daughters of beauty.

Amrà did not speak, but Govinda felt his power. He saw his advantage, and, with the instinctive subtlety of his sex, he pursued it. He sighed, he wept, he implored, he upbraided. Amrà, overpowered by his emotion and her own, had turned away her head, and embraced one of the pillars of her mother's tomb, as if for protection. In accents of the most plaintive tenderness she entreated him to leave her—to spare her—and even while she spoke, her arm relaxed its hold, and she was yielding to the gentle force with which he endeavored to draw her away; when at this moment, so dangerous to both, a startling sound was heard—a rustling among the bushes, and then a soft, low whistle. Govinda started up at that well-known signal, and saw the head of the mute appearing just above the altar. His turban being green, was undistinguish-

able against the leafy background; and his small black eyes glanced and glittered like those of a snake. Govinda would willingly have annihilated him at that moment. He made a gesture of angry impatience, and motioned him to retire; but Sahib stood still, shook his hand with a threatening expression, and made signs, that he must instantly follow him.

Amrà, meantime, who had neither seen nor heard any thing, began to suspect, that Govinda was communing with some invisible spirit; she clung to him in terror, and endeavored to recall his attention to herself by the most tender and soothing words and caresses. After some time he succeeded in calming her fears; and with a thousand promises of quick return, he at length tore himself away, and followed through the thicket the form of Sahib, who glided like a shadow before him.

When they reached the accustomed spot, the mute leapt into the canoe, which he had made fast to the root of a mango-tree, and motioning Govinda to follow him, he pushed from the shore, and rowed rapidly till they reached a tall, bare rock near the centre of the stream, beneath the dark shadow of which Sahib moored his little boat, out of the possible reach of human eye or ear.

All had passed so quickly, that Govinda felt like one in a dream; but now, awakening to a sense of his situation, he held out his hand for the expected letter from his brother, trembling to learn its import, upon which he felt that more than his life

depended. Sahib, meanwhile, did not appear in haste to obey. At length, after a pause of breathless suspense, Govinda heard a low and well-remembered voice repeat an almost-forgotten name: "Faizi!" it said.

"O Prophet of God! my brother!" and he was clasped in the arms of Abul Fazil.

After the first transports of recognition had subsided, Faizi (it is time to use his real name) sank from his brother's arms to his feet; he clasped his knees. "My brother!" he exclaimed, "what is now to be my fate? You have not lightly assumed this disguise, and braved the danger of discovery! You know all, and have come to save me—to bless me? Is it not so?"

Abul Fazil could not see his brother's uplifted countenance, flushed with the hectic of feverish impatience, or his imploring eyes, that floated in tears; but his tones were sufficiently expressive.

"Poor boy!" he said, compassionately, "I should have foreseen this. But calm these transports, my brother! nothing is denied to the sultan's power, and nothing will he deny thee."

"He knows all, then?"

"All—and by his command am I come. I had feared, that my brother had sold his vowed obedience for the smile of a dark-eyed girl—what shall I say?—I feared for his safety!"

"O my brother! there is no cause!"

"I know it—enough!—I have seen and heard!"

Faizi covered his face with his hands.

"If the sultan ——"

"Have no doubts," said Abul Fazil; "nothing is denied to the sultan's power, nothing will be denied to thee."

"And the Braham Adhar?"

"It has been looked to—he will not trouble thee."

"*Dead?* O merciful Allah! crime upon crime!"

"His life is cared for," said Abul Fazil, calmly: "ask no more."

"It is sufficient. O my brother! O Amrà!"—

"She is thine!—Now hear the will of Akbar." Faizi bowed his head with submission. "Speak!" he said; "the slave of Akbar listens."

"In three months from this time," continued Abul Fazil, "and on this appointed night, it will be dark, and the pagodas deserted. Then, and not till then, will Sahib be found at the accustomed spot. He will bring in the skiff a dress, which is the sultan's gift, and will be a sufficient disguise. On the left bank of the stream there shall be stationed an ample guard, with a close litter and a swift Arabian. Thou shalt mount the one, and in the other shall be placed this fair girl. Then fly; having first flung her veil upon the river to beguile pursuit; the rest I leave to thine own quick wit. But let all be done with secrecy and subtlety; for the sultan, though he can refuse thee nothing, would not willingly commit an open wrong against a people he has lately conciliated; and the violation of a Brahminee woman were enough to raise a province."

"It shall not need," exclaimed the youth, clasping his hands: "she loves me! She shall live for me—only for me—while others weep her dead!"

"It is well; now return we in silence, the night wears fast away." He took one of the oars, Faizi seized the other, and with some difficulty they rowed up the stream, keeping close under the overshadowing banks. Having reached the little promontory, they parted with a strict and mute embrace.

Faizi looked for a moment after his brother, then sprung forward to the spot where he had left Amrà; but she was no longer there; apparently she had been recalled by her nurse to her own apartments, and did not again make her appearance.

Three months more completed the five years which had been allotted for Govinda's Brahminical studies; they passed but too rapidly away. During this time the Brahman Adhar did not arrive, nor was his name again uttered; and Amrà, restored to health, was more than ever tender and beautiful, and more than ever beloved.

The old Brahman, who had hitherto maintained towards his pupil and adopted son a cold and distant demeanour, now relaxed from his accustomed austerity, and when he addressed him it was in a tone of mildness, and even tenderness. Alas for Govinda! every proof of this newly-awakened affection pierced his heart with unavailing remorse. He had lived long enough among the Brahmans,

to anticipate with terror the effects of his treachery, when once discovered; but he repelled such obtrusive images, and resolutely shut his eyes against a future, which he could neither control nor avert. He tried to persuade himself, that it was now too late; that the stoical indifference to all earthly evil, passion, and suffering, which the Pundit Sarma taught and practised, would sufficiently arm him against the double blow preparing for him. Yet, as the hour approached, the fever of suspense consumed his heart. Contrary passions distracted and bewildered him; his ideas of right and wrong became fearfully perplexed. He would have given the treasures of Istakar to arrest the swift progress of time. He felt like one entangled in the wheels of some vast machine, and giddily and irresistibly whirled along he knew not how nor whither.

At length the day arrived; the morning broke forth in all that splendour with which she descends upon "the Indian steep." Govinda prepared for the early sacrifice, the last he was to perform. In spite of the heaviness and confusion which reigned in his own mind, he could perceive that something unusual occupied the thoughts of his preceptor; some emotion of a pleasurable kind had smoothed the old man's brow. His voice was softened; and though his lips were compressed, almost a smile lighted up his eyes, when he turned them on Govinda. The sacrifice was one of unusual pomp and solemnity, in honor of the goddess Parvati, and lasted till the sun's decline. When they returned

to the dwelling of Sarma he dismissed his pupils from their learned exercises, desiring them to make that day a day of rest and recreation, as if it were the festival of Sri, the goddess of learning, when books, pens, and paper, being honored as her emblems, remain untouched, and her votaries enjoy a sabbath. When they were departed, the old Brahman commanded Govinda to seat himself on the ground opposite to him. This being the first time he had ever sat in the presence of his preceptor, the young man hesitated; but Sarma motioned him to obey, and accordingly he sat down at a respectful distance, keeping his eyes reverently cast upon the ground. The old man then spoke these words.

"It is now five years since the son of Mitra entered my dwelling. He was then but a child, helpless, orphaned, ignorant of all true knowledge; expelled from the faith of his fathers and the privileges of his high caste. I took him to my heart with joy, I fed him, I clothed him, I opened his mind to truth, I poured into his soul the light of knowledge; he became to me a son. If in any thing I have omitted the duty of a father towards him, if ever I refused to him the wish of his heart or the desire of his eyes, let him now speak!"

"O my father!"—

"No more," said the Brahman, gently, "I am answered in that one word; but all that I have yet done seems as nothing in mine eyes; for the love I bear my son is wide as the wide earth, and my bounty shall be as the boundless firmament. Know

that I have read thy soul! Start not! I have received letters from the south country. Amrà is no longer the wife of Adhar; for Adhar has vowed himself to a life of penance and celibacy in the temple of Indore, by order of an offended prince; —may he find peace! The writings of divorce are drawn up, and my daughter being already past the age when a prudent father hastens to marry his child, in order that the souls of the dead may be duly honored by their posterity, I have sought for her a husband, such as a parent might desire; learned in the sciences, graced with every virtue; of unblemished life, of unmixed caste, and rich in the goods of this world."

The Brahman stopped short. Faizi, breathing with difficulty, felt his blood pause at his heart.

"My son!" continued the old man, "I have not coveted possessions or riches, but the gods have blessed me with prosperity; be they praised for their gifts! Look around upon this fair dwelling, upon those fertile lands, which spread far and wide, a goodly prospect; and the herds that feed on them, and the bondsmen who cultivate them; with silver and gold, and garments, and rich stores heaped up, more than I can count—all these do I give thee freely; possess them! and with them I give thee a greater gift, and one that I well believe is richer and dearer in thine eyes—my daughter, my last and best treasure! Thus do I resign all worldly cares, devoting myself henceforth solely to pious duties and religious meditation; for the few

days he has to live, let the old man repose upon thy love! A little water, a little rice, a roof to shelter him, these thou shalt bestow—he asks no more."

The Brahman's voice faltered. He rose, and Govinda stood up, trembling in every nerve. The old priest then laid his hand solemnly upon his bowed head and blessed him. "My son! to me far better than many sons, be thou blest as thou hast blessed me! The just gods requite thee with full measure all thou hast done! May the wife I bestow on thee bring to thy bosom all the felicity thou broughtest to me and mine, and thy last hours be calm and bright, as those thy love has prepared for me!"

"Ah, curse me not!" exclaimed Govinda, with a cry of horror; for in the anguish of that moment he felt as if the bitter malediction, thus unconsciously pronounced, was already fulfilling. He flung himself upon the earth in an agony of self-humiliation; he crawled to the feet of his preceptor, he kissed them, he clasped his knees. In broken words he revealed himself, and confessed the treacherous artifice of which he was at once the instrument and the victim. The Brahman stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the words spoken. At length he seemed to awaken to the sense of what he heard, and trembled from head to foot with an exceeding horror; but he uttered no word of reproach; and after a pause, he suddenly drew the sacrificial poniard from his girdle, and would have plunged it into his own bosom, if Faizi had not

arrested his arm, and without difficulty snatched the weapon from his shaking and powerless grasp.

"If yet there be mercy for me," he exclaimed, "add not to my crimes this worst of all—make me not a sacrilegious murderer! Here," he added, kneeling, and opening his bosom, "strike! satisfy at once a just vengeance, and end all fears in the blood of an abhorred betrayer! Strike, ere it be too late!"

The old man twice raised his hand, but it was without strength. He dropped the knife, and folding his arms, and sinking his head upon his bosom, he remained silent.

"O yet!" exclaimed Faizi, lifting with reverence the hem of his robe and pressing it to his lips, "if there remain a hope for me, tell me by what penance—terrible, prolonged, and unheard-of—I may expiate this sin; and hear me swear, that, henceforth, neither temptation, nor torture, nor death itself, shall force me to reveal the secrets of the Brahmin faith, nor divulge the holy characters in which they are written; and if I break this vow, may I perish from off the earth like a dog!"

The Brahman clasped his hands, and turned his eyes for a moment on the imploring countenance of the youth, but averted them instantly with a shudder.

"What have I to do with thee," he said, at length, "thou serpent! Well is it written—'Though the upas-tree were watered with nectar

from heaven instead of dew, yet would it bear poison.' Yet swear—"

"I do—I will—"

"Never to behold my face again, nor utter with those guileful and polluted lips the name of my daughter."

"My father!"

"Father!" repeated the old man, with a flash of indignation, but it was instantly subdued. "Swear!" he repeated, "if vows can bind a thing so vile!"

"My father, I embrace thy knees! Not heaven itself can annul the past, and Amrà is mine beyond the power of fate or vengeance to disunite us —but by death!"

"Hah!" said the Brahman, stepping back, "it is then as I feared! and this is well too!"—he muttered; "Heaven required a victim!"

He moved slowly to the door, and called his daughter with a loud voice: Amrà heard and trembled in the recesses of her apartments. The voice was her father's, but the tones of that voice made her soul sicken with fear; and, drawing her drapery round to conceal that alteration in her lovely form which was but too apparent, she came forth with faltering steps.

"Approach!" said the Brahman, fixing his eyes upon her, while those of Faizi, after the first eager glance, remained riveted to the earth. She drew near with affright, and gazed wildly from one to the other.

"Ay! look well upon him! whom dost thou behold?"

"My father!—Ah! spare me!"

"Is he your husband?"

"Govinda! alas!—speak for us!"—

"Fool!"—he grasped her supplicating hands,—"say but the word—are you a wife?"

"I am! I am! *his*, before the face of Heaven!"

"No!"—he dropped her hands, and spoke in a rapid and broken voice: "No! Heaven disclaims the monstrous mixture! hell itself rejects it! Had he been the meanest among the sons of Brahma, I had borne it: but an Infidel, a base-born Moslem, has contaminated the stream of my life! Accursed was the hour when he came beneath my roof, like a treacherous fox and a ravening wolf, to betray and to destroy! Accursed was the hour, which mingled the blood of Narayna with that of the son of a slave-girl! Shall I live to look upon a race of outcasts, abhorred on earth and excommunicate from heaven, and say, 'These are the offspring of Sarma?' Miserable girl! thou wert preordained a sacrifice! Die! and thine infamy perish with thee!" Even while he spoke he snatched up the poniard which lay at his feet, but this he needed not—the blow was already struck home, and to her very heart. Before the vengeful steel could reach her, she fell, without a cry—a groan—senseless, and, as it seemed, lifeless, upon the earth.

Faizi, almost with a shriek, sprang forward; but the old man interposed; and, with the strong

grasp of supernatural strength—the strength of despair—held him back. Meantime the women, alarmed by his cries, rushed wildly in, and bore away in their arms the insensible form of Amrà. Faizi strove to follow; but, at a sign from the Brahman, the door was quickly closed and fastened within, so that it resisted all his efforts to force it. He turned almost fiercely — "She will yet live!" he passionately exclaimed; and the Brahman replied, calmly and disdainfully, "If she be the daughter of Sarma, she will die!" Then rending his garments, and tearing off his turban, he sat down upon the sacrificial hearth; and taking up dust and ashes, scattered them on his bare head and flowing beard; he then remained motionless, with his chin upon his bosom, and his arms crossed upon his knees. In vain did Faizi kneel before him, and weep, and supplicate for one word, one look; he was apparently lost to all consciousness, rigid, torpid; and, but that he breathed, and that there was at times a convulsive movement in his eyelids, it might have been thought, that life itself was suspended, or had altogether ceased.

Thus did this long and most miserable day wear away, and night came on. Faizi—who had spent the hours in walking to and fro like a troubled demon, now listening at the door of the zenana, from which no sound proceeded, now endeavoring in vain to win, by the most earnest entreaties, some sign of life or recognition from the old man—could no longer endure the horror of his own sensations.

He stepped into the open air, and leaned his head against the porch. The breeze, which blew freshly against his parched lips and throbbing temples, revived his faculties. After a few moments he thought he could distinguish voices, and the trampling of men and horses, borne on the night air. He raised his hands in ecstasy. Again he bent his ear to listen; he heard the splash of an oar. "They come!" he exclaimed, almost aloud, "one more plunge, and it is done! This hapless and distracted old man I will save from his own and other's fury, and still be to him a son, in his own despite. And, Amrà! my own! my beautiful! my beloved! oh, how richly shall the future atone for these hours of anguish! In these arms the cruel pride and prejudices of thy race shall be forgotten. At thy feet I will pour the treasures of the world, and lift thee to joys beyond the brightest visions of youthful fancy! But — O merciful Allah!"—

At the same moment a long, loud, and piercing shriek was heard from the women's apartments, followed by lamentable wailings. He made but one bound to the door. It resisted, but his despair was strong. He rushed against it with a force, that burst it from its hinges, and precipitated him into the midst of the chamber. It was empty and dark; so was the next, and the next. At last he reached the inner and most sacred apartment. He beheld the lifeless form of Amrà extended on the ground. Over her face was thrown an embroidered

veil; her head rested on the lap of her nurse, whose features appeared rigid with horror. The rest of the women, who were weeping and wailing, covered their heads, and fled at his approach. Faizi called upon the name of her he loved; he snatched the veil from that once lovely face—that face which had never been revealed to him but in tender and soul-beaming beauty. He looked, and fell senseless on the floor.

The unhappy Amrà, in recovering from her long swoon, had fallen into a stupor, which her attendants mistook for slumber, and left her for a short interval. She awoke, wretched girl! alone, she awoke to the sudden and maddening sense of her lost state, to all the pangs of outraged love, violated faith, shame, anguish, and despair. In a paroxysm of delirium, when none were near to soothe or to save, she had made her own luxuriant and beautiful tresses the instrument of her destruction, and choked herself by swallowing her hair.

When the emissaries of the sultan entered this house of desolation, they found Faizi still insensible at the side of her he had so loved. He was borne away before recollection returned, placed in the litter which had been prepared for Amrà, and carried to Ferrukabad, where the sultan was then hunting with his whole court. What became of the old Brahman is not known. He passed away like a shadow from the earth, "and his place knew him not." Whether he sought a voluntary death, or wore away his remaining years

in secret penance, can only be conjectured, for all search was vain.

Eastern records tell, that Faizi kept his promise sacred, and never revealed the mysteries intrusted to him. Yet he retained the favor of Akbar, by whose command he translated from the Sanscrit tongue several poetical and historical works into the choicest Persian. He became himself an illustrious poet; and, like other poets of greater fame, created "an immortality of his tears." He acquired the title of *Sheich*, or "the learned," and rose to the highest civil offices of the empire. All outward renown, prosperity, and fame, were his; but there was, at least, retributive justice in his early and tragical death.

Towards the conclusion of Akbar's reign, Abul Fazil was sent upon a secret mission into the Deccan, and Faizi accompanied him. The favor which these celebrated brothers enjoyed at court, their influence over the mind of the sultan, and their entire union, had long excited the jealousy of Prince Selim,* the eldest son of Akbar, and he had vowed their destruction. On their return from the south, with a small escort, they were attacked by a numerous band of assassins, disguised as robbers, and both perished. Faizi was found lying upon the body of Abul Fazil, whom he had bravely defended to the last. The death of these illustrious brothers was lamented, not only within the bounds of the empire, but through all the

* Afterwards the Emperor Jehangire.

kingdoms of the East, whither their fame had extended ; and by the sultan's command they were interred together, and with extraordinary pomp. One incident only remains to be added. When the bodies were stripped for burial, there was found within the inner vest of the Sheich Faizi, and close to his heart, a withered Lotus leaf inscribed with certain characters. So great was the fame of the dead for wisdom, learning, and devotion, that it was supposed to be a talisman endued with extraordinary virtues, and immediately transmitted to the sultan. Akbar considered the relic with surprise. It was nothing but a simple Lotus leaf, faded, shrivelled, and stained with blood; but on examining it more closely, he could trace, in ill-formed and scarcely legible Indian letters, the word AMRÀ.

And when Akbar looked upon this tender memorial of a hapless love, and undying sorrow, his great heart melted within him, and he wept.

HALLORAN THE PEDDLER.*

"It grieves me," said an eminent poet once to me, "it grieves and humbles me to reflect how much our moral nature is in the power of circumstances. Our best faculties would remain unknown even to ourselves did not the influences of external excitement call them forth like animalculæ, which lie torpid till awakened into life by the transient sunbeam."

This is generally true. How many walk through the beaten paths of every-day life, who but for the novelist's page would never weep or wonder; and who would know nothing of the passions but as they are represented in some tragedy or stage piece? not that they are incapable of high resolve and energy; but because the finer qualities have never been called forth by imperious circumstances; for while the wheels of existence roll smoothly along, the soul will continue to slumber in her vehicle like a lazy traveller. But for the French revolution, how many hundreds—*thousands*—whose courage, fortitude, and devotedness have

* This little tale was written in March, 1826, and in the hands of the publishers long before the appearance of Bainim's novel of "The Nowlans," which contains a similar incident, probably founded on the same fact.

sanctified their names, would have frittered away a frivolous, useless, or vicious life in the saloons of Paris! We have heard of death in its most revolting forms braved by delicate females, who would have screamed at the sight of the most insignificant reptile or insect; and men cheerfully toiling at mechanic trades for bread, who had lounged away the best years of their lives at the toilettes of their mistresses. We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes;—till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.

The power of outward circumstances suddenly to awaken dormant faculties—the extraordinary influence which the mere instinct of self-preservation can exert over the mind, and the triumph of *mind* thus excited over physical weakness, were never more truly exemplified than in the story of HALLORAN THE PEDDLER.

The real circumstances of this singular case, differing essentially from the garbled and incorrect account which appeared in the newspapers some years ago, came to my knowledge in the following simple manner. My cousin George C . . . , an Irish barrister of some standing, lately succeeded to his family estates by the death of a near relative; and no sooner did he find himself in possession of independence than, abjuring the bar, where, after twenty years of hard struggling, he was just beginning to make a figure, he set off on a tour through Italy and Greece, to forget the wrangling of courts,

the contumely of attorneys, and the impatience of clients. He left in my hands a mass of papers, to burn or not, as I might feel inclined; and truly the contents of his desk were no bad illustration of the character and pursuits of its owner. Here I found abstracts of cases, and on their backs copies of verses, sketches of scenery, and numerous caricatures of judges, jurymen, witnesses, and his brethren of the bar—a bundle of old briefs, and the beginnings of two tragedies; with a long list of Lord N ——'s best jokes to serve his purposes as occasion might best offer. Among these heterogeneous and confused articles were a number of scraps carefully pinned together, containing notes on a certain trial, the first in which he had been retained as counsel for the crown. The intense interest with which I perused these documents, suggested the plan of throwing the whole into a connected form, and here it is for the reader's benefit.

In a little village to the south of Clonmell lived a poor peasant named Michael, or as it was there pronounced Mickle Reilly. He was a labourer renting a cabin and a plot of potato-ground; and, on the strength of these possessions, a robust frame which feared no fatigue, and a sanguine mind which dreaded no reverse, Reilly paid his addresses to Cathleen Bray, a young girl of his own parish, and they were married. Reilly was able, skilful, and industrious; Cathleen was the best spinner in the county, and had constant sale for her work at

Clonmell; they wanted nothing; and for the first year, as Cathleen said, "There wasn't upon the blessed earth two happier souls than themselves, for Mick was the best boy in the world, and hadn't a fault to *spake* of—barring he took a drop now and then; an' why wouldn't he?" But as it happened, poor Reilly's love of "*the drop*" was the beginning of all their misfortunes. In an evil hour he went to the Fair of Clonmell to sell a dozen hanks of yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, the produce of which was to pay half a year's rent, and add to their little comforts. Here he met with a jovial companion, who took him into a booth, and treated him to sundry potations of whiskey; and while in his company his pocket was picked of the money he had just received, and something more; in short, of all he possessed in the world. At that luckless moment, while maddened by his loss and heated with liquor, he fell into the company of a recruiting sergeant. The many-colored and gayly fluttering cockade in the soldier's cap shone like a rainbow of hope and promise before the drunken eyes of Mickle Reilly, and ere morning he was enlisted into a regiment under orders for embarkation, and instantly sent off to Cork.

Distracted by the ruin he had brought upon himself, and his wife, (whom he loved a thousand times better than himself,) poor Reilly sent a friend to inform Cathleen of his mischance, and to assure her that on a certain day, in a week from that time, a letter would await her at the Clonmell post-

office: the same friend was commissioned to deliver her his silver watch, and a guinea out of his bounty-money. Poor Cathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce her to touch it. She was not a good calculator of time and distance, and therefore rather surprised that so long a time must elapse before his letter arrived. On the appointed day she was too impatient to wait the arrival of the carrier, but set off to Clonmell herself, a distance of ten miles: there, at the post-office, she duly found the promised letter; but it was not till she had it in her possession that she remembered she could not read: she had therefore to hasten back to consult her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter, and the best scholar in the village. Reilly's letter, on being deciphered with some difficulty even by the learned Nancy, was found to contain much of sorrow, much of repentance, and yet more of affection; he assured her that he was far better off than he had expected or deserved; that the embarkation of the regiment to which he belonged was delayed for three weeks, and entreated her, if she could forgive him, to follow him to Cork without delay, that they might "part in love and kindness, and then come what might, he would demane himself like a man, and die asy," which he assured her he could not do without embracing her once more.

Cathleen listened to her husband's letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but quiet in her

nature, she gave no other signs of emotion than a few large tears which trickled slowly down her cheeks. "And will I see him again?" she exclaimed; "poor fellow! poor boy! I knew the heart of him was sore for me! and who knows, Nancy dear, but they'll let me go out with him to the foreign parts? Oh! sure they wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to part man and wife that way!"

After a hurried consultation with her neighbours, who sympathized with her as only the poor sympathize with the poor, a letter was indited by Nancy and sent by the carrier that night, to inform her husband that she purposed setting off for Cork the next blessed morning, being Tuesday, and as the distance was about forty-eight miles English, she reckoned on reaching that city by Wednesday afternoon; for as she had walked to Clonmell and back (about twenty miles) that same day, without feeling fatigued at all, "*to signify*," Cathleen thought there would be no doubt that she could walk to Cork in less than two days. In this sanguine calculation she was, however, overruled by her more experienced neighbours, and by their advice appointed Thursday as the day on which her husband was to expect her, "God willing."

Cathleen spent the rest of the day in making preparations for her journey; she set her cabin in order, and made a small bundle of a few articles of clothing belonging to herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea she wrapped up to-

gether, and crammed into the toe of an old shoe, which she deposited in the said bundle, and the next morning, at "sparrow chirp," she arose, locked her cabin door, carefully hid the key in the thatch, and with a light expecting heart commenced her long journey.

It is worthy of remark, that this poor woman, who was called upon to play the heroine in such a strange tragedy, and under such appalling circumstances, had nothing heroic in her exterior: nothing that in the slightest degree indicated strength of nerve or superiority of intellect. Cathleen was twenty-three years of age, of a low stature, and in her form rather delicate than robust: she was of ordinary appearance; her eyes were mild and dove-like, and her whole countenance, though not absolutely deficient in intelligence, was more particularly expressive of simplicity, good temper, and kindness of heart.

It was summer, about the end of June: the days were long, the weather fine, and some gentle showers rendered travelling easy and pleasant. Cathleen walked on stoutly towards Cork, and by the evening she had accomplished, with occasional pauses of rest, nearly twenty-one miles. She lodged at a little inn by the road side, and the following day set forward again, but soon felt stiff with the travel of two previous days: the sun became hotter, the ways dustier; and she could not with all her endeavors get farther than Rathcormuck, eighteen miles from Cork. The next day,

unfortunately for poor Cathleen, proved hotter and more fatiguing than the preceding. The cross road lay over a wild country, consisting of low bogs and bare hills. About noon she turned aside to a rivulet bordered by a few trees, and sitting down in the shade, she bathed her swollen feet in the stream: then overcome by heat, weakness, and excessive weariness, she put her little bundle under her head for a pillow, and sank into a deep sleep.

On waking she perceived with dismay that the sun was declining: and on looking about, her fears were increased by the discovery that her bundle was gone. Her first thought was that the good people (i. e. *the fairies*) had been there and stolen it away; but on examining farther she plainly perceived large foot-prints in the soft bank, and was convinced it was the work of no unearthly marauder. Bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness, she again set forward; and still hoping to reach Cork that night, she toiled on and on with increasing difficulty and distress, till as the evening closed her spirits failed, she became faint, foot-sore and hungry, not having tasted any thing since the morning but a cold potato and a draught of buttermilk. She then looked round her in hopes of discovering some habitation, but there was none in sight except a lofty castle on a distant hill, which raising its proud turrets from amidst the plantations which surrounded it, glimmered faintly through the gathering gloom, and held out no temptation for the poor wanderer to turn in there

and rest. In her despair she sat her down on a bank by the road side, and wept as she thought of her husband.

Several horsemen rode by, and one carriage and four attended by servants, who took no farther notice of her than by a passing look; while they went on their way like the priest and the Levite in the parable, poor Cathleen dropped her head despairingly on her bosom. A faintness and torpor seemed to be stealing like a dark cloud over her senses, when the fast approaching sound of footsteps roused her attention, and turning, she saw at her side a man whose figure, too singular to be easily forgotten, she recognized immediately: it was Halloran the Peddler.

Halloran had been known for thirty years past in all the towns and villages between Waterford and Kerry. He was very old, he himself did not know his own age; he only remembered that he was a "tall slip of a boy" when he was one of the ——— regiment of foot, and fought in America in 1778. His dress was strange, it consisted of a woollen cap, beneath which strayed a few white hairs; this was surmounted by an old military cocked hat, adorned with a few fragments of tarnished gold lace; a frieze great coat with the sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and served to protect his box of wares which was slung at his back; and he always carried a thick oak stick or *kippeen* in his hand. There was nothing of the infirmity of age in his appearance; his cheek, though wrinkled

and weather-beaten, was still ruddy; his step still firm, his eyes still bright; his jovial disposition made him a welcome guest in every cottage, and his jokes, though not equal to my Lord Norbury's, were repeated and applauded through the whole country. Halloran was returning from the fair of Kilkenny, where apparently his commercial speculations had been attended with success, as his pack was considerably diminished in size. Though he did not appear to recollect Cathleen, he addressed her in Irish, and asked her what she did there: she related in a few words her miserable situation.

"In troth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman," he replied, compassionately; "and what will ye do?"

"An' what *can* I do?" replied Cathleen, disconsolately; "and how will I even find the ford and get across to Cork, when I don't know where I am this blessed moment?"

"Musha, then, it's little ye'll get there this night," said the peddler, shaking his head.

"Then I'll lie down here and die," said Cathleen, bursting into fresh tears.

"Die! ye wouldn't!" he exclaimed, approaching nearer; "is it to me, Peter Halloran, ye spake that word; and am I the man that would lave a faymale at this dark hour by the way-side, let alone one that has the face of a friend, though I cannot remember me of your name either, for the soul of me. But what matter for that?"

"Sure, I'm Katty Reilly, of Castle Conn."

"Katty Reilly, sure enough! and so no more talk of dying; cheer up, and see, a mile farther on, isn't there Biddy Hogan's? *Was*, I mane, if the house and all isn't gone; and it's there we'll get a bite and a sup, and a bed, too, please God. So lean upon my arm, ma vourneen, it's strong enough yet."

So saying, the old man, with an air of gallantry, half rustic, half military, assisted her in rising; and supporting her on one arm, with the other he flourished his kippeen over his head, and they trudged on together, he singing Cruiskeen-lawn at the top of his voice, "just," as he said, "to put the heart into her."

After about half an hour's walking, they came to two crossways, diverging from the high road: down one of these the peddler turned, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a lonely house, situated at a little distance from the way-side. Above the door was a long stick projecting from the wall, at the end of which dangled a truss of straw, signifying that within there was entertainment (good or bad) for man and beast. By this time it was nearly dark, and the peddler going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting it to yield to his hand; but it was fastened within: he then knocked and called, but there was no answer. The building, which was many times larger than an ordinary cabin, had once been a manufactory, and afterwards a farm-house. One end of it was deserted, and nearly in ruins; the other end bore signs of having been at least recently inhabited. But such a dull hollow echo

rung through the edifice at every knock, that it seemed the whole place was now deserted.

Cathleen began to be alarmed and crossed herself, ejaculating, "O God preserve us!" But the peddler, who appeared well acquainted with the premises, led her round to the back part of the house, where there were some ruined out-buildings, and another low entrance. Here, raising his stout stick, he let fall such a heavy thump on the door that it cracked again; and a shrill voice from the other side demanded who was there? After a satisfactory answer, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the figure of a wrinkled, half-famished, and half-naked beldam appeared, shading a rush candle with one hand. Halloran, who was of a fiery and hasty temper, began angrily: "Why then, in the name of the great devil himself didn't you open to us?" But he stopped suddenly, as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him.

"Is it Biddy Hogan herself, I see!" he exclaimed, snatching the candle from her hand, and throwing the light full on her face. A moment's scrutiny seemed enough, and too much! for giving it back hastily, he supported Cathleen into the kitchen, the old woman leading the way, and placed her on an old settle, the first seat which presented itself. When she was sufficiently recovered to look about her, Cathleen could not help feeling some alarm at finding herself in so gloomy and dreary a place. It had once been a large kitchen, or hall; at one end was an ample chimney, such as are yet to be

seen in some old country houses. The rafters were black with smoke or rottenness: the walls had been wainscotted with oak, but the greatest part had been torn down for firing. A table with three legs, a large stool, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf sods, and the seat Cathleen occupied, formed the only furniture. Every thing spoke utter misery, filth, and famine—the very "abomination of desolation."

"And what have ye in the house, Biddy, honey?" was the peddler's first question, as the old woman set down the light. "Little enough, I'm thinking."

"Little! It's nothing, then—no, not so much as a midge would eat have I in the house this blessed night, and nobody to send down to Balgowna."

"No need of that, as our good luck would have it," said Halloran, and pulling a wallet from under his loose coat, he drew from it a bone of cold meat, a piece of bacon, a lump of bread, and some cold potatoes. The old woman, roused by the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow up the dying embers on the hearth; put down among them the few potatoes to warm, and busied herself in making some little preparations to entertain her guests. Meantime the old peddler, casting from time to time an anxious glance towards Cathleen, and now and then an encouraging word, sat down on the low stool, resting his arms on his knees.

"Times are sadly changed with ye, Biddy Hogan," said he at length, after a long silence.

"Troth, ye may say so," she replied, with a sort of groan. "Bitter bad luck have we had in this world, anyhow."

"And where's the man of the house? And where's the lad, Barny?"

"Where are they, is it? Where should they be? may be gone down to Ahnamoe."

"But what's come of Barny? The boy was a stout workman, and a good son, though a devil-may-care fellow, too. I remember teaching him the soldier's exercise with this very blessed stick now in my hand; and by the same token, him doubling his fist at me when he wasn't bigger than the turf-kish yonder; aye, and as long as Barny Hogan could turn a sod of turf on my lord's land, I thought his father and mother would never have wanted the bit and sup while the life was in him."

At the mention of her son, the old woman looked up a moment, but immediately hung her head again.

"Barny doesn't work for my lord now," said she.

"And what for, then?

The old woman seemed reluctant to answer—she hesitated.

"Ye didn't hear, then, how he got into trouble with my lord; and how—myself doesn't know the rights of it—but Barny had always a bit of wild blood about him; and since that day he's taken to bad ways and the ould man's ruled by him quite entirely; and the one's glum and fierce like—and

t'other's bothered; and, oh! bitter's the time I have 'twixt 'em both!"

While the old woman was uttering these broken complaints, she placed the eatables on the table; and Cathleen, who was yet more faint from hunger than subdued by fatigue, was first helped by the good-natured peddler to the best of what was there; but, just as she was about to taste the food set before her, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed upon the morsel in her hand with such an envious and famished look, that, from a sudden impulse of benevolent feeling, she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, drew back her extended hand, and gazed at her wildly.

"What is it then ails ye?" said Cathleen, looking at her with wonder; then to herself, "hunger's turned the wits of her, poor soul! Take it—take it, mother," added she aloud; "eat, good mother; sure there's plenty for us all, and to spare," and she pressed it upon her with all the kindness of her nature. The old woman eagerly seized it.

"God reward ye," said she, grasping Cathleen's hand, convulsively, and retiring to a corner, she devoured the food with almost wolfish voracity.

While they were eating, the two Hogans, father and son, came in. They had been setting snares for rabbits and game on the neighboring hills; and evidently were both startled and displeased to find the house occupied; which, since Barny Hogan's disgrace with "my lord," had been entirely shunned by the people round about. The old

man gave the peddler a sulky welcome. The son, with a muttered curse, went and took his seat in the chimney, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. The father was a lean, stooping figure, "bony, and gaunt, and grim;" he was either deaf, or affected deafness. The son was a short, brawny, thickset man, with features not naturally ugly, but rendered worse than ugly, by an expression of lowering ferocity disgustingly blended with a sort of stupid drunken leer, the effect of habitual intoxication.

Halloran stared at them awhile with visible astonishment and indignation, but pity and sorrow for a change so lamentable, smothered the old man's wrath; and as the eatables were by this time demolished, he took from his side pocket a tin flask of whiskey, calling to the old woman to boil some water "screeching hot," that he might make what he termed "a jug of stiff punch—enough to make a cat *spake*." He offered to share it with his hosts, who did not decline drinking; and the noggin went round to all but Cathleen, who, feverish with travelling, and, besides, disliking spirits, would not taste it. The old peddler, reconciled to his old acquaintances by this show of good fellowship, began to grow merry under the influence of his whiskey punch; he boasted of his late success in trade, showed with exultation his almost empty pack, and taking out the only two handkerchiefs left in it, threw one to Cathleen and the other to the old woman of the

house; then slapping his pocket in which a quantity of loose money was heard to jingle, he swore he would treat Cathleen to a good breakfast next morning; and threw a shilling on the table, desiring the old woman would provide "stirabout for a dozen," and have it ready by the first light.

Cathleen listened to this rhodomontade in some alarm; she fancied she detected certain suspicious glances between the father and son, and began to feel an indescribable dread of her company. She arose from the table, urging the peddler good-humoredly to retire to rest, as they intended to be up and away so early next morning; then concealing her apprehensions under an affectation of extreme fatigue and drowsiness, she desired to be shown where she was to sleep. The old woman lighted a lantern, and led the way up some broken steps into a sort of loft, where she showed her two beds standing close together; one of these she intimated was for the peddler, and the other for herself. Now Cathleen had been born and bred in an Irish cabin, where the inmates are usually lodged after a very promiscuous fashion; our readers, therefore, will not wonder at the arrangement. Cathleen, however, required that, if possible, some kind of screen should be placed between the beds. The old hag at first replied to this request with the most disgusting impudence; but Cathleen insisting, the beds were moved asunder, leaving a space of about two feet between them; and after a long search a piece of old frieze was dragged

out from among some rubbish, and hung up to the low rafters, so as to form a curtain or partition half-way across the room. Having completed this arrangement, and wished her "a sweet sleep and a sound, and lucky dreams," the old woman put the lantern on the floor, for there was neither chair nor table, and left her guest to repose.

Cathleen said her prayers, only partly undressed herself, and lifting up the worn-out coverlet, lay down upon the bed. In a quarter of an hour afterwards the peddler staggered into the room, and as he passed the foot of her bed, bid God bless her, in a low voice. He then threw himself down on his bed, and in a few minutes, as she judged by his hard and equal breathing, the old man was in a deep sleep.

All was now still in the house, but Cathleen could not sleep. She was feverish and restless; her limbs ached, her head throbbed and burned, undefinable fears beset her fancy; and whenever she tried to compose herself to slumber, the faces of the two men she had left below flitted and glared before her eyes. A sense of heat and suffocation, accompanied by a parching thirst, came over her, caused, perhaps, by the unusual closeness of the room. This feeling of oppression increased till the very walls and rafters seemed to approach nearer and close upon her all around. Unable any longer to endure this intolerable smothering sensation, she was just about to rise and open the door or window, when she heard

the whispering of voices. She lay still and listened. The latch was raised cautiously—the door opened, and the two Hogans entered; they trod so softly that though she saw them move before her, she heard no foot-fall. They approached the bed of Halloran, and presently she heard a dull, heavy blow, and then sounds—appalling, sickening sounds—as of subdued struggles and smothered agony, which convinced her that they were murdering the unfortunate peddler.

Cathleen listened, almost congealed with horror, but she did not swoon: her turn, she thought, must come next, though in the same instant she felt instinctively that her only chance of preservation was to counterfeit profound sleep. The murderers, having done their work on the poor peddler, approached her bed, and threw the gleam of their lantern full on her face; she lay quite still, breathing calmly and regularly. They brought the light to her eyelids, but they did not wink or move;—there was a pause, a terrible pause, and then a whispering;—and presently Cathleen thought she could distinguish a third voice, as of expostulation, but all in so very low a tone that though the voices were close to her she could not hear a word that was uttered. After some moments, which appeared an age of agonizing suspense, the wretches withdrew, and Cathleen was left alone, and in darkness. Then, indeed, she felt as one ready to die: to use her own affecting language, "the heart within me," said she, "melted away like water, but I was resolute

not to swoon, and I *did not.* I knew that if I would preserve my life, I must keep the sense in me, and *I did.*"

Now and then she fancied she heard the murdered man move, and creep about in his bed, and this horrible conceit almost maddened her with terror: but she set herself to listen fixedly, and convinced her reason that all was still—that all was over.

She then turned her thoughts to the possibility of escape. The window first suggested itself: the faint moon-light was just struggling through its dirty and cobwebbed panes: it was very small, and Cathleen reflected, that besides the difficulty, and, perhaps, impossibility of getting through, it must be some height from the ground; neither could she tell on which side of the house it was situated, nor in what direction to turn, supposing she reached the ground: and, above all, she was aware that the slightest noise must cause her instant destruction. She thus resolved upon remaining quiet.

It was most fortunate that Cathleen came to this determination, for without the slightest previous sound the door again opened, and in the faint light, to which her eyes were now accustomed, she saw the head of the old woman bent forward in a listening attitude: in a few minutes the door closed, and then followed a whispering outside. She could not at first distinguish a word until the woman's sharper tones broke out, though in suppressed vehemence, with "If ye touch her life, Barny, a mother's curse go with ye! enough's done."

"She'll live, then, to hang us all," said the miscreant son.

"Sooner than that, I'd draw this knife across her throat with my own hands; and I'd do it again and again, sooner than they should touch your life, Barny, jewel: but no fear, the creature's asleep or dead already, with the fright of it."

The son then said something which Cathleen could not hear; the old woman replied,

"Hisht! I tell ye, no,—no; the ship's now in the Cove of Cork that's to carry her over the salt seas far enough out of the way: and haven't we all she has in the world? and more, didn't she take the bit out of her own mouth to put into mine?"

The son again spoke inaudibly; and then the voices ceased, leaving Cathleen uncertain as to her fate.

Shortly after the door opened, and the father and son again entered, and carried out the body of the wretched peddler. They seemed to have the art of treading without noise, for though Cathleen saw them move, she could not hear a sound of a footstep. The old woman was all this time standing by her bed, and every now and then casting the light full upon her eyes; but as she remained quite still, and apparently in a deep calm sleep, they left her undisturbed, and she neither saw nor heard any more of them that night.

It ended at length—that long, long night of horror. Cathleen lay quiet till she thought the morning sufficiently advanced. She then rose, and

went down into the kitchen: the old woman was lifting a pot off the fire, and nearly let it fall as Cathleen suddenly addressed her, and with an appearance of surprise and concern, asked for her friend the peddler, saying she had just looked into his bed, supposing he was still asleep, and to her great amazement had found it empty. The old woman replied, that he had set out at early daylight for Mallow, having only just remembered that his business called him that way before he went to Cork. Cathleen affected great wonder and perplexity, and reminded the woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast.

"An' so he did, sure enough," she replied, "and paid for it too; and by the same token didn't I go down to Balgowna myself for the milk and the *male* before the sun was over the tree-tops; and here it is for ye, ma colleen:" so saying, she placed a bowl of stirabout and some milk before Cathleen, and then sat down on the stool opposite to her, watching her intently.

Poor Cathleen! she had but little inclination to eat, and felt as if every bit would choke her: yet she continued to force down her breakfast, and apparently with the utmost ease and appetite, even to the last morsel set before her. While eating, she inquired about the husband and son, and the old woman replied, that they had started at the first burst of light to cut turf in a bog, about five miles distant.

When Cathleen had finished her breakfast, she

returned the old woman many thanks for her kind treatment, and then desired to know the nearest way to Cork. The woman Hogan informed her that the distance was about seven miles, and though the usual road was by the high-way from which they had turned the preceding evening, there was a much shorter way across some fields which she pointed out. Cathleen listened attentively to her directions, and then bidding farewell with many demonstrations of gratitude, she proceeded on her fearful journey. The cool morning air, the cheerful song of the early birds, the dewy freshness of the turf, were all unnoticed and unfelt: the sense of danger was paramount, while her faculties were all alive and awake to meet it, for a feverish and unnatural strength seemed to animate her limbs. She stepped on, shortly debating with herself whether to follow the directions given by the old woman. The high-road appeared the safest; on the other hand, she was aware that the slightest betrayal of mistrust would perhaps be followed by her destruction; and thus rendered brave even by the excess of her fears, she determined to take the cross-path. Just as she had come to this resolution, she reached the gate which she had been directed to pass through; and without the slightest apparent hesitation, she turned in, and pursued the lonely way through the fields. Often did she fancy she heard footsteps stealthily following her, and never approached a hedge without expecting to see the murderers start up from behind it; yet she never

once turned her head, nor quickened nor slackened her pace :—

> Like one that on a lonesome road
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread.

She had proceeded in this manner about three-quarters of a mile, and approached a thick and dark grove of underwood, when she beheld seated upon the opposite stile an old woman in a red cloak. The sight of a human being made her heart throb more quickly for a moment; but on approaching nearer, with all her faculties sharpened by the sense of danger, she perceived that it was no old woman, but the younger Hogan, the murderer of Halloran, who was thus disguised. His face was partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied round his head and under his chin, but she knew him by the peculiar and hideous expression of his eyes: yet with amazing and almost incredible self-possession, she continued to advance without manifesting the least alarm, or sign of recognition; and walking up to the pretended old woman, said in a clear voice, "The blessing of the morning on ye, good mother! a fine day for travellers like you and me!"

"A fine day," he replied, coughing and mumbling in a feigned voice, "but ye see, hugh, ugh! ye see I've walked this morning from the Cove of Cork, jewel, and troth I'm almost spent, and I've a bad cowld, and a cough, on me, as ye may hear,"

and he coughed vehemently. Cathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman stretching out a great bony hand, seized her gown. Still Cathleen did not quail. "Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor ould woman?" said the monster, in a whining, snuffling tone.

"Nothing have I in this wide world," said Cathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. "Sure it's only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I hadn't met with charity from others, I had starved by the way-side by this time."

"Och! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potato and a cup of cowld water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?"

Cathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. "Sure they're good, honest people, though poor enough, God help them," she continued, "and I wish ye, mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat you to a supper—aye, and a breakfast too; there it is, ye may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, just fornent ye; and so God speed ye!"

Cathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke, expecting to be again seized with a strong and murderous grasp; but her enemy, secure in his disguise, and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

Another half-mile brought her to the top of a

rising ground, within sight of the high-road; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Cathleen did not then know it, the first day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the high-road from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide fields still separated her from it; but with the same unfailing spirit, and at the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards; and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of new-born hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when suddenly two men burst through the fence at the farther side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it *was* her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God, she steeled her heart to meet this fresh trial of her fortitude; aware, that however it might end, it *must* be the last. At this moment one of the men throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name, in a voice—a dear and well-known voice, in which she *could* not be deceived:—it was her husband!

The poor woman, who had hitherto supported her spirits and her self-possession, stood as if rooted to the ground, weak, motionless, and gasping for breath. A cold dew burst from every pore; her ears tingled, her heart fluttered as though it would burst from her bosom. When she attempted to call out, and raise her hand in token of recognition, the sounds died away, rattling in her throat; her arm dropped powerless at her side; and when her husband came up, and she made a last effort to spring towards him, she sank down at his feet in strong convulsions.

Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed the effect of sudden surprise, knelt down and chafed his wife's temples; his comrade ran to a neighboring spring for water, which they sprinkled plentifully over her; when, however, she returned to life, her intellects appeared to have fled for ever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations, and talked so incoherently, that the men became exceedingly terrified, and poor Reilly himself almost as distracted as his wife. After vainly attempting to soothe and recover her, they at length forcibly carried her down to the inn at Balgowna, a hamlet about a mile farther on, where she remained for several hours in a state of delirium, one fit succeeding another with little intermission.

Towards evening she became more composed, and was able to give some account of the horrible events of the preceding night. It happened, opportunely, that a gentleman of fortune in the neigh-

borhood, and a magistrate, was riding by late that evening on his return from the Assizes at Cork, and stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. Hearing that something unusual and frightful had occurred, he alighted, and examined the woman himself, in the presence of one or two persons. Her tale appeared to him so strange and wild from the manner in which she told it, and her account of her own courage and sufferings so exceedingly incredible, that he was at first inclined to disbelieve the whole, and suspected the poor woman either of imposture or insanity. He did not, however, think proper totally to neglect her testimony, but immediately sent off information of the murder to Cork. Constables with a warrant were dispatched the same night to the house of the Hogans, which they found empty, and the inmates already fled; but after a long search, the body of the wretched Halloran, and part of his property, were found concealed in a stack of old chimneys among the ruins; and this proof of guilt was decisive. The country was instantly *up;* the most active search after the murderers was made by the police, assisted by all the neighboring peasantry; and before twelve o'clock the following night, the three Hogans, father, mother, and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime the Coroner's inquest having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the judges were then at Cork, the trial came

on immediately; and from its extraordinary circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house, were a pair of shoes and a cap which Cathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly refused to answer. His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son, confessed that she was the person who had robbed Cathleen in the former part of the day, that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support; and finding Cathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it to contain food; and did not recognize her as the same person she had robbed, till Cathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death;—that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body; the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension; but the principal witness was Cathleen. She appeared, leaning on her husband, her face was ashy pale, and her limbs too weak for support; yet she, however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity, and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion

to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heartfelt eloquence that the whole court was affected; and when she described her rencounter at the stile, there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense; and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive; and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict, guilty—Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the usual forms, if they had any thing to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute—the younger Hogan answered sullenly, "Nothing;" the old woman, staring wildly on her son, tried to speak; her lips moved, but without a sound—and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Cathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman "Mercy, my lord judge!" she exclaimed. "Gentlemen, your honors, have mercy on her. She had mercy on me! She only did *their* bidding. As for the bundle, and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it's no robbery. The grip of hunger's hard to bear; and if she hadn't taken it then, where would I have been now? Sure they would have killed me for the sake of the watch, and I would have been a corpse before your honors this mo-

ment. O mercy! mercy for her! or never will I sleep asy on this side of the grave!"

The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners; but the woman was reprieved, and afterwards transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight hours after their conviction, on the Gallows Green. They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indifference. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which afterwards furnished ample matter for wonder and speculation among the superstitious populace. It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on the estate of a nobleman in the neighbourhood; but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with housebreakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck, a shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd, "Barny Hogan! do ye mind Grace Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye?" There was a general movement and confusion; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The

wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tiptoe, gazed wildly round upon the multitude; but he said nothing; and in a few minutes he was no more.

The reader may wish to know what has become of Cathleen, our *heroine*, in the true sense of the word. Her story, her sufferings, her extraordinary fortitude, and pure simplicity of character, made her an object of general curiosity and interest; a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to a liberal sum; they were enabled to procure Reilly's discharge from the army, and with a part of the money, Cathleen, who, among her other perfections, was exceedingly pious after the fashion of her creed and country, founded yearly masses for the soul of the poor peddler; and vowed herself to make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to St. Gobnate's well. Mr. L., the magistrate who had first examined her in the little inn at Balgowna, made her a munificent present; and anxious, perhaps, to offer yet further amends for his former doubts of her veracity, he invited Reilly, on very advantageous terms, to settle on his estate, where he rented a neat cabin, and a *handsome* plot of potato ground. There Reilly and his Cathleen were living ten years ago, with an increasing family, and in the enjoyment of much humble happiness; and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living at this day.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.*

There is a comfort in the strength of love,
Making that pang endurable, which else
Would overset the brain—or break the heart.
Wordsworth.

THE monuments which human art has raised to human pride or power may decay with that power, or survive to mock that pride; but sooner or later they perish—their place knows them not. In the aspect of a ruin, however imposing in itself, and however magnificent or dear the associations connected with it, there is always something sad and humiliating, reminding us how poor and how frail are the works of man, how unstable his hopes, and how limited his capacity compared to his aspirations! But when man has made to himself monuments of the works of God; when the memory of human affections, human intellect, human power, is blended with the immutable features of nature, they consecrate each other, and both endure together to the end. In a state of high civilization, man trusts to the record of brick and marble—the pyramid, the column, the temple, the tomb:—

"Then the bust
And altar rise—then sink again to dust."

* This little tale (written in 1830) is founded on a striking incident related in Humboldt's narrative. The facts remain unaltered.

In the earlier stages of society, the isolated rock —the mountain, cloud-encircled—the river, rolling to its ocean-home — the very stars themselves— were endued with sympathies, and constituted the first, as they will be the last, witnesses and records of our human destinies and feelings. The glories of the Parthenon shall fade into oblivion; but while the heights of Thermopylæ stand, and while a wave murmurs in the gulf of Salamis, a voice shall cry aloud to the universe—"Freedom and glory to those who can dare to die!—woe and everlasting infamy to him who would enthrall the unconquerable spirit!" The Coliseum with its sanguinary trophies is crumbling to decay; but the islet of Nisida, where Brutus parted with his Portia—the steep of Leucadia, still remain fixed as the foundations of the earth; and lasting as the round world itself shall be the memories that hover over them! As long as the waters of the Hellespont flow between Sestos and Abydos, the fame of the love that perished there shall never pass away. A traveller, pursuing his weary way through the midst of an African desert—a barren, desolate, and almost boundless solitude—found a gigantic sculptured head, shattered and half-buried in the sand; and near it the fragment of a pedestal, on which these words might be with pain deciphered: *I am Ozymandias, King of kings; look upon my works, ye mighty ones, and despair!*" Who was Ozymandias?—where are now his works?—what bond of thought or feeling, links his past with our present?

The Arab, with his beasts of burden, tramples unheeding over these forlorn vestiges of human art and human grandeur. In the wildest part of the New Continent, hidden amid the depths of interminable forests, there stands a huge rock, hallowed by a tradition so recent that the man is not yet gray-headed who was born its contemporary; but that rock, and the tale which consecrates it, shall carry down to future ages a deep lesson—a moral interest lasting as itself—however the aspect of things and the conditions of people change around it. Henceforth no man shall gaze on it with careless eye; but each shall whisper to his own bosom —"What is stronger than love in a mother's heart?—what more fearful than power wielded by ignorance?—or what more lamentable than the abuse of a beneficent name to purposes of selfish cruelty?"

Those vast regions which occupy the central part of South America, stretching from Guinea to the foot of the Andes, overspread with gigantic and primeval forests, and watered by mighty rivers —those solitary wilds where man appears unessential in the scale of creation, and the traces of his power are few and far between—have lately occupied much of the attention of Europeans; partly from the extraordinary events and unexpected revolutions which have convulsed the nations round them; and partly from the researches of enterprising travellers who have penetrated into their remotest districts. But till within the last twenty

years these wild regions have been unknown, except through the means of the Spanish and Portuguese priests, settled as missionaries along the banks of the Orinoco and the Paraguay. The men thus devoted to utter banishment from all intercourse with civilized life, are generally Franciscan or Capuchin friars, born in the Spanish Colonies. Their pious duties are sometimes voluntary, and sometimes imposed by the superiors of their order; in either case their destiny appears at first view deplorable, and their self-sacrifice sublime; yet, when we recollect that these poor monks generally exchanged the monotonous solitude of the cloister for the magnificent loneliness of the boundless woods and far-spreading savannahs, the sacrifice appears less terrible; even where accompanied by suffering, privation, and occasionally by danger. When these men combine with their religious zeal some degree of understanding and enlightened benevolence, they have been enabled to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and civilization, by exploring the productions and geography of these unknown regions; and by collecting into villages and humanizing the manners of the native tribes, who seem strangely to unite the fiercest and most abhorred traits of savage life, with some of the gentlest instincts of our common nature. But when it has happened that these priests have been men of narrow minds and tyrannical tempers, they have on some occasions fearfully abused the authority entrusted to them; and

being removed many thousand miles from the European settlements and the restraint of the laws, the power they have exercised has been as far beyond control as the calamities they have caused have been beyond all remedy and all relief.

Unfortunately for those who were trusted to his charge, Father Gomez was a missionary of this character. He was a Franciscan friar of the order of Observance, and he dwelt in the village of San Fernando, near the source of the Orinoco, whence his authority extended as president over several missions in the neighborhood of which San Fernando was the capital. The temper of this man was naturally cruel and despotic; he was wholly uneducated, and had no idea, no feeling, of the true spirit of Christian benevolence; in this respect, the savages whom he had been sent to instruct and civilize were in reality less savage and less ignorant than himself.

Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostara, to spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather, of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles the Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people,

and lie in wait near the hordes of unreclaimed Indians; when the men were absent he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptized, and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were *called* Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian master a willing and blind obedience; thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

Father Gomez called these incursions, *la conquista espiritual*—the conquest of souls.

One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived, through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their passion for solitude that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary *villas*—if I may so apply the word. It was constructed with peculiar neatness, thatched with palm-leaves, and overshadowed with cocoa-trees and laurels; it stood alone in

the wilderness, embowered in luxuriant vegetation, and looked like the chosen abode of simple and quiet happiness. Within this hut a young Indian woman (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe) was busied in making cakes of the cassava root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes, beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes, swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and glazed with terror, when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomez, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin. Instantly aware of her danger, (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round,) she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its

tangled depths if her precious burden had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot, and wily as the young jaguar, escaped to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child were evermore beheld in their former haunts.

Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged her down to the river, where Father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then, heedless of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterwards, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn

from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her than she snatched up her children, and again fled;—again—and again! At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity; she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way, for an instant, she invariably caught up her children and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied by what he termed her "blind obstinacy;" and, as the only means of securing all three, he took measures to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she should never find her way back either to them or to her home.

In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

The few travellers who have visited these regions agree in describing a phenomenon, the cause of which is still a mystery to geologists, and which imparts to the lonely depths of these unappropriated and unviolated shades an effect intensely and indescribably mournful. The granite rocks which border the river, and extend far into the contiguous woods, assume strange, fantastic shapes; and are covered with a black incrustation, or deposit, which contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves breaking on them below, and the pale lichens which spring from their crevices and creep along their surface above, give these shores an aspect perfectly funereal. Between these melancholy rocks—so high and so steep that a landing-place seldom occurred for leagues together—the canoe of Father Gomez slowly glided, though urged against the stream by eight robust Indians.

The unhappy Guahiba sat at first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned by her situation; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her; but after a while she looked up towards the sun, then down upon the stream; and perceiving, by the direction of the one and the course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her farther and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband, and her native home, her countenance was seen to change and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been

very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withes on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore. The current, being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a dark granite rock which projected into the stream; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest, and was lost to sight.

Father Gomez, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thunderstruck for some moments, unable to give utterance to the extremity of his rage and astonishment. When, at length, he found voice, he commanded his Indians to pull with all their might to the shore; then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him, dead or alive.

Guahiba, meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness, continued her flight,; but soon exhausted and breathless, with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sunk down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself, as well as she might, among the long, interwoven grass. There, crouching and trembling in her lair, she heard the voices of her persecutors hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped but for a large mastiff which the Indians had with them,

and which scented her out in her hiding-place The moment she heard the dreaded animal snuffing in the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance; but with a sullen passiveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought would banish her children from her memory, and cure her for ever of her passion for escaping. He ordered her to be stretched upon that granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she had stood, as if exulting in her flight, —THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER, as it has ever since been denominated—and there flogged till she could scarcely move or speak. She was then bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

It was near sunset when they arrived at this village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and, occasionally, as a barrack. Father Gomez ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomez flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission.

Little could he fathom the bosom of this fond mother! He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of a fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbed with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her whole soul;—her children—her children—and still her children!

Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who, perceiving that her arms were miserably bruised by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity in the language of her tribe. Quick she seized the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

"Guahibo," she said, in a whispered tone, "thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother! Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O son of my people? Ah cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!"

The young man heard, and, as if terrified, removed a few paces from her and kept silence. Afterwards, when his companions were out of sight, and he was left alone to watch, he approached and said, "Guahiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds, white man will flog me:—wilt thou be content if I loosen them, and give thee ease?" And as he spoke, he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms; she smiled upon him languidly and appeared satisfied.

Night was now coming on. Guahiba dropped her head on her bosom, and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian, believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on his mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

Then Guahiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star. There was no sound, except the breathing of the sleepers around her, and the humming of the mosquitoes. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands once free, she released her feet; and when the morning comes she had disappeared. Search was made for her in every direction, but in vain; and Father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his village.

The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Guahiba had left her infants, is twenty-five leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest-trees, and intermingling underwood, separated these two missions;—a savage and awful solitude, which, probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot. All communication was carried on by the river; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European, bold enough to have attempted the route along the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day; and neither moon

nor gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers had overflowed, and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveller; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman through the depths of the pathless woods—where rivulets, swollen to torrents by the rains, intercepted her at every step; where the thorny lianas, twining from tree to tree, opposed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the mosquitoes hung in clouds upon her path; where the jaguar and the alligator lurked to devour her; where the rattlesnake and the water-serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready to spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants which build their nests on the trees? How directed—how sustained—cannot be told; the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising sun beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swelled and bleeding—her hands torn—her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue; —but once more near her children!

For several hours she hovered round the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance: at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quitted their cottages to attend vespers; then she stole from the thicket,

and approached, with faint and timid steps, the spot which contained her heart's treasures. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on a mat; they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering; but when she called them by name, they knew her tender voice, and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment, the mother forgot all she had endured—all her anguish, all her fears, every thing on earth but the objects which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her children—she took them on her knees—she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom—she covered them with kisses—she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there; new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin—fainting, stumbling, and almost blind with loss of blood and inanition. She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble to sustain her burden, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the people rushed forth, gathering round Guahiba with fright and astonishment. They gazed upon her as if upon an apparition, till her sobs, and imploring looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death. They

looked upon her in silence, and then at each other; their savage bosoms were touched with commiseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love.

While they hesitated, and none seemed willing to seize her, or to take her children from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed on his return from Javita, approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Guahiba clasped her children closer to her breast, and the Indians shrunk back.

"What!" thundered the monk: "will ye suffer this woman to steal two precious souls from heaven?—two members from our community? See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children?—part them, and instantly!"

The Indians, accustomed to his ascendency, and terrified at his voice, tore the children of Guahiba once more from her feeble arms; she uttered nor word, nor cry, but sunk in a swoon upon the earth.

While in this state, Father Gomez, with a cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed; her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission, far, far off, on the river Esmeralda, beyond the Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor

during the voyage; but after being taken out of the boat and carried inland, restoratives brought her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, as reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there—among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid nor pity;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children;—when she saw no means of discovering the bearing or the distance of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it:—*then*, and only then, did the mother's heart yield to utter despair; and thenceforward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment, thus she died.

The boatman, on the river Atabapo, suspends his oar with a sigh as he passes the ROCK OF THE MOTHER. He points it out to the traveller, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence, when these solitary regions have become the seats of civilization, of power, and intelligence; when the pathless wilds, which poor Guahiba traversed in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that dark rock shall stand, frowning o'er the stream; tradition and history shall pre-

serve its name and fame; and when even the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother.

MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.

A DRAMATIC PROVERB.

WRITTEN FOR

HYACINTHE, EMILY, CAROLINE, AND EDWARD

CHARACTERS.

DICK, the Cobbler, a very honest man, and very merry withal, much given to singing.

MARGERY, his wife, simple and affectionate, and one of the best women in the world.

LADY AMARANTHE, a fine lady, full of airs and affectation, but not without good feeling.

MADEMOISELLE JUSTINE, her French maid, very like other French maids.

The SCENE lies partly in the Garret of the Cobbler, and partly in LADY AMARANTHE'S Drawing-room.

SCENE I.

A Garret meanly furnished; several pairs of old shoes, a coat, hat, bonnet, and shawl hanging against the Wall. DICK *is seated on a low stool in front. He works, and sings.*

As she lay on that day
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now that's what *I* call a good song; but my wife,

she can't abear them blusteration songs, she says; she likes something tender and genteel, full of fine words. (*Sings in a mincing voice.*)

Vake, dearest, vake, and again united
Ve'll vander by the sea-he-he-e.

Hang me, if I can understand a word of it! but when my wife sings it out with her pretty little mouth, it does one's heart good to hear her; and I could listen to her for ever: but, for my own part, what I like is a song that comes thundering out with a meaning in it! (*Sings, and flourishes his hammer with enthusiasm, beating time upon the shoe.*)

March! march! Eskdale and Tiviotdale,
All the blue bonnets are over the border!

MARGERY—(*from within.*)

Dick! Dick! what a noise you do keep!

DICK.

A noise, eh? Why, Meg, you didn't use to think it a noise: you used to like to hear me sing!

MARGERY—(*entering.*)

And so I did, and so I do. I loves music with all my heart; but the whole parish will hear you if you go for to bawl out so monstrous loud.

DICK.

And let them! who cares? [*He sings, she laughs.*

MARGERY.

Nay, sing away if you like it!

DICK—(*stopping suddenly.*)

I won't sing another bit if you don't like it, Meg

MARGERY.

Oh, I do like! Lord bless us! not like it! it sounds so merry! Why, Dick, love, everybody said yesterday that you sung as well as Mr. Thingumee at Sadler's Wells, and says they, "Who is that young man as sings like any nightingale?" and I says (*drawing herself up*), "That's my husband!"

DICK.

Ay! flummery!—But, Meg, I say, how did you like the wedding yesterday?

MARGERY.

Oh, hugeously! such heaps of smart people, as fine as fivepence, I warrant; and such gay gowns and caps! and plenty to eat and drink!—But what I liked best was the walking in the gardens at Bagnigge Wells, and the tea, and the crumpets!

DICK.

And the punch!

MARGERY.

Yes—ha! ha! I could see you thought *that* good! and then the dancing!

DICK.

Ay, ay; and there wasn't one amongst them that footed it away like my Margery. And folks says to me, "Pray, who is that pretty modest young woman as hops over the ground as light as a feather?" says they; and says I, "Why, that there pretty young woman is my wife, to be sure!"

MARGERY.

Ah, you're at your jokes, Dick!

DICK.

I'll be hanged then!

MARGERY—(*leaning on his shoulder.*)

Well, to be sure, we were happy yesterday. It's good to make holiday just now and then, but somehow I was very glad to come home to our own little room again. O Dick!—did you mind that Mrs. Pinchtoe, that gave herself such grand airs?—she in the fine lavender silk gown—that turned up her nose at me so, and all because she's a master shoemaker's wife! and you are only—only—a cobbler!—(*sighs*). I wish *you* were a master shoemaker, Dick.

DICK.

That you might be a master shoemaker's wife, hay! and turn up your nose like Mrs. Pinchtoe?

MARGERY—(*laughing.*)

No, no; I have more manners.

DICK.

Would you love me better, Meg, if I were a master shoemaker ?

MARGERY.

No, I couldn't love you better if you were a king; and that you know, Dick; and, after all, we're happy now, and who knows what might be if we were to change ?

DICK.

Ay, indeed ! who knows ? you might grow into a fine lady like she over the way, who comes home o'nights just as we're getting up in the morning, with the flams flaring, and blazing like any thing; and that puts me in mind——

MARGERY.

Of what, Dick ? tell me !

DICK.

Why, cousin Tom's wedding put it all out of my head last night; but yesterday there comes over to me one of those fine bedizened fellows we see lounging about the door there, with a cocked hat, and things like stay laces dangling at his shoulder.

MARGERY.

What could he want, I wonder !

DICK.

O ! he comes over to me as I was just standing

at the door below, a thinking of nothing at all, and singing "Paddy O'Raffety" to myself, and says he to me, "You cobbler fellor," says he, "don't you go for to keep such a bawling every morning, awakening people out of their first sleep," says he, "for if you do, my lord will have you put into the stocks," says he.

MARGERY.

The stocks! O goodness gracious me! and what for, pray?

DICK—(*with a grin.*)

Why, for singing, honey! So says I, "Hark'ee, Mr. Scrape-trencher, there go words to that bargain: what right have you to go for to speak in that there way to me?" says I; and says he, "We'll have you 'dited for a nuisance, fellor," says he.

MARGERY—(*clasping her hands.*)

A nuisance! my Dick a nuisance! O Lord a' mercy!

DICK.

Never fear, girl; I'm a free-born Englishman, and I knows the laws well enough: and says I, "No more a fellor than yourself; I'm an honest man, following an honest calling, and I don't care *that* for you nor your lord neither; and I'll sing *when* I please, and I'll sing *what* I please, and I'll sing as loud as I please; I will, by jingo!" and so he lifts me up his cane, and I says quite cool, "This house is my castle; and if you don't take yourself out of that in a jiffey, why, I'll give your laced jacket

such a dusting as it never had before in its life—I will."

MARGERY.

O, Dick! you've a spirit of your own, I warrant. Well, and then?

DICK.

Oh, I promise you he was off in the twinkling of a bed-post, and I've heard no more of him; but I was determined to wake you this morning with a thundering song; just to show 'em I didn't care for 'em—ha! ha! ha!

MARGERY.

Oh, ho! that was the reason, then, that you bawled so in my ear, and frightened me out of my sleep—was it? Oh, well, I forgive you; but bless me! I stand chattering here, and it's twelve o'clock, as I live! I must go to market—(*putting on her shawl and bonnet.*) What would you like to have for dinner, Dick, love? a nice rasher of bacon, by way of a relish?

DICK—(*smacking his lips.*)

Just the very thing, honey.

MARGERY.

Well, give me the shilling, then.

DICK—(*scratching his head.*)

What shilling?

MARGERY.

Why, the shilling you had yesterday.

DICK—(*feeling in his pockets.*)

A shilling!

MARGERY.

Yes, a shilling. (*Gayly.*) To have meat, one must have money; and folks must eat as well as sing, Dick, love. Come, out with it!

DICK.

But suppose I haven't got it?

MARGERY.

How! what! you don't mean for to say that the last shilling that you put in your pocket, just to make a show, is gone?

DICK—(*with a sigh.*)

But I do, though—it's gone.

MARGERY.

What shall we do?

DICK.

I don't know. (*A pause. They look at each other.*) Stay, that's lucky. Here's a pair of dancing pumps as belongs to old Mrs. Crusty, the baker's wife at the corner—

MARGERY—(*gayly.*)

We can't eat *them* for dinner, I guess.

DICK.

No, no; but I'm just at the last stitch.

MARGERY.

Yes—

DICK—(*speaking and working in a hurry.*)

And so you'll take them home—

MARGERY.

Yes—

DICK.

And tell her I must have seven-pence halfpenny for them. (*Gives them.*)

MARGERY—(*examining the shoes.*)

But, Dick, isn't that some'at extortionate, as a body may say? seven-pence halfpenny!

DICK.

Why, here's heel-pieces, and a patch upon each toe; one must live, Meg!

MARGERY.

Yes, Dick, love; but so must other folks. Now I think seven-pence would be enough in all conscience—what do you say?

DICK.

Well, settle it as you like; only get a bit of dinner for us, for I'm as hungry as a hunter, I know.

MARGERY.

I'm going. Good bye, Dick!

DICK.

Take care of theeself—and don't spend the change in caps and ribbons, Meg!

MARGERY.

Caps and ribbons out of seven-pence! Lord help the man! ha, ha, ha! (*She goes out.*)

DICK—(*calling after her.*)

And come back soon, d'ye hear? There she goes—hop, skip, and jump, down the stairs. Somehow, I can't abear to have her out of my sight a minute. Well, if ever there was a man could say he had a good wife, why, that's me myself—tho 'f I say it—the cheerfullest, sweetest temperedst, cleanliest, lovingest woman in the whole parish, that never gives one an ill word from year's end to year's end, and deserves at least that a man should work hard for her—it's all I can do—and we must think for to-morrow as well as to-day. (*He works with great energy, and sings at the same time with equal enthusiasm.*)

Cannot ye do as I do?
Cannot ye do as I do?
Spend your money, and work for more;
That's the way that I do!
Tol de rol lol.

(*Reënter* MARGERY *in haste.*)

MARG.—(*out of breath.*)

Oh, Dick, husband! Dick, I say!

DICK.

Hay! what's the matter now?

MARGERY.

Here be one of those fine powdered laced fellows from over the way comed after you again.

DICK—(*rising.*)

An impudent jackanapes! I'll give him as good as he brings.

MARGERY.

Oh, no, no! he's monstrous civil now; for he chucked me under the chin, and says he, "My pretty girl!"

DICK.

Ho! monstrous civil indeed, with a vengeance!

MARGERY.

And says he, "Do you belong to this here house?" "Yes, sir," says I, making a curtsy, for I couldn't do no less when he spoke so civil; and says

he, "Is there an honest cobbler as lives here?" "Yes, sir," says I, "my husband that is." "Then, my dear," says he, "just tell him to step over the way, for my Lady Amaranthe wishes to speak to him immediately."

DICK.

A lady? O Lord!

MARGERY.

Yes, so you must go directly. Here, take off your apron, and let me comb your hair a bit.

DICK.

What the mischief can a lady want with me? I've nothing to do with ladies, as I knows of.

MARGERY.

Why, she won't eat you up, I reckon.

DICK.

And yet I—I—I be afeard, Meg!

MARGERY.

Afeard of a lady! that's a good one!

DICK.

Ay, just—if it were a man, I shouldn't care a fig.

MARGERY.

But we've never done no harm to nobody in our whole lives, so what is there to be afraid of?

DICK.

Nay, that's true.

MARGERY.

Now let me help you on with your best coat. Pooh! what is the man about?—Why, you're putting the back to the front, and the front to the back, like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind!

DICK.

My head do turn round, just for all the world like a peg-top.—A lady! what *can* a lady have to say to me, I wonder?

MARGERY.

May be, she's a customer.

DICK.

No, no, great gentlefolks like she never wears patched toes nor heel-pieces, I reckon.

MARGERY.

Here's your hat. Now let me see how you can make a bow. (*He bows awkwardly.*) Hold up your head—turn out your toes. That will do capital! (*She walks round him with admiration.*) How nice you look! there's ne'er a gentleman of them all can come up to my Dick.

DICK—(*hesitating.*)

But—a—a—Meg, you'll come with me, won't you, and just see me safe in at the door, eh?

MARGERY.

Yes, to be sure; walk on before, and let me look at you. Hold up your head—there, that's it!

DICK—(*marching.*)

Come along. Hang it, who's afraid?

[*They go out.*

SCENE *changing to a Drawing-room in the House of* LADY AMARANTHE.

Enter LADY AMARANTHE, *leaning upon her maid*, MADEMOISELLE JUSTINE.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Avancez un fauteuil, ma chère! arrangez les coussins. (JUSTINE *settles the chair, and places a footstool.* LADY AMARANTHE, *sinking into the arm-chair with a languid air.*) Justine, I shall die, I shall certainly die! I never can survive this!

JUSTINE.

Mon Dieu! madame, ne parlez pas comme çà! c'est m'enfoncer un poignard dans le cœur!

LADY AMARANTHE—(*Despairingly.*)

No rest—no possibility of sleeping—

JUSTINE.

Et le medecin de madame, qui a ordonné la plus

grande tranquillité—qui a même voulu que je me taisais—moi, par exemple !

LADY AMARANTHE.

After fatiguing myself to death with playing the agreeable to disagreeable people, and talking commonplace to commonplace acquaintance, I return home, to lay my aching head upon my pillow, and just as my eyes are closing, I start—I wake,—a voice that would rouse the dead out of their graves echoes in my ears ! In vain I bury my head in the pillow—in vain draw the curtains close—multiply defences against my window—change from room to room—it haunts me ! Ah ! I think I hear it still *(covering her ears)* it will certainly drive me distracted !

[*During this speech*, JUSTINE *has made sundry exclamations and gestures expressive of horror, sympathy, and commiseration.*]

JUSTINE.

Vraiment, c'est affreux.

LADY AMARANTHE.

In any more civilized country it never could have been endured—I should have had him removed at once ; but here the vulgar people talk of laws !

JUSTINE.

Ah, oui, madame, mais il faut avouer que c'est ici un pays bien barbare, où tout le monde parle

loi et metaphysique, et où l'on ne fait point de différence entre les riches et les pauvres.

LADY AMARANTHE.

But what provokes me more than all the rest is this unheard-of insolence! (*rises and walks about the room,*)—a cobbler too—a cobbler who presumes to sing, and to sing when all the rest of the world is asleep! This is the march of intellect with a vengeance!

JUSTINE.

C'est vrai, il ne chante que des marches et de gros chansons à boire—s'il chantait bien doucement quelque joli roman par exemple—(*She sings*) *dormez, dormez, mes chers amours!*

LADY AMARANTHE.

Justine, did you send the butler over to request civilly that he would not disturb me in the morning?

JUSTINE.

Qui, miladi, dat is, I have send John; de butler he was went out.

LADY AMARANTHE.

And his answer was, that he would sing in spite of me, and louder than ever?

JUSTINE.

Oui, miladi, le monstre! il dit comme çà, dat he will sing more louder den ever.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*sinking again into her chair.*)

Ah! the horrid man!

JUSTINE.

Ah! dere is no politesse, no more den dere is police in dis country.

LADY AMARANTHE.

If Lord Amaranthe were not two hundred miles off—but, as it is, I must find some remedy—let me think—bribery, I suppose. Have they sent for him? I dread to see the wretch. What noise is that? allez voir, ma chère!

JUSTINE—(*goes and returns.*)

Madame, c'est justement notre homme, voulez-vous qu'il entre?

LADY AMARANTHE.

Oui, faites entrer. [*She leans back in her chair.*

JUSTINE—(*at the door.*)

Entrez, entrez toujours, dat is, come in, good mister.

Enter DICK. *He bows; and, squeezing his hat in his hands looks round him with considerable embarrassment.*

JUSTINE—(*to Lady Amaranthe.*)

Bah! comme il sent le cuir, n'est-ce pas, madame?

LADY AMARANTHE.

Faugh! mes sels—ma vinaigrette, Justine—non, l'eau de Cologne, qui est là sur la table. (JUSTINE *brings her some eau de Cologne; she pours some upon her handkerchief, and applies it to her temples and to her nose, as if overcome; then, raising her eye-glass, she examines* DICK *from head to foot.*) Good man—a—pray, what is your name?

DICK—(*with a profound bow.*)

Dick, please your ladyship.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Hum—a—a—pray, Mr. Dick—

DICK.

Folks just call me plain Dick, my lady. I'm a poor honest cobbler, and no mister.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*pettishly.*)

Well, sir, it is of no consequence. You live in the small house over the way, I think?

DICK.

Yes, ma'am, my lady, I does; I rents the attics.

LADY AMARANTHE.

You appear a good civil sort of man enough. (*He bows.*) I sent my servant over to request that you would not disturb me in the night—or the morning, as you call it. I have very weak health

—am quite an invalid—your loud singing in the morning just opposite to my windows——

DICK—(*eagerly.*)

Ma'am, I—I'm very sorry; I ax your ladyship's pardon; I'll never sing no more above my breath, if you please.

JUSTINE.

Comment! c'est honnête, par exemple.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*surprised.*)

Then you did not tell my servant that you would sing louder than ever, in spite of me?

DICK.

Me, my lady? I never said no such thing.

LADY AMARANTHE.

This is strange; or is there some mistake? Perhaps you are not the same Mr. Dick?

DICK.

Why, yes, my lady, for that matter, I be the same Dick. (*Approaching a few steps, and speaking confidentially.*) I'll just tell your ladyship the whole truth, and not a bit of a lie. There comes an impudent fellow to me, and he tells me, just out of his own head, I'll be bound, that if I sung o' mornings, he would have me put in the stocks.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Good heavens!

JUSTINE—(*in the same tone.*)

Grands dieux!

DICK—(*with a grin.*)

Now the stocks is for a rogue, as the saying is. As for my singing, that's neither here nor there; but no jackanapes shall threaten *me.* I *will* sing if I please (*sturdily,*) and I won't sing if I don't please; and (*lowering his tone,*) I don't please, if it disturbs your ladyship. (*Retreating*) I wish your ladyship a good day, and better health.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Stay; you are not then the rude uncivil person I was told of?

DICK.

I hopes I knows better than to do an uncivil thing by a lady.

[*Bows and retreats towards the door.*

LADY AMARANTHE.

Stay, sir—a—a—one word.

DICK.

Oh, as many as you please, ma'am; I'm in no hurry.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*graciously.*)

Are you married?

DICK—(*rubbing his hands with glee.*)

Yes, ma'am, I be; and to as tight a bit of a wife as any in the parish.

JUSTINE.

Ah! il parait que ce Monsieur Dick aime sa femme! Est-il amusant!

LADY AMARANTHE.

You love her then?

DICK.

Oh, then I do! I love her with all my heart! who could help it?

LADY AMARANTHE.

Indeed! and how do you live?

DICK.

Why, bless you, ma'am, sometimes well, sometimes ill, according as I have luck and work. When we can get a bit of dinner, we eat it, and when we can't, why, we go without: or, may be, a kind neighbour helps us.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Poor creatures!

DICK.

Oh, not so poor neither, my lady; many folks is worser off. I'm always merry, night and day; and my Meg is the good temperedst, best wife in the world. We've never had nothing from the parish, and never will, please God, while I have health and hands.

LADY AMARANTHE.

And you are happy?

DICK.

As happy as the day is long.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*aside.*)

This is a lesson to me. Eh bien, Justine! voilà donc notre sauvage!

JUSTINE.

Il est gentil ce Monsieur Dick, et à present que je le regarde—vraiment il a une assez jolie tournure.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*with increasing interest.*)

Have you any children?

DICK—(*with a sigh.*)

No, ma'am; and that's the only thing as frets us.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Good heavens! you do not mean to say you wish

for them, and have scarce enough for yourselves? how would you feed them?

DICK.

Oh, I should leave Meg to feed them; I should have nothing to do but to work for them. Providence would take care of us while they were little; and, when they were big, they would help us.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*aside.*)

I could not have conceived this. (*She whispers* JUSTINE, *who goes out.*) (*To* DICK.) Can I do any thing to serve you?

DICK.

Only, if your ladyship could recommend me any custom; I mend shoes as cheap as e'er a cobbler in London, though I say it.

LADY AMARANTHE.

I shall certainly desire that all my people employ you whenever there is occasion.

Reënter JUSTINE, *holding a purse in her hand.*

DICK—(*bowing.*)

Much obliged, my lady; I hopes to give satisfaction, but (*looking with admiration at* LADY AMARANTHE'S *foot as it rests on the footstool*) such a pretty, little, delicate, beautiful foot as yon, I

never fitted in all my born days. It can't cost your ladyship much in shoe leather, I guess?

LADY AMARANTHE.—(*smiling complacently.*)

Rather more than you would imagine, I fancy, my good friend.

JUSTINE.

Comment donc—ce Monsieur Dick, fait aussi des complimens à Madame? Il ne manque pas de goût,—(*aside*) et il sait ce qu'il fait, apparemment.

LADY AMARANTHE.—(*glancing at her foot.*)

C'est à dire—il a du bon sens, et ne parle pas mal. (*She takes the purse.*) As you so civilly obliged me, you must allow me to make you some return.

DICK.—(*putting his hand behind him.*)

Me, ma'am! I'm sure I don't want to be paid for being civil.

LADY AMARANTHE.

But as I have deprived you of a pleasure, my good friend, some amends surely—

DICK.

Oh, ma'am, pray don't mention it; my wife's a little tired and sleepy sometimes of a morning, and if I didn't sing her out of bed, I do think she would,

by chance, snooze away till six o'clock, like any duchess; but a pinch or a shake or a kiss will do as well, may be; and (*earnestly*) she's, for all that, the best woman in the world.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*smiling.*)

I can believe it, though she *does* sleep till six o'clock like a duchess. Well, my good friend, there are five guineas in this purse; the purse is my own work; and I request you will present it to your wife from me, with many thanks for your civility.

DICK—(*confused.*)

Much obliged, much obliged, but I can't, I can't indeed, my lady. Five guineas! O Lord! I should never know what to do with such a power of money.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Your wife will not say the same, depend upon it; she will find some use for it.

DICK.

My Meg, poor woman! she never had so much money in all her life.

LADY AMARANTHE.

I must insist upon it; you will offend me.

JUSTINE—(*taking the purse out of her lady's hand, and forcing it upon* DICK.)

Dieux! est-il bête!—you no understand?—It is

de gold and de silver money (*laughing*). Comme il a l'air ébahi!

DICK—(*putting up the money.*)

Many thanks, and I pray God bless your ladyship!

LADY AMARANTHE—(*gayly.*)

Good morning, Mr. Dick. Remember me to your wife.

DICK.

I will, my lady. I wish your ladyship, and you, miss, a good morning. (*To himself.*) Five guineas! —what will Meg say?—Now I'll be a master shoemaker. (*Going out in an ecstasy, he knocks his head against the wall.*)

LADY AMARANTHE.

Take care, friend. Montrez-lui la porte, Justine!

JUSTINE.

Mais venez donc, Monsieur Dick—par ici—et n'allez pas donner le nez contre la porte!

[DICK *follows* JUSTINE *out of the door, after making several bows.*

LADY AMARANTHE.

Poor man!—well, he's silenced—he does not look as if he would sing, morning or night, for the next twelve months.

Reënter JUSTINE

JUSTINE.

Voici Madame Mincetaille, qui vient pour essayer la robe-de-bal de madame.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Ah! allons donc.

[*They go out.*

The SCENE *changes to the Cobbler's Garret.*

Enter MARGERY, *in haste; a basket in her hand. She looks about her.*

MARGERY.

Not come back yet! what can keep him, I wonder! (*Takes off her bonnet and shawl.*) Well, I must get the dinner ready. (*Pauses, and looks anxious.*) But, somehow, I feel not easy in my mind. What could they want with him?—Hark! (*Goes to the door*) No—what a time he is! But suppose they should 'dite him for a nuisance—O me! or send him to the watch-house—O my poor dear Dick! I must go and see after him! I must go this very instant moment! (*Snatches up her bonnet.*) Oh, I hear him now; but how slowly he comes up!

[*Runs to the door, and leads him in*

Enter DICK.

MARGERY.

Oh, my dear, dear Dick, I am so glad you are come at last! But how pale you look! all I don't know how! What's the matter? why don't you speak to me, Dick, love?

DICK—(*fanning himself with his hat.*)

Let me breathe, wife.

MARGERY.

But what's the matter? where have you been? who did you see? what did they say to you? Come, tell me quick.

DICK.

Why, Meg, how your tongue does gallop! as if a man could answer twenty questions in a breath.

MARGERY.

Did you see the lady herself? Tell me that.

DICK—(*looking round the room suspiciously.*)

Shut the door first.

MARGERY.

There. [*Shuts it.*

DICK.

Shut the other.

MARGERY.

The other?—There. [*Shuts it.*

DICK.

Lock it fast, I say.

MARGERY.

There's no lock; and that you know.

DICK—(*frightened.*)

No lock;—then we shall all be robbed.

MARGERY.

Robbed of what? Sure, there's nothing here for any one to rob! You never took such a thing into your head before.

[DICK *goes to the door, and tries to fasten it.*

MARGERY—(*aside.*)

For sartain, he's bewitched—or have they given him something to drink?—or, perhaps, he's ill. (*Very affectionately, and laying her hand on his shoulder.*) Are you not well, Dick, love? Will you go to bed, sweetheart?

DICK—(*gruffly.*)

No. Go to bed in the broad day!—the woman's cracked.

MARGERY—(*whimpering.*)

Oh, Dick, what in the world has come to you?

DICK.

Nothing—nothing but good, you fool. There—there—don't cry, I tell you.

MARGERY—(*wiping her eyes.*)

And did you see the lady?

DICK.

Ay, I seed her; and a most beautiful lady she is, and she sends her sarvice to you.

MARGERY.

Indeed! lauk-a-daisy! I'm sure I'm much obliged—but what did she say to you?

DICK.

Oh, she said this, and that, and t'other—a great deal.

MARGERY.

But what, Dick?

DICK.

Why, she said—she said as how I sung so fine, she couldn't sleep o' mornings.

MARGERY.

Sleep o' mornings! that's a good joke! Let people sleep o' nights, I say.

DICK—(*solemnly.*)

But she can't, poor soul, she's very ill; she has pains here, and pains there, and everywhere.

MARGERY.

Indeed! poor lady! then you mustn't disturb her no more, Dick, that's a sure thing.

DICK.

Ay, so I said; and so she gave me this.

[*Takes out the purse, and holds it up.*

MARGERY—(*clapping her hands.*)

O goodness! what a fine purse!—Is there any thing in it?

DICK—(*chinks the money.*)

Do ye hear that? Guess now.

MARGERY—(*timidly.*)

Five shillings, perhaps, eh?

DICK.

Five shillings!—five guineas, girl.

MARGERY—(*with a scream.*)

Five guineas! five guineas! (*skips about*) tal, lal, la! five guineas! (*Runs, and embraces her husband.*) Oh, Dick! we'll be so rich and so happy. I want a power of things. I'll have a new gown—lavender, shall it be?—Yes, it shall be lavender; and a dimity petticoat; and a lace cap, like Mrs. Pinchtoe's, with pink ribbons—how she will stare! and I'll have two silver spoons, and a nutmeg-grater, and ——

DICK.

Ho, ho, ho! what a jabber! din, din, din! You'll have this, and you'll have that! First, I'll have a good stock of neat's leather.

MARGERY.

Well, well, give me the purse; I'll take care of it. [*Snatches at it.*

DICK.

No, thankee, *I'll* take care of it.

MARGERY—(*coaxing.*)

You know I always keep the money, Dick!

DICK.

Ay, Meg, but I'll keep this, do ye mind?

MARGERY.

What! keep it all to yourself?—No, you won't; an't I your wife, and haven't I a right? I ax you that.

DICK.

Pooh! don't be bothering me.

MARGERY.

Come, give it me at once, there's a dear Dick!

DICK.

What, to waste it all in woman's nonsense and frippery? Don't be a fool! we're rich, and we'll keep it safe.

MARGERY.

Why, where's the use of money but to spend? Come, come, I *will* have it.

DICK.

Hey-day! you will?—You shan't· who's the master here, I say?

MARGERY—(*passionately.*)

Why, if you come to that, who's the mistress here, I say?

DICK.

Now, Meg, don't you go for to provoke me.

MARGERY.

Pooh! I defy you.

DICK—(*doubling his fist.*)

Don't you put me in a passion, Meg!

MARGERY.

Get along; I don't care that for you! (*snaps her fingers.*) You used to be my own dear Dick, and now you're a cross, miserly curmudgeon—

DICK—(*quite furious.*)

You will have it then! Why, then, take it, with a mischief; take that, and that, and that!

[*He beats her; she screams.*

MARGERY.

Oh! oh! oh!—pray don't—pray—(*Breaks from him, and throws herself into a chair.*) O Dick! to

go for to strike me! O that I should ever see the day!—you cruel, unkind —— Oh! oh!

[*Covers her face with her apron, sobs, and cries; and he stands looking at her sheepishly. A long pause.*

DICK—(*in great agitation.*)

Eh, why! women be made of eggshells, I do think. Why, Meg, I didn't hurt you, did I? why don't you speak? Now, don't you be sulky, come; it wasn't much. A man is but flesh and blood, after all; come, I say—I'll never get into a passion with you again to my dying day—I won't—come, don't cry; (*tries to remove the apron;*) come, kiss, and be friends. Won't you forgive your own dear Dick, won't you? (*ready to cry*) She won't!—Here, here's the money, and the purse and all—take it, do what you like with it. (*She shakes her head.*) What, you won't then? why, then, there—(*throws it on the ground.*) Deuce fetch me if ever I touch it again! and I wish my fingers had been burnt before ever I took it,—so I do! (*with feeling.*) We were so happy this morning, when we hadn't a penny to bless ourselves with, nor even a bit to eat; and now, since all this money has come to us of a sudden, why, it's all as one as if old Nick himself were in the purse. I'll tell you what, Meg, eh! shall I? Shall I take it back to the lady, and give our duty to her, and tell her we don't want her guineas, shall I, Meg? shall I, dear heart?

[*During the last few words* MARGERY *lets the apron fall from her face, looks up at him, and smiles.*

DICK.

Oh, that's right, and we'll be happy again, and never quarrel more.

MARGERY.

No, never! (*they embrace.*) Take it away, for I can't bear the sight of it.

DICK.

Take it *you* then, for you know, Meg, I said I would never touch it again; and what I says, I says—and what I says, I sticks to.

[*Pushes it towards her with his foot.*

MARGERY.

And so do I: and I vowed to myself that I wouldn't touch it, and I won't.

[*Kicks it back to him.*

DICK.

How shall we manage then? Oh, I have it. Fetch me the tongs here. (*Takes up the purse in the tongs, and holds it at arm's length.*) Now I'm going. So, Meg, if you repent, now's the time. Speak—or forever hold your tongue.

MARGERY.

Me repent? No, my dear Dick! I feel, somehow, quite light, as if a great lump were gone away from here.

[*Laying her hands on her bosom.*

DICK.

And so do I; so come along. We never should have believed this, if we hadn't tried; but its just what my old mother used to say—MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.*

* It need hardly be observed that this little trifle was written exclusively for young actors, to whom the style was adapted. The subject is imitated from one of Théodore Leclerq's *Proverbes Dramatiques*.

MEMOIRS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF ART.

WHAT if the little rain should say—
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty plain,
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each raindrop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

ANON.

THE HOUSE OF TITIAN.

Doch ist der Mensch
Nicht Künstler blos, auch Mensch; die Menschlichkeit
Schön zu entwickeln, Freund, auch das ist Kunst!
OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

For the Painter
Is not the Painter only, but the man;
And to unfold the human into beauty,
That also is art.

VENICE, September, 1845.

IF I were required to sum up in two great names whatever the art of painting had contemplated and achieved of highest and best, I would invoke RAPHAEL and TITIAN. The former as the most perfect example of all that has been accomplished in the expression of thought through the medium of form; the latter, of all that has been accomplished in the expression of life through the medium of color. Hence it is, that, while *both* have given us mind, and *both* have given us beauty, *Mind* is ever the characteristic of Raphael —*Beauty*, that of Titian.

Considered under this point of view, these wonderful men remain to us as representatives of the

two great departments of art. All who went before them, and all who follow after them, may be ranged under the banners of one or the other of these great kings and leaders. Under the banners of Raphael appear the majestic thinkers in art, the Florentine and Roman painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and Albert Durer, in Germany. Ranged on the side of Titian appear the Venetian, the Lombard, the Spanish, and Flemish masters. When a school of art arose which aimed at uniting the characteristics of both, what was the result? A something second-hand and neutral—the school of the Academicians and the *Mannerists*, a crowd of painters, who neither felt what they saw, nor saw what they felt; who trusted neither to the God within them, nor the nature around them; and who ended by giving us Form without Soul—Beauty without Life.

I once heard it said, by a celebrated connoisseur of the present day, "that there were but three inventors or originators in modern art—Giorgione, Correggio, and Rembrandt. Each of these broke up a new path for himself; they were *inventors*, inasmuch as they saw nature truly, yet under an aspect which had never before been rendered through the medium of art. Raphael had the antique, and Titian had Giorgione, as precursors and models." This is true; and yet to impugn the originality of Raphael and Titian, is like impugning the originality of Shakspeare. They, like him, did not hesitate to use, as means, the material pre-

sented to them by the minds of others. They, like him, had minds of such universal and unequalled capacity, that all other originalities seem to be swallowed up—comprehended, as it were, in theirs. How much, in point of framework and material, Shakspeare adopted, unhesitatingly, from the playwrights of his time is sufficiently known; how frankly Raphael borrowed a figure from one of his contemporaries, or a group from the Antique, is notorious to all who have studied his works.

I know that there are critics who look upon Raphael as having *secularized*, and Titian as having *sensualized* art; I know it has become a fashion to prefer an old Florentine or Umbrian Madonna to Raphael's Galatea; and an old German hard-visaged, wooden-limbed saint to Titian's Venus. Under one point of view, I quite agree with the critics alluded to. Such preference commands our approbation and our sympathy, if we look to the height of the aim proposed, rather than to the completeness of the performance as such. But *here* I am not considering art with reference to its aims or its associations, religious or classic; nor with reference to individual tastes, whether they lean to piety or poetry, to the real or the ideal; nor as the reflection of any prevailing mode of belief or existence; but simply as ART, as the *Muta Poesis*, the interpreter between nature and man; giving back to us her forms with the utmost truth of imitation, and, at the same time, clothing them with a high signifi-

cance derived from the human purpose and the human intellect.

If, for instance, we are to consider painting as purely religious, we must go back to the infancy of modern art, when the expression of sentiment was all in all, and the expression of life in action nothing; when, reversing the aim of Greek art, the limbs and form were defective, while character, as it is shown in physiognomy, was delicately felt and truly rendered. And if, on the other hand, we are to consider art merely as perfect imitation, we must go to the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century. Art is only perfection when it fills us with the idea of perfection; when we are not called on to supply deficiencies, or to set limits to our demands; and this lifting up of the heart and soul, this fulness of satisfaction and delight, we find in the works of Raphael and Titian. In this only alike—in all else, how different! Different as were the men themselves—the antipodes of each other!

In another place, I might be tempted to pursue the comparison, or rather contrast, between these two worshippers and high-priests of the Beautiful, in all other respects so unlike—working, as one might say, under a different dispensation. But Raphael, elsewhere the god of my idolatry, seems *here*—at Venice—to have become to me like a distant star, and the system of which he is the amazing central orb or planet, for awhile removed and comparatively dim; while Titian reigns at hand,

the present deity, the bright informing sun of this enchanted world, this sea-girt city, where light, and color, and beauty are, "wherever we look, wherever we move." In Venice, I see everywhere Titian; as in his pictures, I see, or rather I *feel*, Venice; not the mere external features of the locality, not the *material* Venice—buildings, churches, canals—but a spirit which is nowhere else on earth to be perceived, felt, or understood, but here! Here, where we float about as in a waking dream—here, where all is at once so old and so new—so familiar and so wonderful—so fresh to the fancy, and so intimate to the memory! These palaces, with their arabesque façades and carved balconies, and portals green with seaweed; and these tall towering belfries, and these black gliding gondolas, have we not seen them a thousand and a thousand times reproduced to fancy, in pictures vivid and real as themselves? And yet, every time we come upon them, though it were ten times in an hour, do we not feel inclined to clap our hands, and exclaim aloud, like delighted children when the curtain draws up at their first play? O! to make children of us again, nothing like Venice!

And so it is with Titian's pictures: *they* make children of us again; they surprise us with the feeling of a presence; they melt us with a familiar sympathy; we rejoice in them as we do in music, in spring-tide, in the fresh air and morning breath of flowers. It is long before we can bring the in-

tellect to bear on them, for the faculties of judgment and comparison are lost in the perception of beauty, in admiration, in faith unbounded. In them we acknowledge *that* "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." And where but at Venice could Titian have lived and worked? I know not well how or why it is, but color, which seems elsewhere an accidental property of things, seems to be here a substance, an existence, a part of one's very life and soul;—color vivid and intense, broken by reflected lights flung from glancing waters, and enhanced by strange contrasts of wide-spread sunny seas, and close-shut shadowy courtyards, overgrown with vines, or roses, or creeping verdure in all the luxury of neglect, each with its well and overhanging fig-tree in the midst. These court yards, haunts of quiet seclusion and mystery, in which I should think is concentred the Venetian idea of a *home*—how few who visit Venice know of their cool, silent, picturesque recesses! Yet to understand and feel Titian aright, we ought to know Venice thoroughly,—its *cortili* as well as its canals; for it is precisely these peculiar, these merely local characteristics—this subdued gloom in the midst of dazzling sunshine; this splendor of hue deepened, not darkened, by shade; this seclusion in the midst of vastness; this homeliness in the midst of grandeur; this artlessness in the midst of art; this repose in the midst of the fulness of life; which we feel alike in Titian's pictures, and in Venice.

And then his men and women,—his subtle, dark, keen-eyed, grand-looking men; and his full-formed, luxuriant, yet delicate-featured women—are they not here still? Such I have seen as I well remember, at a *festa* on the Lido; women with just such eyes, dark, lustrous, melancholy,—and just such hair, in such redundance, plaited, knotted, looped round the small elegant heads—sometimes a tress or two escaping from the bands, and falling from their own weight,—so like his and Palma's and Paolo's rich-haired St. Catherines and St. Barbaras, one would have imagined them as even now walked out of their pictures,—or rather walked *into* them, —for the pictures were yet more like *life* than the *life* like pictures.

And with regard to the Venetian women: every one must remember in the Venetian pictures, not only the peculiar luxuriance, but the peculiar color of the hair, of every golden tint from a rich full shade of auburn to a sort of yellow flaxen hue,—or rather not flaxen, but like raw silk, such as we have seen the peasants in Lombardy carrying over their arms, or on their heads, in great, shining, twisted heaps. I have sometimes heard it asked with wonder, whether those pale golden masses of hair, the true "*biondina*" tint, could have been always natural? On the contrary, it was oftener artificial —the color, not the hair. In the days of the elder Palma and Giorgione yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural

color by first washing their tresses in some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. I have seen a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof, or balcony, of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat without a crown; the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded. How they contrived to escape a brain fever, or a *coup de soleil*, is a wonder;—and truly of all the multifarious freaks of fashion and vanity, I know none more strange than this, unless it be the contrivance of the women of Antigua, to obtain a new *natural* complexion. I have been speaking here of the people; but any one who has looked up at a Venetian lady standing on her balcony, in the evening light, or peeping out from the window of her gondola, must be struck at once with the resemblance in color and countenance to the pictures he has just seen in churches and galleries. We may also contrast in the Venetian portraits the plain black habits of the men (the only exception being the crimson robes of the Procuradori di San Marco), with the splendid dresses and jewels of the women, to whom, apparently, the sumptuary laws did not extend; and still you see their love of ornaments, and of gay, decided, bright colors, which nowhere else appear so bright as at Venice.

I am acquainted with an English artist, who, being struck by the vivid tints of some stuffs which he saw worn by the women, and which appeared

to him precisely the same as those he admired in Titian and Paul Veronese, purchased some pieces of the same fabric, and brought them to England; but he soon found that for his purpose he ought to have brought the Venetian atmosphere with him. When unpacked in London the reds seemed as dingy, and the yellows as dirty, and the blues as smoky, as our own.

But it is not merely the brightness and purity of the atmosphere—elsewhere in Italy as pure and as bright—it is still more the particular mode of existence at Venice, which has rendered the perception of colors in masses so great a source of pleasure, while it has become a leading characteristic in Venetian art. There is a most interesting note appended to the translation of "Goethe's Theory of Colors," which exemplifies, and, in some sort, explains this relation between the circumstances of the locality, and the peculiar sentiment of the painters as regards the treatment of color. The translator (Mr. Eastlake), after some general remarks on various systems of coloring in various schools, thus continues: "The color of general nature may be observed in all places, with almost equal convenience; but with regard to an important quality in living nature, namely, the color of the flesh, perhaps there are no circumstances, in which its effects at different distances can be so conveniently compared, as when the observer and the observed gradually approach and glide past each other on so smooth an element, and in so un-

disturbed a manner, as on the canals, and in the gondolas at Venice; the complexions, from the peculiar mellow carnations of the Italian women to the sunburnt features and limbs of the mariners, presenting at the same time the fullest variety in another sense. At a certain distance—the color being always assumed to be unimpaired by interposed atmosphere—the reflections appear kindled to intenser warmth, the fiery glow of Giorgione is strikingly apparent, the color is seen in its largest relation. The *macchia*, an expression used so emphatically by Italian writers (*i. e.* the local color), appears in all its quantity; and the reflections being the focus of warmth, the hue seems to deepen in shade." As the gondola floats towards us, "a nearer view gives the detail of cooler tints more perceptibly, and the forms are more distinct. Hence Lanzi is quite correct when, in distinguishing the style of Titian from that of Giorgione, he says, that Titian's was at once more defined and less fiery; in a still nearer observation the eye detects the minute lights which Leonardo da Vinci says were incompatible with the effects we have just been describing, and which, accordingly, we never find in Titian and Giorgione." "In assuming that the Venetian painters may have acquired a taste for this breadth of color under the circumstances alluded to, it is moreover to be remembered, that the time for this agreeable study was the evening; when the sun had already set behind the hills of Bassano; when the light was glowing but dif-

fused; when the shadows were soft—conditions all agreeing with the character of their coloring; above all, when the hour invited the fairer portion of the population to betake themselves in their gondolas to the Lagunes."

It results from this, that what we call the "Venetian coloring" is at Venice *a truth;* it is the faithful transcript of certain effects, having their causes in the very nature of the things and the conditions of the existence around us; but, elsewhere, it is a fashion, an imitation, a beautiful supposition; we are obliged to grant those conditions which here we see and feel.

The character of grandeur given to color, both by Giorgione and Titian, and more particularly by Giorgione, is very extraordinary. The style of the Caravaggio and Guercino school, with their abrupt lights and shadows, their "light upon dark, and dark upon light," may be very effective and exciting, but, to my taste, it is tricky and vulgar in comparison to the Venetian style. It is like an epigram compared with a lyric, or a melodrama compared with an epic poem.

That which in Giorgione was the combined result of a powerful and imaginative temperament, and a peculiar organic sensibility to the appearances of external nature, was more modified by observation and comparison in Titian; but Gior-

gione was the true poet and prophet, the precursor of what subsequently became the *manner* of the school, as we see it in the best of the late Venetians, Pietra della Vecchia, Tiepolo, and others.

It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich color glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice? just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance; we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies—the transparent gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Traghetto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aerial, fantastic splendor of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal;—even his skies and water—and is *that* Venice?

"But," says my friend, "if you would have Ven-

ice, seek it in Turner's pictures!" True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream;—but this dream upon the canvas, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the color or light. Turner, the color and light without the forms.

But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian; there is more of Venice in his "Cornano Family," or his "Pesaro Madonna," than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are, I must needs say it; but when I think of enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry,—petrifactions, materialities: "We start, for life is wanting there!" *

I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, "put down the church of St. Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous;" here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our

* Guardi gives the local coloring of Venice more truly than Canaletti: Bonnington better than either, in one or two examples which remain to us. I remember particularly a picture, which is, or was, in the possession of Mr. Munroe, of Park-street.

churches—I have always been of Mr. Westmacott's principles and party; always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple; and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very *acmé* of such irreverence and impropriety in taste; but here the impression is far different. O those awful, grim, mounted warriors and doges, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari!—man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, life-like—suspended, as it were, so far above us, that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches, and that was almost daily, whether at morn, or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steed, and trampled Turk; or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, "Good heavens! how came they there?"

And not to forget the great wonder of modern times,—I hear people talking of the railroad across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetize Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the siren of the Adriatic into the "dull catalogue of common things;" and they call on me

to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of Murray's Handbook; but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me, that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more;—to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus, and in this gigantic causeway and its seventy-five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen-winged, to which neither alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier—nothing but a common-place. I must say I pity them. *I* see a future fraught with hopes for Venice:—

> Twining memories of old time
> With new virtues more sublime!

I will join in any denunciations against the devastators, whitewashers, and so-called renovators; may they be——rewarded! But in the midst of our regrets for the beauty that is outworn or profaned, why should we despond, as if the fountains of beauty were reserved in heaven, and flowed no more to us on earth? Why should we be always looking back, till our heads are wellnigh twisted off our shoulders? Why all our reverence, all our faith for the past, as if the night were already come "in which no man can work?"—as if there were not a long day before us for effort in the cause of humanity—for progress in the knowledge of good?

While thinking of that colossal range of piers

and arches, bestriding the sea—massy and dark against the golden sunset, as I last saw them, I am reminded of another occasion, on which I beheld the poetry of science and civilization, and the poetry of memory and association, brought into close and startling propinquity.

At this time it happened that the young queen of Greece was at Venice. We used to meet her sometimes gliding about in an open gondola, with her picturesque attendants; and with that kind of interest which those singled out for high and mournful destinies excite in every human heart, we could not help watching her as she passed and repassed, and looking into her countenance, pale and elegant, and somewhat sad. I believe it was partly in her honor and partly to amuse two boy-princes of Austria, also there, that a French aëronaut was engaged on a certain day to ascend in his balloon from the Campo di San Luca. Now every one knows that as the streets of Venice are merely paved alleys, so these open spaces, dignified by the name of *campi* (fields or squares), are, most of them, not larger than the little paved courts in the heart of London—gaps, breathing-places, some few yards square. On this grand occasion, the whole of the Campo di San Luca was let out, every window occupied. *We* also were of the invited, but we wisely considered that it would be much like looking up at the balloon from the bottom of a well. So we ordered our gondolier to row us out on the Grand Canal, and in the direc

tion which we knew the wind would *discreetly* oblige the aëronaut to take, that is, towards the main land; and there we floated about in the open Lagune beyond Santa Chiara, till we beheld the balloon emerging suddenly from amid the clustered buildings, then ascending slowly—gracefully, and hovering like a ball of fire over the city. The sun was just setting, as it sets at Venice, dome, and pinnacle, and lofty campanile bathed in crimson light. The people had all crowded to the other end of the town, and were congregated round royalty in the Piazza and the public gardens. Solitary in our gondola, on the wide Lagune, we leaned back and watched the balloon soaring overhead in the direction of Padua; while our gondolier, rendered perhaps for the first time in his life silent with astonishment, stood leaning on his oar, breathless, his mouth wide open, from which, as soon as he could find voice, issued a volley of adjurations and imprecations, after the Venetian fashion. A month afterwards, at Verona, I encountered the same aëronaut, but this time he had undertaken to rise from the centre of the ancient amphitheatre. It is calculated to hold 22,000 persons; therefore, as it was nearly full, there must have been from 15,000 to 18,000 people collected within the circuit of its massy walls, and ranged, tier above tier, on its marble seats. In fact, the whole population of Verona and its neighborhood seemed, on this occasion, to have poured into its vast enclosure.

It was a holiday; all were gayly dressed. There were bands of music, a regiment or two of Austrian soldiers, under arms, as usual; and the multitude of spectators, one half in sunshine, the other half in shade, sat for some time, now hushed into silence by suspense; now breaking into a murmur of impatience, swelling like a hollow sound, just heard so far as impatience and discontent are allowed to be audible in this submissive, military-ridden country. Meantime the process of filling the balloon was going on, even in that very recess whence the wild beasts were let loose on their victims. When it was filled, and while still held down by the cords, the aëronaut slowly made the circuit of the arena above the heads of the people, throwing down as he passed showers of bonbons on the ladies beneath. The men then let go the ropes, and the machine ascended swiftly, to the sound of triumphant music and animated *bravos*, and floated off in the direction of Mantua. Many hundreds of the people rushed up to the topmost summit of the building, which is without any defensive parapet, and there they stood gesticulating on the giddy verge, their forms strongly defined against the blue sky. We also ascended; what a scene was there! Below us the city spread out in all the vividness of an Italian atmosphere; with its winding river and strange old bridges, and cypress-crowned hill; on one side the sun setting in a blaze of purple and gold; on the other, the pale large moon rising like a gigantic spectre of

herself; and far to the south, the balloon diminishing to a speck—a point, till lost in the depths of space. Turning again to the interior, we saw the crowds sinking from sight, with an awful rapidity, as if swallowed up by the cavern-like *Vomitories;* and by the time we had descended into the arena, there were but a few stragglers left, flitting like ghosts to and fro in the midst of its vast circuit, already gloomily dark, while all without was still glowing in the evening light. It was in the midst of this scene, and while lost in the thousand speculations to which it gave rise, that I heard some travellers talking of the profanation of the antique circus, by being made a theatre of amusement and by the admission of a motley crowd of modern barbarians. Could they see in the contrast suggested by such a spectacle only the desecration of an old Roman relic—the intrusion of the common-place into the poetical? To me it was earnest of the victory of mind over ferocious ignorance—a purifying of those blood-stained precincts—that they should witness the peaceful yet glorious triumphs of science even *there* where such wholesale horrors were once enacted as freeze the blood to think of. Do the admirers of the world's old age, which, as Bacon truly says, ought rather to be called the world's rash infancy, wish such times returned? Italy will not be regenerated by looking back, but by looking forward.

People may gaze up at that old Verona amphi-

theatre, and on the fallen or falling palaces of Venice, and moralize on the transitoriness of all human things:—well is it for us that some things are transitory! Let us believe, as we *must*, if we have faith in God's good government of the world, that nothing dies that deserves to live; that nothing perishes into which the spirit of man has entered; that we are the heirs not only of immortality in heaven, but of an immortality on earth—of immortal mind bequeathed to us, and which we in our turn transmit with increase to our descendants. Why ask of all-various, infinite Nature another Shakspeare, another Raphael, another Titian? Have they not lived and done their work? Why ask to have the past, even in its most excellent form, reproduced? Is it not *here*, beside us, a part of our present existence?

When I wandered through some of those glorious old churches in Lombardy, surrounded by their faded frescos and mystic groups,—

> Virgin, and babe, and saint,
> With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,

a solemn feeling was upon me—a sense of the sublime and the true, which did not arise merely from the perception of excellence in art, neither was it a yearning after those forms of faith which have gone into the past; but because in these enduring monuments the past was made *present;* because the spirit of devotion which had raised them, and filled them with images of beauty and holiness,

being in itself a truth, that truth died not—could not die—but seemed to me still inhabiting there, still hovering round, still sanctifying and vivifying the forms it had created. When a short time afterwards I crossed the Alps and found myself at Munich, how different all! The noble churches, professedly and closely imitated from the types and models left by mediæval art, lavishly decorated with pictures and sculpture executed to perfection, found me every day admiring, praising, criticizing —but ever cold. I felt how vain must be the attempt to reanimate the spirit of catholicism merely by returning to the forms. "Still," as Schiller says so beautifully, "doth the old feeling bring back the old names;"—but never will the old names bring back the old feeling. How strongly I felt this at Munich! In the Basilica especially, which has been dedicated to St. Boniface, where every group, figure, ornament, has had its prototype in some of the venerable edifices of old Christian Rome, brought from the Sant' Agnese, or the Santa Prasseda. *There* they were, awful—soul-lifting—heart-speaking, because they were the expression of a faith which lived in men's souls, and worked in their acts—were, and *are*, for time cannot silence that expression nor obliterate that impress; but these factitious, second-hand exhibitions of modern religious art, fall comparatively so cold on the imagination—so flat—so profitless! Of course I am speaking here not of their merit, but of their moral effect, or rather their moral

efficacy. The real value, the real immortality of the beautiful productions of old art lies in their *truth*, as embodying the spirit of a particular age. We have not so much outlived that spirit, as we have comprehended it in a still larger sphere of experience and existence. We do not repudiate it; we cannot, without repudiating a *truth;* but we carry it with us into a wider, grander horizon. It is no longer the whole, but a part, as that which is now the whole to us shall hereafter be but a part; for thus the soul of humanity spreads into a still-widening circle, embracing the yet unknown, the yet unrevealed, unattained. This age, through which we have lived—are living—in what form will it show itself to futurity, and be comprehended in it—by it?—not, as I believe, in any form of the fine arts; in machinery perhaps; in the perfecting of civil and educational institutions. This is our prosaic present which is the destined cradle of a poetical future. Sure I am, that an age is opening upon us which will seek and find its manifestation in the highest art: all is preparing for such an advent; but they who would resuscitate the forms of art of the past ages, might as well think to make Attic Greek once more the language of our herb-women. Those tongues we call and account as dead have ceased to be the medium of communion between soul and soul; yet they are really living, are immortal, through the glorious thoughts they have served to embody; and as it has been with the classical languages, so it is with

the arts of the middle ages; they live and are immortal,—but for all present purposes they are *dead.*

Piety in art—poetry in art—Puseyism in art,—let us be careful how we confound them.

. . . . . .

Titian—for we are still in Venice, where every object recalls him, so that whatever the train of thought, it brings us round to him—Titian was certainly not a *pietist* in art, nor yet a mannerist. He neither painted like a monk, nor like an academician; nor like an angel, as it was said of Raphael; nor like a Titan, as one might say of Michael Angelo; but he painted like a MAN! like a man to whom God had given sense and soul, a free mind, a healthy and a happy temperament; one whose ardent human sympathies kept him on earth and humanized all his productions; who was satisfied with the beauty his mother Nature revealed to him, and reproduced the objects he beheld in such a spirit of love as made them lovely. Sorrow was to him an accidental visitation which threw no shadow either on his spirit or his canvas. He perhaps thought, like another old painter, that "*il non mai fare altro che affaticarsi senza pigliarsi un piacere al mondo, non era cosa da Christiani.*" But the pleasures he so vividly enjoyed never seem to have either enslaved or sullied his clear, healthful mind. He had never known sickness; his labor was his delight; and from the day he had learned to handle his pencil, he never passed a

day without using it. His life of a century, spent, with the exception of a few occasional absences, in his beloved Venice, was one of the happiest, the most honored, the most productive, as it was one of the longest on record.

Ludovico Dolce, who knew Titian personally, and was, for many years, one of his social circle, assures us that "he was most modest; that he never spoke reproachfully of other painters; that, in his discourse, he was ever ready to give honor where honor was due; that he was, moreover, an eloquent speaker, having an excellent wit and a perfect judgment in all things; of a most sweet and gentle nature, affable and most courteous in manner; so that whoever once conversed with him, could not choose but love him thenceforth forever." On the whole, this praise was, probably, deserved; but it is unsatisfactory to reflect that precisely the same praise, nearly in the same words, has been applied to Raphael; and that Raphael and Titian were, in character and in temperament, the antipodes of each other. It sounds like a string of approving phrases, which might apply to any amiable and distinguished man. We wish to hear something of Titian more distinct, more discriminative—founded in a knowledge of those peculiar elements which made up his individuality, and which influenced every production of his mind and hand. That he was a man of great energy; of a gay and genial temper;

independent, not so much from a love of liberty, as a love of ease; of strong passions and affections; and, notwithstanding the praise of his friend Ludovico, quite capable of hating a rival; all this we may infer from various anecdotes of his life; and that he was accomplished in the learning of his time, and fond of the society of learned men, is also apparent. It was not for his vices he loved Aretino, but in spite of them. Aretino had wit, learning, admirable taste in art; and his attachment to Titian of thirty years, by its duration, proved its sincerity; but Titian had other and more honorable friendships; and there is something very characteristic and touching also in the pleasure with which he represented himself and one or other of his intimate friends in the same picture. One of these twin portraits is at Windsor, and represents Titian and the Chancellor Franceschini; another gives us Titian and his gossip (*compare*), Francesco Zuccati, the "Maitre Mosaïste,"* who is one of the principal personages in George Sand's beautiful Tale; and there are other instances. Then we have himself and his mistress, or his wife; and himself and his daughter. No painter has more stamped his soul, affections, and inmost being on the works of his hand, than did this magnificent and genial old man. *Old*, we say, in speaking of him; for we see him ever with that furrowed brow,

* D. Francesco del Musaico; he stood godfather to a daughter of Titian, who died in her infancy; "*Francesco è il mio compare ch' ei mi batizò una Puta che me morse*," says Titian.

piercing eye, aquiline nose, and ample flowing beard, which his portraits exhibit; we think of him painting his Venus and Adonis when he was eighty; and we can no more bring Titian before us as a *young* man, than we can fancy the angelic Raphael old. The venerable patriarchal dignity with which we invest the personal image of Titian in our minds is in contrast equally with the immortal loveliness of his works—full of the very "sap of life,"—the untiring energy of his mortal career, and the miserable scene of abandonment which closed it.

After a pilgrimage through the churches and palaces of Venice, after looking, every day, with ever new delight, on the "Presentation in the Temple," and the "Assumption" in the Academia, we had resolved to close our sojourn by a visit of homage to the house in which the great old master dwelt for fifty years (the half of his long life), and lived and loved, and laughed and quaffed with Aretino, and Sansovino, and Bembo, and Bernardo Tasso; and feasted starry-eyed Venetian dames, and entertained princes, and made beauty immortal, and then—died—O, such a death! a death which should seem, in its horror and its loathsomeness, to have summed up the bitterness of a life-long sorrow, in a few short hours

It was not in the Barberigo Palace that Titian dwelt, nor did he, as has been supposed, work or die there. His residence, previous to his first fa-

mous visit to Bologna, was in a close and crowded part of Venice, in the Calle Gallipoli, near San Tomà; in the same neighborhood Giorgione had resided, but in an open space in front of the church of San Silvestro. The locality pointed out as Titian's residence is very much the same as it must have been in the sixteenth century; for Venice has not changed since then in expansion, though it has seen many other changes; has increased in magnificence—has drooped in decay. In this alley, for such it was and is, he lived for many years, a frugal as well as a laborious life; his only certain resource being his pension as state painter, in which office he succeeded his master, Gian Bellini. When riches flowed in with royal patronage, he removed his *atelier* to a more spacious residence in a distant, beautiful quarter of the city; and, without entering into any extravagance, he proved that he knew how to spend money, as well as how to earn money, to his own honor and the delight of others.

It is curious that a house so rich in associations, and, as one should suppose, so dear to Venice, should, even now, be left obscure, half-ruined, wellnigh forgotten, after being, for two centuries, unknown, unthought of. It was with some difficulty we found it. The direction given to us was, "*Nella contrada di S. Canciano, in Luogo appellato Biri-grande, nel campo Rotto, sopra la palude o Canale ch'è in fàccia all isola di Murano dove ora*

stanno innalzate le Fondamenta nuove ;" minute enough, one would think ; but, even our gondolier, one of the most intelligent of his class, was here at fault. We went up and down all manner of canals, and wandered along the Fondamenta Nuove, a beautiful quay or terrace, built of solid stone, and running along the northern shore of this part of the city. Here we lingered about, so intoxicated with the beauty of the scene, and the view over the open Lagune, specked with gondolas gliding to and fro, animated by the evening sunshine, and a breeze which blew the spray in our faces, that every now and then we forgot our purpose, only, however, to resume our search with fresh enthusiasm ; diving into the narrow alleys, which intersect, like an intricate network, the spaces between the canals ; and penetrating into strange nooks and labyrinths, which those who have not seen, do not know some of the most peculiar and picturesque aspects of Venice.

We were now in San Canciano, near the church of the Gesuiti, and knew we must be close upon the spot indicated, but still it seemed to elude us. At length a young girl, looking out of a dilapidated, unglazed window, herself like a Titian portrait set in an old frame—so fresh—so young—so mellow-cheeked—with the redundant tresses and full dark eyes *alla Veneziana*, after peeping down archly on the perplexed strangers, volunteered a direction to the Casa di Tiziano, in the Campo Rotto ; for she seemed to guess, or had overheard our purpose.

We hesitated; not knowing how far we might trust this extemporaneous benevolence. The neighborhood had no very good reputation in Titian's time; and, as it occurred to me, had much the appearance of being still inhabited by persons *delle quali è bello il tacere.* But one of my companions gallantly swearing that such eyes *could* not play us false, insisted on following the instruction given; and he was right. After threading a few more of these close narrow passages, we came upon the place and edifice we sought. That part of it looking into the Campo Rotto is a low wine-house, dignified by the title of the "*Trattaria di Tiziano;*" and under its vine-shadowed porch sat several men and women regaling. The other side still looking into a little garden (even the very "delettevole giardino de Messer Tiziano"), is portioned out to various inhabitants; on the exterior wall some indications of the fresco paintings which once adorned it are still visible. A laughing, ruffianly, half-tipsy gondolier, with his black cap stuck roguishly on one side, and a countenance which spoke him ready for any mischief, insisted on being our *cicerone;* and an old shoemaker, or tailor, I forget which, did the honors with sober civility. We entered by a little gate leading into the garden, and up a flight of stone steps to an antique porch, overshadowed by a vine, which had but lately yielded its harvest of purple grapes, and now hung round the broken pillars and balustrades in long, wild, neglected festoons. From this entrance

another flight of stone steps led up to the principal apartments, dilapidated, dirty, scantily furnished. The room which had once been the chief saloon and Titian's *atelier*, must have been spacious and magnificent, capable of containing very large-sized pictures,—the canvas, for instance, of the Last Supper, painted for Philip II. We found it now portioned off by wooden partitions, into various small tenements; still one portion of it remained, in size and loftiness oddly contrasted with the squalid appearance of the inmates. About forty years ago, there was seen, on a compartment of the ceiling, a beautiful group of dancing Cupids. One of the lodgers, a certain Messer Francesco Breve, seized with a sudden fit of cleanliness, whitewashed it over; but being made aware of his mistake, he tore it down, and attempted to cleanse off the chalk, for the purpose of selling it. What became of the maltreated relic is not known; into such hands had the dwelling of Titian descended! *

* See the documents appended to a work, by the Abbate Cadorin, published in 1833, and which bears the rather fantastic title, "Dello Amore di Tiziano per i Veneziani." The greater part and the more valuable part of the quarto consists in the extracts from the public registers, &c., which have settled finally many dates and many disputed points relative to the life and the residence of Titian. Of the diligence and good faith of the Abbé Cadorin, there can be no doubt. I am not aware that there exists in any language a good life of Titian. Ridolfi and Ticozzi are full of mistakes, which have been copied into all other biographies. It is curious that the earliest life of Titian (published at Venice in 1622) was dedicated to an Englishwoman, the Countess of Arundel and Surrey. The dedication may be found in Bottari, *Lettere Pittoriche*, vol. i. p. 574.

The little neglected garden, which once sloped down to the shore, and commanded a view over the Lagune to Murano, was now shut in by high buildings, intercepting all prospect but of the sky, and looked strangely desolate. The impression left by the whole scene was most melancholy, and no associations with the past, no images of beauty and of glory, came between us and the intrusive vulgarity of the present.

Titian removed hither from the close neighborhood of San Tomà, in the year 1531, and at that time a more beautiful site for the residence of a painter can hardly be conceived. Claude's house, on the Monte Pincio, at Rome, was not more suited to him than was the San Canciano to Titian. The building was nearly new; it had been erected in 1527, by the Patrician Alvise Polani, and was then called the Casa Grande, to distinguish it from others in the neighborhood; it stood detached, and facing the north; the garden, then a vacant space (*terreno vacuo*) reaching to the Lagune. In September, 1531, Titian hired from Bianca Polani, and her husband Leonardo Molini, the upper part of the house, at a yearly rent of forty ducats, and removed into it with all his family. He was then in his fifty-third year, and at the height of his reputation. In a renewal of the lease, in 1536, we find Titian called *Il celeberrimo D. Tiziano*, which appears to us Northerns rather a singular phrase to be introduced into a formal legal document.

He had recently lost his wife Cecilia.* His eldest son, Pomponio, was about six years old; his second son, Orazio, about three; and his daughter, Lavinia, an infant of about a year old. His sister, Ursula, was at the head of his household, which she regulated for twenty years with great prudence and diligence. Up to this time Titian had lived with frugality. Though honored and admired by his fellow-citizens, the prices he had received for his works were comparatively small. Could he have resolved to leave his beloved Venice he might have revelled in riches and honors, such as princes lavish on their favorites; Francis I., Leo X., and the Dukes of Mantua, Urbino, and Ferrara, had contended for the honor of attaching him to their service. "But," to quote his own words, in one of his memorials to the Doge and Council of Ten, "I preferred living in humble mediocrity, under the shadow of my natural lords, than in what prosperous condition soever under foreign princes; and I have constantly refused all the proposals made to me, that I might remain near your Illustrious Excellencies." What the princes of Italy had failed to accomplish, the Emperor Charles V., with all the allurements of his power, could not effect; he could not tempt the generous, high-souled painter to give up his independence and his country. It appears,

* Not *Lucia*, as she is called by Ticozzi. The dates of the birth of Titian's children are also given from the documents brought forward by Cadorin, and differ from former authorities. Cecilia died in 1530. V. Cadorin, note 19, p. 70.

however, that the patronage of the Emperor added considerably to his fortune; from the date of Titian's first visit to Bologna, where he painted the portraits of Charles V., Clement VII., the Cardinal de Medici, the Duke of Alva, and from which he returned with 2000 gold crowns in his purse, we find him increasing in riches and honors. He had, at first, taken only the upper part of this house; he then, from 1539, rented the whole of it; and a few years later he took the piece of land, the *terreno vacuo* adjoining, which he fenced in and converted into a delicious garden, extending to the shore. No buildings *then* rose to obstruct the view;—the Fondamenta Nuove did not then exist. He looked over the wide canal, which is the thoroughfare between the city of Venice and the Island of Murano; in front the two smaller islands of San Cristoforo * and San Michele; and beyond them Murano, rising on the right, with all its domes and campanili, like another Venice. Far off extended the level line of the mainland, and, in the distance, the towering chain of the Friuli Alps, sublime, half defined, with jagged snow-peaks soaring against the sky; and more to the left, the Euganean hills, Petrarch's home, melting, like visions, into golden light. There, in the evening, gondolas filled with ladies and cavaliers, and resounding with music, were seen skimming over the crimson waves of the Lagune, till the purple darkness came on rapidly—

* San Cristoforo is now a cemetery, and in one corner of it lies poor Leopold Robert, the painter.

not, as in the north, like a gradual veil, but like a gemmed and embroidered curtain suddenly let down over all. This was the view from the garden of Titian; so unlike any other in the world, that it never would occur to me to compare it with any other. More glorious combinations of sea, mountain, shore, there may be—I cannot tell; *like* it, is nothing that I have ever beheld or imagined.

In this beautiful residence dwelt Titian for the last fifty years of his life. He made occasional excursions to Bologna, Ferrara, Urbino, Mantua, Milan, and to Augsburg and Inspruck, in compliance with the commands of his princely patrons. But this was his home, to which he returned with ever-increasing love and delight, and from which no allurements could tempt him. He preferred, to the splendid offers of sovereigns, his independence, his friends, his art, his country—for such Venice had become to him—"*la mia Venezia*," as he fondly styles her. Nor did his love for his magnificent foster-mother diminish his affection for his little paternal home among the mountains. In proof of this we find the scenery of Pieve di Cadore perpetually reproduced in his pictures: the towering cliff, the castle, the wild, broken ground, the huge plane and chestnut-trees, with their great wreathed roots,—these form the backgrounds of his classical and sacred subjects; these furnished the features of his beautiful pastoral landscapes and his harvest scenes—all of which are from nature. While, of

Venetian localities, I can remember no instance, except the backgrounds of some of the historical pictures painted for the Doges. Among the sketches by Titian I have seen in various collections, I do not remember one taken from his garden at Venice. The solitary instance I have heard of, is the introduction of the bushy tree, with the round-shaped leaves, introduced into the foreground of the picture of St. Peter Martyr; which is traditionally said to be a study from a certain tree which grew in his garden at San Canciano. The tradition, first mentioned I believe by Zanetti,* is always repeated by those who show you the picture in the church of St. John and St. Paul. But if it be true that the San Pietro was painted in 1520, seven years before the house was built, and twenty years, at least, before the garden was laid out, what becomes of the tradition? Unfortunately, dates and documents are inexorable things to deal with, "putting down" theories and traditions with plain matter of fact, to the utter confusion of the credulous and the affliction of the sentimental.

But without having recourse to these doubtful stories, there remains enough of what is certain and indisputable to lend to the house of Titian a thousand charming associations. It is true that the Bacchus and Ariadne, the Four Ages, the Assumption, the Peter Martyr, and many of his finest

* "Trattato della Pittura," p. 159. Edit. 1792.

pictures, were painted before he took up his residence here ; * but most of the pictures painted after 1531 were finished in this *atelier*, even when begun elsewhere. Here Ippolito de' Medicis sat to him on his return from Hungary, in his Hungarian costume. Here he painted the Venus of the Florence Gallery, The Entombment, the Ecce Homo of the Louvre, the St. Jerome of the Brera, the two Dianas in Lord Francis Egerton's Gallery, the Venus and Adonis, the Last Supper of the Escuriel, the San Nicolò in the Vatican, the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, and hundreds of other *chefs-d'œuvre*.† In his garden, after his day's work, the table was spread and he supped with his friends Aretino, Sansovino, Cardinal Bembo, Cardinal Trivulzi, Ludovico Dolce, Sperone Speroni. The conversations at his table gave rise to Dolce's Dialogo delle Pittura, and neither music nor good cheer was wanting to the feast. Here the princely painter entertained Henry III. of France, with his suite of nobles, and all their attendants ; but it does not appear that Henry sat

* The Bacchus and Ariadne, now in our National Gallery, was painted for the Duke of Ferrara in 1516; the Four Ages of the Bridgewater Gallery, in 1515; the Assumption, in 1518; and the St. Peter Martyr, begun about 1516, was finished in 1520. See Ridolfi and Cadorini.

† I believe we may add to this list the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, which has usually been supposed to be one of Titian's early pictures; but the introduction of Bembo, in his cardinal's robes, shows that it must have been painted after 1539. Bembo was created cardinal in that year. See his Life.

to him.* In fact, Titian painted few portraits during the last twenty years of his life; he had been, on account of his great age rather than the loss of power, absolved from his state duty of painting the Doges—the seventh, and the last who sat to him, was the Doge Veniero, in 1558.

We cannot think of Titian, gifted by nature with that sound, equable, and harmonious character, not often the concomitant of genius,† and prosperous even to the height of his wishes, without picturing him to ourselves as a happy man; and he must have been so on the whole, but sorrow found him as it finds all men. His son Pomponio must have been a perpetual source of pain and humiliation. He was an ecclesiastic who every way disgraced his profession,—apparently the excellent advice and exhortations of Aretino were of less force than his example. Orazio, the second son of Titian, became his father's friend, companion, and manager of his interests in foreign courts. He was a very good painter, but worked so continually with his father as his assistant, that few separate works remain to attest his ability. One incident in the otherwise peaceful and laborious life of Orazio is

* I doubt whether even the art of Titian could have ennobled the mean, sickly, effeminate features of this odious King; but he would probably have given us, as in his picture of Paul III., a wonderful transcript of nature.

† Lanzi says, "Dal suo nascere, il Vecellio avea sortito uno spirito sodo, tranquillo, portato al vero piuttosto che al nuovo; ed è quello spirito che forma siccome i veri litterati, cosi i veri pittori."

so little known, and so singularly characteristic of the manners of that time, that I am tempted to give it here. There was a certain Leone Leoni, a sculptor, remarkable equally for his talents and his ruffianly vices. He had been banished successively from Rome, Ferrara, and Venice; but still found patrons. A young man, his scholar, wearied of his tyranny and excesses, refused to leave Venice with him, and took refuge in the house of Titian, where he was received and kindly treated by Orazio. Leoni dispatched from Milan a hired assassin to murder the scholar in the house of his protector; but the blow missed, and the assassin escaped. Two years afterwards, in 1559, Orazio was sent by his father to Milan, with sundry pictures, for which he was to receive payment. Here he found Leoni living in affluence, and was received by him with professions of friendship; nor does it appear that Orazio was prevented, by his knowledge of Leoni's infamous character, from accepting his proffered kindness. On a certain evening, about the Ave-Maria, Orazio being seated in conversation with Leoni, a thrush, which hung in the room, began to flutter, on which Orazio took off his cloak, and flung it over the cage. At the same time it happened that two of Orazio's servants were seen passing by, carrying the pictures of Titian to the ducal palace. Either from the immediate impulse of envy and jealousy, or from premeditated vengeance for the protection given to his scholar Martino, Leoni drew his dagger, and

struck Orazio, who was occupied by the thrush, two blows, neither of which was mortal, and pursuing him to the door, inflicted several other wounds. Orazio escaped from the house, and took refuge with one of his friends; and what renders the whole story as curious as it is revolting, is the fact, that Leoni, who was under deep obligation to Titian for many kind offices, received no punishment; and that Orazio, after his recovery and return to Venice, memorialized the Council of Ten for the privilege of going armed himself, and attended by an armed servant; "being," as he averred, "in manifest peril of his life through the treachery of Leone Leoni, seeing that it was only through the benignity of his father's loving friend, the Lord Bishop of Bressa, who had given him an escort of armed men, that he had been able to return in safety to the bosom of his most happy and beloved nest (*nido*) in Venice," &c.* The mild Orazio was evidently not overburdened with personal courage. He is said to have painted portraits admirably;† and Boschini mentions a portrait of a Venetian lady "*vestida gravamente alla Veneziana*" of great beauty, which was purchased in his time by a certain Pitt, an Englishman, who carried it away "to delight his eyes in England." One would like to know whether this "certo Pitti" was one of the progenitors of that

* See the legal documents and depositions given at length by Cadorin, p. 50.

† V. Ridolfi, v. i. p. 200, and Lanzi.

noble family, and whether such a portrait of a Venetian lady be in the possession of any one bearing the name?

Titian's beautiful daughter Lavinia, the youngest and best beloved of his children, died before her father. He had often painted her; and seems to have so delighted in her society, that he could not easily part with her. One of the last pictures for which she served him as a model, was the Pan and Syrinx,* now in the Palazzo Barberigo, and apparently never quite finished. In March, 1555, Titian bestowed his daughter, with a noble dowry,† on Cornelio Scarsenello, of Serravalle, in Cadore. She became the mother of six children, and died in childbirth about 1561.

The Abbè Cadorin believes that Lavinia, and the circumstances of her death, form the subject of a very singular picture, which is, or was lately, in the possession of Mr. Morrison, of Harley Street, and of which there is a well-known etching by Van Dyck. A very different interpretation has been given to this picture; but when we recollect the supposed cause and circumstances of Lavinia's death; the age of Titian, who, in the picture, is an old man of eighty at least; we can hardly doubt that this hypothesis of Cadorin is the

* As his eulogist observes, "Pensiero per verità capriccioso e intorno a cui si potrebbe filosofare, ma non so con qual frutto Il Vecellio ne avrà avuto la sua ragione."

† He gave her 2400 ducats in money and jewels.

true one. My own belief, after observation of the picture, is, that it represents Lavinia at the age of twenty-eight or thirty; that it was begun by Titian before her death, and that after her death, the head of Titian, the too significant action, the death's head in the casket, and the Latin inscription, were added—not perhaps by Titian himself—but by Orazio, or one of his scholars; this, however, is only a supposition, which must go for what it is worth.

As for the beautiful Violante Palma, supposed to have been Titian's early love, as some say his mistress, and as others say, his wife,—it seems quite in vain to attempt to reconcile the conflicting dates, traditions, and testimonies, with regard to her. All that we can regard as certain is, that the same person (and a most beautiful creature she must have been) was the model of Giorgione, of Palma, and of Titian, for so we must conclude from the evident identity of a face painted by all these artists under different names.

The tradition has been constant that this person was Violante, one of the three daughters of the elder Palma, and that she was beloved by Titian. But, say the critics, "how could she be the love of Titian, since Palma, according to Vasari, was born in 1525? Titian must have been an old man of eighty while she was yet a child."

Now it is no little comfort to find that if dates and documents sometimes confound the enthusiasm

of the credulous; they also, sometimes, put to shame the sneers of the incredulous; and an examination of certain particulars will, at least, help to determine what was possible and what impossible. Vasari, notoriously unscrupulous with regard to dates, must be set aside; for it is proved from official documents that Palma was a painter of eminence in 1520. Cadorin sees reason to suppose that he was the contemporary of Titian, and born about 1480; therefore, in 1516, he might have had a daughter old enough, and lovely enough, to be introduced as one of the nymphs into the Bacchanal painted for the Duke of Ferrara,*—for so the tradition ran;—she *might* even be the original of the picture in the Manfrini Palace, celebrated by Lord Byron — this is asserted (though, for my own part, I do not believe it), —and of the exquisite portrait in the Pitti Palace; and the yet more delicious Flora in the Florence Gallery; and the Venus of Paris Bordone. With regard to the portraits of Violante, by her father, there can be no doubt. One is at Vienna, head and bust only; and to express her name she has a violet in her bosom. She appears in this picture as a young girl—about seventeen, full-formed, with a face of exquisite beauty, somewhat pensive in expression, and with very fair hair, apparently of the artificial tint already described. The other is at Dresden, in the same picture with her two sisters, Violante being the centre figure. The

* Now in Spain in the Madrid Gallery.

divine St. Barbara, in the church of S. Maria Formosa, at Venice, is also the portrait of Violante, and her father's masterpiece. With regard to the picture in the Louvre, called Titian's Mistress, as far as I can compare it in memory with these portraits, I should suppose it to represent quite a different person; neither can I subscribe to the theory of those who fancy that this most beautiful Contadina is the portrait of the Laura who was married to Alphonso of Ferrara, after the death of his first wife, Lucretia Borgia. If the Santa Giustina, at Vienna, with Alphonso kneeling at her feet, represents this beautiful Laura,—and I hope it does,—then the picture in the Louvre is a different person. The man in this picture certainly bears a resemblance to the Duke Alphonso, and no resemblance whatever to Titian. But the question could only be set at rest by bringing all these pictures into close comparison with each other,—a thing impossible. A comparison of the engravings, or of copies, would not suffice.

What became of the beautiful Violante we do not know. She is named, with Paola Sansovino and La Franceschini, among the ladies who adorned Titian's garden suppers; but whether we have any grounds for associating her memory with the house at San Canciano, is, I think, doubtful.

Of his other associates, Bembo died in 1547, Aretino in 1559, and Sansovino in 1586. The death of Aretino, his fast friend and companion

for thirty-five years, touched him most. The perpetual, unavoidable association of the name and fame of Titian with the measureless infamy of this dissolute man, is very painful. But the worst are not wholly bad; and no one has denied the strength and sincerity of Aretino's attachments where he really loved, and particularly his devoted friendship for Titian.

As to the degrading and deteriorating influence which Aretino is said to have exercised over the morals, genius, and productions of Titian, I do not believe in any such influence. I *did* once, and had a strong feeling on the subject; more knowledge—or rather less ignorance—has changed my opinion. We have the united testimony of all Titian's contemporaries, with regard to the becoming dignity and decorum of his manners. Aretino was twenty years younger than Titian; their friendship did not commence till about 1527; and I must observe, that such was the reputation of Aretino, at that time, that even the severe Michael Angelo addressed him with respect, and called him "brother" *(Fratello mio)*; and the grave and virtuous Vittoria Colonna was in correspondence with him. If Aretino had been the friend of the mild and modest Correggio, we should probably have attributed to his influence or inspiration several pictures, which we have reason to wish that Correggio had never painted. The truth is, that the artists of the sixteenth century took their impress from the age; and what an

age it was,—how brilliant and how polluted! The predominance in Italy of certain great families, remarkable for their public vices and the atrocities of their domestic history, the Borgia, Medici, Farnese, Este, and Gonzago races, in all their branches, had infected Italy from north to south, —had made every excess of the most flagitious wickedness common-place: the dregs left behind by the savage and depraved mercenaries of France and Germany complete a picture from which the mind would recoil in unmingled disgust, if the wonderful activity and brilliance of intellect displayed did not dazzle us, and the working out of a new spirit, which we are *now* able to trace through all this mass of corruption, did not fix our attention. Aretino was the rank product of this rank age, which yet he had sense enough, and wit enough, to estimate truly, even while concentrating all its characteristics of baseness and sensuality in his own person.

The profligate churchmen, and the vicious and perfidious princes of his time, whether they were the themes of his flattery or his satire, seem to have been, at least, the perpetual objects of his absolute and bitter scorn. His praise and his invective were put up to public sale; all was open, shameless barter or bribery, of which, as it seems to me, the greater infamy does not fall on Aretino. But not longer to defile my pen and paper with the subject, I will only observe, that Aretino had a true judgment in art;—the tone of criticism, all through his letters (I

allude of course to those in the collection of Bottari), is excellent.

There are several portraits of Aretino, by Titian; one, in the Munich Gallery, which represents him as a young man, is remarkable for the lofty intellectual brow and refined expression. And there is a famous engraving by Marc Antonio, of the authenticity of which, as a portrait, there can be no doubt, as it is alluded to by Aretino himself. It exhibits a head of great power, but with a debased and sensual expression, which must be characteristic. As a piece of art this engraving is wonderful. If *both* these portraits represent Aretino, the depravation of the head and countenance in the second one is a lesson in morals and in physiology, worth consideration.

After the death of Aretino, Titian quitted his house and Venice, for a time, and went into the Friuli, where he spent some months with Andrea, lord of Spilimbergo, and gave some instructions in painting to his accomplished daughter, Irene.*

But, after a while, he returned to Venice, and found, in his incessant devotion to his art, his best consolation. On the whole, we must agree with Vasari, who, when he visited Titian, in his house at San Canciano, and found him, in his 90th year, still cheerful and healthful, in full possession of his faculties, and looking back on a long life of glory

* Lanzi reckons Irene da Spilimbergo among the scholars of Titian, and notices, with praise, three pictures by her.

and prosperity, pronounced him happiest among mortal men. But then came the closing scene; so dark and dismal, that it seemed as if the destinies would, at last, be avenged on their favorite. Here, in this same house, Titian lay dying of the pestilence, which had half depopulated Venice;—on a bed near him, his son Orazio. The curators of the sick, in the sternly-pitiful fulfilment of their office, carried off Orazio to the plague-hospital; but they left the old man, for whom there was no hope,—and who was, even then, in the death-gasp,—to die alone. It appears that, before he could have ceased to breathe, some of those wretches who come as surely in the train of such horrors as vultures in the rear of carnage—robbers, who went about spoiling the dead and the dying—entered his room, ransacked it, carried off his jewels, the gifts of princes, valuable cups and vases chased in gold and silver,—and, worse than all, some of his most precious pictures. Let us hope that the film of death was already on his eyes; that he saw it not—felt it not. He died on the 27th of August, 1576.

Even in that hour of terror and affliction, the Venetian State could not overlook the honors due to their glorious painter. The rites of burial were, by law, suspended; but an exception was made for Titian. He was carried to the grave with such solemnity as the calamitous times would permit—and buried, as he himself had willed, at the foot of the Altar of the Crucifix, in the Church of the Frari.

It is worth noting that the last picture on which Titian worked, before he died (a sketch left unfinished), was a figure of St. Sebastian, who is, in Italy, regarded as the patron saint against plague and pestilence;—probably intended as a votive offering from himself, or some other, when the scourge had passed away. It is now in the Barberigo Palace.

Another picture, on which he had been working up to the time of his death, was the Pietà, now in the Academy at Venice. Titian intended this picture to be placed over his own tomb, in the Chapel of the Crucifixion. It represents a niche or arch of rustic architecture; on one side the statue of Moses;—on the other, that of the Sibyl Hellespontica; within the niche sits the Virgin, bearing the dead Redeemer on her knees; Mary Magdalen, with outstretched arms, is lamenting aloud, and comes forward, as if she called on the spectators to sympathize in her sorrow;—near the Saviour, and supporting one of his arms, kneels the figure of an aged man almost undraped, meagre and wrinkled, with a bald head, and a long flowing beard. This has been supposed, by some critics, to be Joseph of Arimathea; according to others, a St. Jerome. My own impression, when I stood before the picture, was, that Titian had intended to represent himself. I mention this merely as the impression, before I was aware of any interpretation given to the picture, which is very peculiar in conception —quite different from the usual treatment; the

execution, however, is feeble. To the younger Palma, his scholar, was intrusted the task of preparing this picture for its destination. He did so; placing conspicuously on it a touching inscription, to this effect: "That which Titian left unfinished, Palma reverently completed, and dedicated the work to God." The picture is now placed in the Gallery of the Academia, while the monument to Titian is in progress. Whether it will be restored to the Altar—its original destination—I could not learn.

But we must return, once more, to the house at San Canciano. After the death of Titian and the cessation of the plague, Pomponio Vecelli hastened to Venice, to take possession of his inheritance. Though a dissipated, he was not absolutely a worthless man; for we find that he bestowed, as a gift,* the estates at Cadore on the children of his sister Lavinia. The house at San Canciano reverted to the proprietors; but, as it was proved that Titian was a creditor to the amount of 510 ducats, which they were unable to pay, the house remained in possession of Pomponio; and he sold his interest in it to Cristoforo Barberigo, together with a number of his father's pictures, which Barberigo removed to his palace at San Polo, where they are now to be seen.

Nothing more is known of Pomponio, except that he dissipated his patrimony, and was living in obscurity and poverty in the year 1595. In 1581,

* (*In dono.*) See the document in Cadorin.

Barberigo lent or gave the house at San Canciano to the painter Francesco da Ponte, the son of old Bassano. After inhabiting it for about ten years, Francesco threw himself from the window, in a fit of insanity, and was killed on the spot. This happened on the 4th of July, 1592.

The next inhabitant was again a painter. Leonardo Corona, one of the Venetian mannerists, who most successfully imitated Titian, rented the house from Barberigo, and lived there for ten years. I remember one good picture by this painter: an Annunciation over one of the altars in the Frari. There are others at Venice, but I cannot recall them. He died here in 1605.

Cristoforo Barberigo left the house of Titian, by will, to his natural son Andrea; but the pictures by Titian, which he had purchased from Pomponio, he left to his legal heirs, to descend as an inalienable heirloom in the family. This is the reason we find them still preserved in the Barberigo Palace. Andrea left the house to his daughter Chiara; and her husband, one Marconi, residing at Rome, sold it, in 1674, to Pietro Berlendis, a patrician of Venice. At this period the house was let out in various tenements, but apparently to persons of condition. We find among the lodgers two sisters of the Faliero family.* All this time the heirs of the original proprietor, Alviso Polani, had certain claims on the estate; but these were finally paid

* Cadorin, document G. p. 121.

off; and in 1759, the house and garden became, *bonâ fide*, the property of the Berlendis family.

As the house decayed, it continued to be rented by various lodgers; and these became gradually of the poorer class—mechanics, tradesmen, gondoliers —till we come to that Ser Francesco Breve, who tore down the Cupids from the ceiling, about 1805. In 1812, Pietro, Baron Berlendis, ruined by the political revolutions of his country, sold the house and its appendages, which had been in his family 150 years, to four brothers, named Locatelli; and these, again, in 1826, sold it to a certain Antonio Busetto, who is, I believe, the present proprietor. At what period the edifices were erected along the Fondamente Nuove, which now shut out the view of the Lagune from the house and garden, I do not find; they have not, by any means, the appearance of new buildings, and are very lofty.

This is the history of the house of Titian. It is going fast to ruin, and has long been desecrated by mean uses and vulgar inmates; yet as long as one stone stands upon another, it will remain one of the monuments of Venice. When I visited the place of his rest, at the foot of the altar of the crucifix in the "Frari," I found the site closed in with boards; and was told that a magnificent tomb was at last to be erected over his hitherto almost nameless grave. What it is to be I know not; something, perhaps, in the most egregious bad taste —a mere job—like that of Canova. But, what-

ever it may be, good or bad, it seems to me that it is now too late for any thing of the kind. On what monument could we look with more respect than on a tablet inscribed with his name; leaving out, of course, the common-place doggerel about Zeuxis and Apelles? * And what performance, in the way of "storied urn or animated bust," will not suggest a comparison with his own excelling works? What can do him more honor than the simple recognition of his excellence, living, as it does in the divine productions of his art, which are everywhere around us? How much better to have restored his house—that home he so loved—and converted it into some national institution? It as much deserves this distinction as the Palace of the Foscari; † the size and situation are even more favorable for such a purpose; and this would have been a monument worthy of the generous heart of Titian. Arquà still boasts of the house of Petrarch;—Ferrara still shows, with pride, the little study of Ariosto;—Sorrento, the cradle of Tasso;—Urbino, the modest dwelling in which Raphael saw the light;—Florence, the Casa Buonarotti. In Venice, the house of Titian is abandoned to the most heartless neglect; and the people now think as little of it as we do of the house in Crutched

* The inscription,

"Qui giace il gran Tiziano Vecelli
Emulator dei Zeusi e degli Appelli,

was written by one of the monks of the convent.

† Which is to be converted into a School of Engineers.

Friars, where Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost." If it were in a village, three hundred miles off, we should be making pilgrimages to it; but the din of a city deafens the imagination to all such voices from the dead.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON,

AND HIS AXIOMS ON ART.

JANUARY 1, 1844.

IT has been suggested that I should throw together such notes and reminiscences as occur to me relative to Allston, his character, and his works. I commence the task, not without a feeling of reverential timidity, wishing that it had fallen into more competent hands;—and yet gladly;—strong in the feeling that it is a debt due to his memory; since, when living, he honored me so far as to desire I should be the expositor of some of his opinions, thoughts, and aims as an artist. I knew him, and count among the memorable passages of my life the few brief hours spent in communion with him:—

> "Benedetto sia il giorno, e'l mese,
> E l'anno.————"

It is understood that his letters, papers, and

other memorials of his life, have been left by will at the disposal of a gifted relative every way capable of fulfilling the task of biographer.* Meantime, these few personal recollections, these fragments of his own mind, which I am able to give, will be perused with the sympathy of indulgence by those who in the artist reverenced the man; and with interest, and perhaps with advantage, by those who knew the artist only in his works.

When in America, I was struck by the manner in which the imaginative talent of the people had thrown itself forth in painting; the country seemed to me to swarm with painters. In the Western States society was too new to admit of more than blind and abortive efforts in Art; genius itself was extinguished amid the mere material wants of existence; the green wood kindled, and was consumed in its own smoke, and gave forth no visible flame either to warm or to enlighten. In the Eastern States, the immense proportion of positively and outrageously bad painters, was, in a certain sense, a consolation and an encouragement; there was too much genius for mediocrity; —they had started from a wrong point;—and in the union of self-conceit and ignorance with talent —and in the absence of all good models, or any guiding-light—they had certainly put forth perpe

* His brother-in-law, Mr. Dana, himself a poet, and whose son wrote that admirable book, "Two Years before the Mast." Up to this time (May, 1846) the promised Memoir has not appeared.

trations not to be equalled in originality and perversity. The case, individually, was as hopeless as mediocrity would be in any other country;—but here was the material ready;—the general, the national talent to be worked out. I remember a young American, who, having gained a local celebrity in some township, or perhaps some Sovereign State, about as old as himself, and as wise, had betaken himself to Italy. I met him at Vienna as he was hurrying back; he had travelled from Milan to Naples, and found all barren; he said he had "looked over the old masters, and could see nothing in them—all their fame nothing but old-world cant and prejudice!" I thought of some, who, under the same circumstances and influences, would have gone back and rent their garments, or at least their canvas, and begun anew. What this young man may have since done remains, with his name, unknown. I found some others actuated by a far different spirit;—laboring hard for what they could get;—living on bread and water, and going in threadbare coats, aye, and brimless hats, that they might save enough to make a voyage to Europe. Some I found looking at Nature, and imitating her in her more obvious external aspects, with such a simplicity and earnestness, that their productions, in spite of most crude and defective execution, fixed attention. Some had stirred deeper waters,—had begun aright,—had given indications of high promise, of high power, —yet, for want of a more exalted standard of taste

to keep the feeling of beauty striving upwards, pure and elevated, were degenerating gradually into vulgarity, littleness, and hopeless mannerism

Coleridge says somewhere, "The Arts and the Muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed."

Now this is not true of America—at least not *yet*. I remember that when I was at Boston, and *possessed* for the time with the idea of Allston and his pictures, I made the acquaintance of Father Taylor, a man whose ordinary conversation was as poetical, as figurative, as his sermons, and I could add, as earnest and as instructive; poetry seemed the natural element of his mind, and "he could not ope his mouth but out there flew a trope," unaffectedly and spontaneously, however,—as it were, unconsciously. One evening, when deprecating the idea of rivalry between England and America, he said, "Are they not one and the same? even as Jacob's vine, which being planted on one side of the wall, grew over it, and hung its boughs and clusters on the other side—but still it was the same vine, nourished from the same root." Now to vary a little this apposite and beautiful illustration, I would say, that while America can gather grapes from the old vine, she will not plant for herself, nor even cherish the off-shoots; in other words,—America, as long as she can import our muses cheap, will have no muses of her own—no literature; for half a dozen or a dozen charming authors do not make

a national literature; but she cannot import our painters, therefore I have some hope that she will produce a national and original school of art. Is it not much that America in her youthhood has already sent forth so many painters of European celebrity? Once it was her glory, that she had given us West; but the fame of West is paling in the dawn of a better and a brighter day, and there is nothing in his genius that does not savor more of the decrepitude than the youth of art. He conceived great things, but he never conceived them greatly; neither his mind nor his hand ever rose "to the height of his argument,"—the most blameless and the most undramatic of painters! Let America be more justly proud that she has given to the world—to the two worlds—greater men, whose genius can only "brighten in the blaze of day." I will not speak here of Newton, of Greenough the sculptor, of Cole the admirable landscape painter, of Inman the portrait painter, and others, whose increasing reputation has not yet spread into fame; but of Leslie, yet living among us, one of the most poetical painters of the age, the finest interpreter of the spirit of Shakspeare the world has yet seen, —Leslie, whom England,—deliberately chosen for his dwelling-place, and enriched by his works,— may claim as her own; and of ALLSTON, not inferior in genius, and of grandeur of aim and purpose, who died recently in his own land—would that he had died, or at least lived in ours! There was in the mind of this extraordinary man a touch

of the listless and the morbid, which required the spur of generous emulation, of enlightened criticism, of sympathetic praise, to excite him to throw forth the rich creative power of his genius in all its might.

Wilkie used to say, that after receiving one of Sir George Beaumont's critical letters, he always painted with more alacrity for the rest of the day; an artist feels the presence—the enlightening and enlivening power of sympathy, even when it comes in the shape of censure. If the genius of Allston languished in America, certainly it was not for want of patronage so called—it was not for want of praise. The Americans, more particularly those of his own city, were proud of him and his European reputation. Whenever a picture left his easel, there were many to compete for it. They spoke of pictures of Allston which existed in the palaces of English nobles,—of Lord Egremont's "Jacob's Dream," of the Duke of Sutherland's "Uriel in the Sun,"—and they triumphed in the astonishment and admiration of a stranger, who started to find Venetian sentiment, grandeur, and color, in the works of a Boston painter, buried out of sight, almost out of mind, for five-and-twenty years—a whole generation of European amateurs.

Though glorified by his fellow-citizens, and conscious that he had achieved an immortality on earth, it did strike me when I was in Allston's

society, that some inward or outward stimulus to exertion was wanting; that the ideal power had of late years overwhelmed his powers of execution; that the life he was living as an artist was neither a healthy nor a happy life. He dreamed away, or talked away whole hours in his painting-room, but he painted little. He had fallen into a habit which must be perdition to an artist,—a habit of keeping late hours, sleeping in the morning, and giving much of the night to reading, or to conversation. I heard complaints of his dilatoriness. He said of himself, with a sort of consciousness, and in a deprecating tone, "You must not judge of my industry by the number of pictures I have painted, but the number I have destroyed." In a letter from one of his friends now lying before me, I find a passage alluding to this point, which deserves to be transcribed for its own feeling and beauty, as well as its bearing on the subject. "Often have I rebelled against the unthinking judgments which are sometimes passed upon Allston, because he does not produce more works; he is sometimes called idle; let those who make the charge first try to comprehend the largeness and the fineness of his views of fame." (What these views were we shall see presently in his own words.) "What right have I to sit in judgment upon genius, until I know more of that mysterious organization which, however lawless it may seem to others, is yet a law to itself? this, that, and the other thing I would amend; am I quite sure that in so doing, I should

not break or mar the whole? We must take genius as it is, and thank it for what it gives us, and thank Heaven for having given us *it*. How beautifully the intellectual and spiritual part of Allston's nature is blended with his genius as an artist, you have seen and felt; it is the spirit of the man which hallows his works. You once said we had no right to him—that you envied us the possession of such a man. Oh, envy us not!—rob us not of the little we have, which can call off our American mind from the absorbing and hot pursuit of vulgar wealth, and the love of perishing things, to those calm contemplations which embody in immortal forms the beautiful and the true!"

Allston has been for so many years absent from England, his merits, even his name, so little known to the present generation of artists and lovers of art in this country, that a sketch of the incidents of his life, before the period of my own personal recollections, may not be unwelcome.*

Washington Allston was a native of South Carolina, and born in 1779. He says of himself, in some notes sent to Mr. Dunlop, that the turn for imitation and composition had shown itself as early as six years old. His delight was to put together

*Most of the facts and dates in the following sketch are taken from "Dunlop's History of the Arts of Design in the United States," a gossiping, tedious, and conceited book; yet, in particular biographies, bearing evident marks of authenticity and sincerity.

miniature landscapes of his own invention, built up with moss, sticks, pebbles, and twigs representing trees; and in manufacturing little men and women out of fern stalks. These childish fancies, he says, "were the straws by which an observer might have guessed which way the current was setting for after-life. And yet, after all, this love of imitation may be common to childhood. *General* imitation certainly is: but whether adherence to particular kinds may not indicate a permanent propensity, I leave to those who have studied the subject more than I have, to decide."

He adverts to another characteristic: his early passion for the wild, the marvellous, and the terrific, and his delight in the stories of enchantments, hags, and witches, related by his father's negroes. From these sports and influences he was soon torn away—sent to school and college, where he went through the usual course of studies: never relinquishing the darling pursuit of his childhood, but continuing, unconsciously, the education of his imitative powers. He drew from prints: and before he left school had attempted compositions of his own. "I never," he says, "had any regular instructor in the art (a circumstance, I would observe, both idle and absurd to boast of), but I had much incidental instruction, which I have always, through life, been glad to receive from every one in advance of myself. And I may add, that there is no such thing as a *self-taught artist*, in the ignorant acceptation of the words; for the greatest genius that

ever lived must be indebted to others—if not by direct teaching, yet indirectly through their works."

This reminds us of what Goethe once said of himself: "People talk of originality,—what do they mean ?—as soon as we are born the surrounding world begins to operate upon us, and so on to the end; and after all, what can we truly call our own but *energy*, *power*, *will?* Could I point out all I owe to my great forerunners and contemporaries —truly there would remain but little over." Yet there is such a thing as originality, and we all feel it as a presence—just as we acknowledge a particular look in a portrait or countenance without exactly defining in what consists the differences between this particular face and all other faces;—that which is produced may be the result of a combination of influences;—but if stamped by the individual mind, it is what we call original, for it could have been produced only by that mind;—it can be imitated, but never be reproduced by another. Mozart, who was certainly no metaphysician, seems to have hit upon the true definition. He said: "I do not aim at originality; I do not know in what mine consists;—why my productions take from my hand that particular form or style which makes them *Mozartish* and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders *my* nose thus or thus,—aquiline, or otherwise,—or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from other people's." Self-taught persons,—be they artists or not,—are not

always, nor even often, original as regards the product of the mind.

But, to return from this long digression. Allston's artistic education continued with little help, certainly, as regards the direction of his genius. When at Harvard College, he attempted to paint in miniature, but "could make no hand of it." We can easily imagine that the teeming powers of his young mind required a far readier and a far larger medium of expression, than the elaborate iteration of miniature painting.*

He was seized about this time with what he calls a *banditti mania*. All his inventions and sketches were of scenes of violence; and he did not get rid of these "cut-throat fancies" till he had been for some time in Europe.

Before he left college, his future career was determined. Left early master of himself, he sold his paternal estate for the purpose of studying in Europe. He had generous friends, who came forward with offers of aid—who would fain have prevented this sacrifice of his property. But Allston, with the high spirit which through life distinguished him, refused these offers, and threw himself, at once and finally, on his own resources.

* Haydon, once expressing his admiration of Allston, alluded to his having given up miniature painting, and remarked acutely, "Next to knowing what he *can* do, the best acquisition for an artist is to know what he *cannot* do." Did Mr. Haydon ever study to acquire this knowledge?

He arrived in England in 1803; was received by his countryman, West, then President of our Academy, with his usual urbanity and kindness; and by Fuseli—not always courteous—with distinguished courtesy. There seems to have been, from the first, an immediate and intelligent sympathy between these two poetically gifted spirits. Allston confesses that he then thought Fuseli "the greatest painter in the world;" and he retained a more qualified predilection for him ever after. His preference of Fuseli to West at that time, favored as he was by the attention and kindness of the latter, marks the poet: for such Allston was. Fuseli asked him what branch of art he intended to pursue; he replied, "History." "Then, Sir, you have come a great way to starve!" was the characteristic reply.

The effect which Sir Joshua's pictures produced and left on his imagination, also stamps the particular bent of his mind and character. He said, happily, "There is a fascination about them, which makes it almost *ungrateful* to think of their defects."

Allston remained two years in England, and exhibited three pictures; one of them (a comic subject) he sold. This was beginning well. In 1804 he went to Paris, studied and meditated in the Gallery of the Louvre, then rich with the spoils of nations; copied Rubens in the Luxembourg and proceeded to Italy, where he remained four

years, residing chiefly at Rome, where Thorwaldsen was his fellow-student. His feeling for what the grand old masters had achieved, was deep—was genuine. They grew upon his mind, as they do on all minds large enough to take them in. In his appreciation of Michael Angelo, he agreed with Sir Joshua: "I know not," he said, "how to speak of Michael Angelo in adequate terms of reverence." Allston was not satisfied with reverencing the old masters, and copying their pictures: he imitated their mode of study, and devoted much time to the modelling of the figure in clay. That boldness and firmness of drawing and foreshortening which he displayed in his pictures, even his smallest compositions, may be traced to this practice. He said, late in life, "I would recommend modelling to all young painters, as one of the best means of acquiring an accurate knowledge of form. I have occasionally practised it ever since." At Rome Allston first became distinguished as a mellow and harmonious colorist; and acquired, among the native German painters, the name of the *American Titian*: there he formed a lasting friendship with Coleridge and Washington Irving. He said of Coleridge, "To no other man whom I have ever known do I owe so much *intellectually*. He used to call Rome 'the silent city;' but I never could think of it as such while with him; for—meet him when or where I would—the fountain of his mind was never dry; but, like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living streams

seemed especially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. When I recall some of our walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to Plato in the groves of the Academy. It was there he taught me this golden rule, 'never to judge of a work of art by its defects;'—a rule as wise as benevolent;—and one which, while it has spared me much pain, has widened my sphere of pleasure." Notwithstanding his sensitive taste, Allston remained to the end of his life "a wide-liker," to borrow his own expression.

He returned to America in 1809, and in 1810 married Miss Channing, the sister of the great Dr. Channing. In 1811 we find him again in England, accompanied by his wife. The first work he commenced, after his arrival, was one of his grandest pictures, "The Dead Man revived by Elisha's Bones," which is now at Philadelphia. While this picture was in progress, Allston was seized with a dangerous nervous disorder. He went down to Clifton, where he placed himself under Dr. King, the celebrated surgeon (married to one of the Edgeworths), who, from his medical attendant, became his friend. He painted half-length portraits of Dr. King and Mrs. King, which he considered among his best works in that style. For Mr. Vanderhost, of Bristol, he painted a large Italian landscape and a sea-piece. On his return to London he lost his amiable wife, after a union of three

short years. In the letters already quoted, he alludes feelingly and briefly to his loss: "The death of my wife left me nothing but my art, which then seemed to me as nothing!" In fact, his bereavement is said to have caused a temporary derangement of his intellect. Under this sorrow he was sustained and consoled by his friend Leslie, and by degrees his mind regained its tone and its powers. The beautiful little picture of the "Mother and Child" (which seems at first to have been intended for a representation of the Virgin and Infant Saviour, and instantly brings that subject to mind in its truly Italian and yet original treatment) was painted in England at this time. I saw it at Philadelphia in the possession of Mr. M'Murtie, and thought it charming; but, as he had said himself, "the mother was too *matronly* for a madonna." In the year 1816 Allston sold his great picture of "The Dead Man Restored to Life," &c., to the Pennsylvanian Academy for 3500 dollars, about 700*l*. It had previously obtained, from the Directors of the British Institution, the prize of 200 guineas. He had planned a great picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," but, on reflection, abandoned it, deterred by the failure of all attempts, ancient and modern, to give an adequate idea of the Saviour. Yet I cannot help wishing that he had entered the lists with West, who never seems to have mistrusted his own powers to represent any theme, however high, however holy. But Allston was a poet—felt, thought, painted like a

poet; knew what it is to recoil and tremble in presence of the divine;—and this is just what the pious and excellent West knew *not*.

In 1817, Allston painted his picture of "Jacob's Dream," which was purchased immediately by Lord Egremont, and is now at Petworth. The subject is very sublimely and originally treated, with a feeling wholly distinct from the shadowy mysticism of Rembrandt, and the graceful simplicity of Raphael. Instead of a ladder or steps, with a few angels, he gave the idea of a glorious vision, in which countless myriads of the heavenly host are seen dissolving into light and distance, and immeasurable flights of steps rising, spreading above and beyond each other, till lost in infinitude.

That Allston had seen Rembrandt's miraculous little picture in the Dulwich Gallery—a thing, which once seen, ever afterwards haunts the imagination, as though it had been itself stolen out of the mysterious land of dreams,—is proved by a sonnet, suggested by the picture, and which I copy here as a fair specimen of his printed poems.

As in that twilight superstitious age
When all beyond the narrow grasp of mind
Seemed fraught with meanings of supernal kind;
When e'en the learned, philosophic sage
Wont with the stars through boundless space to range
Listen'd with reverence to the changeling's tale,
E'en so, thou strangest of all beings strange!
E'en so thy visionary scenes I hail,
That like the rambling of an idiot's speech
No image giving of a thing on earth,

Nor thought significant in reason's reach,
Yet in their random shadowings give birth
To thoughts and things from other worlds that come,
And fill the soul and strike the reason dumb.

Not that I can believe that Rembrandt's "shadowings" were mere *random*, or that he deserved to be likened to an "inspired idiot," any more than Shakspeare; but general or egotistic criticism is here out of place. I return to my proper theme, which is Allston, not Rembrandt.

Another grand picture, painted in England, "Uriel in the Sun" (Paradise Lost, b. iii.), was purchased by the late Marquis of Stafford, and is now at Trentham Hall. It is a colossal figure, foreshortened, nearly twice the size of life. His own account of the method he took to produce the effect of light in this picture is worth preserving: "I surrounded him, and the rock of adamant on which he sat, with the prismatic colors, in the order in which the ray of light is decomposed by the prism. I laid them on with the strongest colors; and then with transparent color, so intimately blended them as to reproduce the original ray; it was so bright that it made your eyes twinkle as you looked at it." *

In 1818, he returned to America, seized with a home-sickness which no encouragement or admira-

* I have never seen this picture, therefore cannot say what is the present effect of the coloring, or whether it retains this dazzling effect.

tion received in England—no friendships formed here (though among his friends he counted such men as Coleridge, Sir George Beaumont, and Leslie)—could overcome. He was elected Associate of the Royal Academy the same year—and would have been an R. A. but for one of the laws of the Academy, which renders no artist eligible as Academician, who is not resident in England. He took with him to America only one finished picture, "Elijah in the Wilderness," and this picture remained on his hands till the year 1832. Mr. Labouchère, when travelling in America, saw it in the house of Mr. Davis, of Boston, and became the purchaser; it is now in England.

From the period of his arrival in America in 1818, Allston remained settled at Cambridgeport, near Boston. In the vicinity of his dwelling-house he had erected a large and commodious painting-room. His benevolent and social qualities, not less than his various intellectual accomplishments, had gathered round him many loving and admiring friends,—and among the professors of Harvard University he found many congenial associates. He was an admirable narrator, his good stories being often invented for the occasion. The vivacity of his conceptions, and the glowing language in which he could clothe them, rendered, his conversation inexpressibly delightful and exciting. I remember, after an evening spent with him, returning home very, very late (I think it was near three

in the morning)—with the feelings of one who had been *magnetized*. Could I remember to detail any thing he said I should not here report it, but I will give one or two passages from my notes which show that he could paint with words as well as with pigments.

He says in one of his letters—"I saw the sun rise on lake Maggiore—such a sunrise! *the giant Alps seemed, literally, to rise from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold to send up a Hallelujah almost audible!*" In speaking of a picture—the "Entombment of the Virgin," "in which the expression and the tremendous depth of color" had forcibly struck him, he said, "*it seemed as I looked at it as if the ground shook under their tread, as if the air was darkened by their grief.*" When a young painter brought him a landscape for his inspection, he observed, "*Your trees do not look as if the birds would fly through them!*" About four or five years ago he published a romance entitled "Moldini," which I thought ill constructed as a story, but which contained some powerful descriptions, and some passages relative to pictures and to art such as only a painter-poet could have written. It is said, I know not how truly, that he has left a series of lectures on painting, in a complete state: these, no doubt, will be given to the public.

His death took place on the 9th of June, 1843 After a cheerful evening spent with his friends, the

pang of a single moment released his soul to its immortal home. He had just laid his hands on the head of a favorite young friend, and after begging her to live as near perfection as she could, he blessed her with fervent solemnity. Even with that blessing on his lips he died. He was buried by torchlight in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, where hundreds had gathered round to look, for the last time, on a face which death had scarcely changed, save that "the spirit had left her throne of light."

About two years before his death, there was an exhibition of his works at Boston—an exhibition which, in the amount of excellence, might well be compared to the room full of Sir Joshua's at the Institution last year. Those who have not seen many of Allston's pictures will hardly believe this; those who have, will admit the justice of the comparison—will remember those of his creations, in which he combined the richest tones of color with the utmost delicacy and depth of expression; and added to these merits a softness and finish of execution and correctness of drawing—particularly in the extremities—which Sir Joshua never entertained, nor, perhaps, attempted. When I have thought of the vehement poetical sensibility with which Allston was endowed—his early turn for the wild, the marvellous, the terrible—his nervous temperament, and the sort of dreamy indolence which every now and then seemed to come over him, I

have more and more deeply appreciated the sober grandeur of his compositions, the refined grace of some of his most poetical creations, the harmonious sweetness which tempered his most gorgeous combinations of color, and the conscientious patient care with which every little detail was executed; in this last characteristic, and in the predominance of the violet tints in the flesh and shadows, some of his pictures reminded me more of Lionardo da Vinci than of Titian or of Reynolds. His taste was singularly pure—even to fastidiousness. It had gone on refining and refining; and in the same manner his *ideal* had become more and more spiritual, his moral sense more and more elevated, till in their combination, they seemed at last to have overpowered the material of his art—to have paralyzed his hand.

In his maturer years, he was far, very far, from the *banditti mania* of his youth. When applied to by the American government to assist in decorating the Rotunda at Washington, he said, "I will paint only one subject, and choose my own—*no battle-piece!*" In this, and in many other things, he reminded me of a great painter of our own—Eastlake—who also, if I remember rightly, began with the *banditti mania* and the melodramatic in art, and is now distinguished by the same refined and elevated taste in the selection as well as in the treatment of a subject, the same elaborate elegance of execution, and I may add, the same power as a *thinker* in his art. No man ever more

completely stamped the character of his mind upon his works than did Allston. In speaking of the *individuality* which the old masters threw into their works, he said—"This power of infusing one's own life, as it were, into that which is feigned, appears to me the prerogative of Genius alone. In a work of art, it is what a man may well call his own, for it cannot be borrowed or imitated." This, in fact, is what we may truly call originality. He combated strenuously the axiom cherished and quoted by young and idle painters, that leaving things unfinished is "leaving something to the imagination." The very statement, as he observed, betrays the unsoundness of the position, "for that which is unfinished, must necessarily be imperfect—so that, according to this rule, imperfection is made essential to perfection; the error lies in the phrase, '*left to* the imagination,' and it has filled modern art with random flourishes of no meaning."

Instead of saying, in common phrase, that "in a picture something should always be left to the imagination," we should rather say that a picture "should always suggest something to the imagination;" or, as Goethe has finely expressed it, "every consummate work of art should leave something for the intellect to divine." In the axiom so put, there is no danger of misinterpretation—no excuse for those who put us off with random flourishes, where feet, or fingers, eyes, nose, and mouth *ought* to be, but are left, in the common phrase, to the imagination.

As Allston's works were in accordance with his mind—so, to complete the beautiful harmony of the man's whole being, were his countenance, person, and deportment, in accordance with both.

When I saw him, in 1838, I was struck by the dignity of his figure, and by the simple grace of his manners; his dress was rather careless, and he wore his own fine silver hair long and flowing; his forehead and eyes were remarkably good; the general expression of his countenance open, serious, and sweet; the tone of his voice earnest, soft, penetrating. Notwithstanding the nervous irritability of his constitution, which the dangerous and prolonged illness in 1811 had enhanced, he was particularly gentle and self-possessed.

He was at that time painting on two great pictures, "the Death of King John," and "Belshazzar's Feast." The first he declined showing me, because, as he said, "to exhibit his pictures to any other eye in certain stages of their progress, always threw cold water on him." * The latter I was

* He afterwards, with the sensitive delicacy which belonged to his character, apologized for his refusal in words which I transcribe. "Mrs. Jameson must not suppose that I declined showing her 'King John' in its unfinished state, because I had any *secrets* in my practice, which, she is no doubt aware, is the case with some artists. On the contrary, I hold it as a duty freely to communicate all that I know to every artist who thinks it worth the asking. To the younger artists especially, who come to me for advice, I am in the habit of showing my pictures in their various stages, in order to illustrate the principles on which I proceed. The reason I assigned for not showing what I was immediately engaged on, that it *threw cold water* upon me, was the true one; I must beg her not to say that I have written any

warned not to speak of. It had been in hand since 1814, had been begun on an immense scale (16 or 17 feet in length), and he had gone on altering, effacing and marring, promising and delaying its completion till it had become a subject he could hardly bear to allude to, or to hear mentioned by others; his sensitiveness on this one point did at last almost verge on insanity. I heard various reasons assigned for this; one was, that an execution had been levied on the work, which had excited in the painter's mind so deep a feeling of discouragement and disgust, that he would not afterwards touch it; the other reason given was, that the leading idea of the picture, that of making the light radiate from the supernatural hand, had been anticipated by Martin in *his* "Belshazzar's Feast." At the period of my visit to Allston, I saw this fatal picture rolled up in a corner of the apartment, and scarcely dared to look that way. On his easel lay a sketch of two sisters, life-size, the figure and attitude of one of them borrowed or adapted from "Titian's Daughter." The two heads in contrast, one dark, the other fair; one gay, coquettish, the other thoughtful; the whole admirable, as a piece of color and expression. But I was most struck by two beginnings; one a

thing on my art, for it *troubles* me to have the public *expect* any thing of me. I feel as if they were looking over my shoulder. I may not live to complete what I have begun, and it is better that they should not have it in their power to reproach my memory for any disappointment they might choose to feign or feel." He was probably shrinking under some reproach on account of the ill-fated Belshazzar, when he wrote the above.

Dance of Fairies on the Sea-shore, from the Midsummer Night's Dream, exquisitely poetical. The other left a still greater—an ineffaceable impression on my mind. It was a sea-piece—a thunderstorm retiring, and a frigate bending to the gale; it was merely a sketch in white chalk upon a red ground, and about five feet high as nearly as I can recollect,—not even the dead coloring was laid on; I never saw such an effect produced by such a vehicle, and had not mine own eyes seen it, I could not have conceived or believed it to be possible. There was absolute motion in the clouds and waves—all the poetry, all the tumult of the tempest were there!—and I repeat, it was a sketch in white chalk—not even a shadow! Around the walls of his room were scratched a variety of sentences, some on fragments of paper stuck up with a wafer or pin,—some on the wall itself. They were to serve, he said, as "texts for reflection before he began his day's work." One or two of these fixed my attention; became the subject of discussion and conversation; and at length he allowed a mutual friend to copy them for me—with the express permission to make any use of them I thought proper; and thus sanctioned, I do not hesitate to subjoin a few of them. In the absence of his pictures, and until a fuller exposition of his mind be placed before us by his biographer, they will better illustrate the character and genius of this remarkable man than any thing that can be said of him.

1. The painter who is content with the praise of the world in respect to what does not satisfy himself, is not an artist but an artisan ; for though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic for his time, and not for his art.

2. He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius: as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.

3. Reputation is but a synonyme of popularity: dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters. It is the creature, so to speak, of its particular age, or rather of a particular state of society; consequently, dying with that which sustained it. Hence we can scarcely go over a page of history, that we do not, as in a churchyard, tread upon some buried reputation. But fame cannot be voted down, having its immediate foundation in the essential. It is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated, nor is it ever made visible but in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is that light by which the shadow is projected, that is seen of the multitude, to be wondered at and reverenced, even while so little comprehended as to be often confounded with the substance—the substance being admitted from the shadow, as a matter of faith. It is the economy of Providence to provide such lights: like rising and setting stars, they follow each other

through successive ages: and thus the monumental form of Genius stands forever relieved against its own imperishable glory.

4. All excellence of every kind is but variety of truth. If we wish, then, for something beyond the true, we wish for that which is false. According to this test how little true is there in art! Little indeed! but how much is that little to him who feels it!

5. Fame* does not depend on the *will* of any

* In transcribing this aphorism, I am reminded of a noble passage in one of Joanna Baillie's poems. How many such passages are scattered through her works, which have been quoted, and applied, and familiarized to ear and memory for forty years past—until we almost forget to whom we owe them!

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
Whilst in that sound there is a charm,
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When, but for those our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare—a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,
The lofty marks of what hath been.

man, but reputation may be given or taken away: for Fame is the sympathy of kindred intellects, and sympathy is not a subject of *willing:* while Reputation, having its source in the popular voice, is a sentence which may either be uttered or suppressed at pleasure. Reputation being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the Envious and the Ignorant. But Fame, whose very birth is *posthumous*, and which is only *known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds*, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of wilfulness.

6. What *light* is in the natural world, such is fame in the intellectual: both requiring an *atmosphere* in order to become perceptible. Hence the fame of Michael Angelo is, to some minds, a nonentity; even as the sun itself would be invisible in vacuo.

7. Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise: it may exist without the breath of a word: it is a *recognition of excellence* which *must be felt*, but need not be *spoken*. Even the envious must feel it: feel it, and hate it in silence.

> O, who shall lightly say that fame
> Is nothing but an empty name,
> When memory of the mighty dead
> To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye
> The brightest rays of cheering shed
> That point to immortality!

8. I cannot believe, that any man who deserved fame, ever labored for it: that is, *directly*. For as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like an attempt to project a shadow before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied: "I write and paint for fame," has often been repeated: it should have been, "I write, I paint for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about fame, should be placed to the account of reputation.

9. A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained *excellence*, when it is not all in all to him. Nay, I may add, that if he looks beyond it, he has not reached it. This is not the less true for being good *Irish*.

10. An original mind is rarely understood until it has been *reflected* from some half-dozen congenial with it: so averse are men to admitting the *true* in an unusual form: whilst any novelty however fantastic, however false, is greedily swallowed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for all truth demands a response, and few people care to *think*, yet they must have something to supply the place of thought. Every mind would appear original, if every man had the power of *projecting* his own into the mind of others.

11. All effort at originality must end either in the quaint or the monstrous. For no man knows

himself as an original: he can only believe it on the report of others to whom *he is made known, as he is by the projecting power* before spoken of.

12. There is an essential meanness in the wish to *get the better* of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself.

13. Reverence is an ennobling sentiment; it is felt to be degrading only by the vulgar mind, which would escape the sense of its own littleness, by elevating itself into the antagonist to what is above it.

14. He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit to look down; of such minds are the mannerists in art; and in the world, the tyrants of all sorts.

15. The phrenologists are right in putting the organ of self-love in the back part of the head. It being there that a vain man carries his light; the consequence is that every object he approaches becomes obscure by his own shadow.

16. A witch's skiff cannot more easily sail in the teeth of the wind, than the human *eye* can lie against fact; but the truth will often quiver through *lips* with a lie upon them.

17. It is a hard matter for a man to lie *all over*

Nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane, to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way; the knees smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance; the legs shake with anger, when all above is calm.*

18. Make no man your idol! For the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art, as in morals.

19. The Devil's heartiest laugh, is at a detracting witticism. Hence the phrase, "devilish good," has sometimes a literal meaning.

20. There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can *give*, but which every one, however poor, is bound to *pay*. This is Praise. He cannot give it, because it is not his own; since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another, can never become to him a *pos-*

* An eminent lawyer, who is accustomed to cross-examine witnesses, once told me, that in cases under his scrutiny where he has known the words and oaths to have come forth glibly, while the whole face and form seemed converted into one impenetrable and steadfast mask, he has detected falsehood in a trembling of the muscle underneath the eye; and that the perception of it has put him on the scent again; when he had thought himself hopelessly at fault; so true it is, that a man "*cannot lie all over.*"

session; nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a *consequence.* As praise, then, cannot be made a *gift*, so, neither, when not his due, can any man receive it; he may *think* he does, but he receives only *words;* for desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other. This is no fanciful statement; for though praise may be withheld by the ignorant or envious, it cannot be but that, *in the course of time*, an existing merit *will*, on *some one*, produce its effects; inasmuch as the existence of any cause without its effect, is an impossibility. A fearful truth lies at the bottom of this, an *irreversible justice* for the weal or woe of him who confirms or violates it.

After this first introduction to Allston, I spent two whole mornings at Boston, hunting out his pictures, wherever they were to be found. At this distance of time, I will not trust to memory, but mention only those of which I have a memorandum,—of which the description, and the impression they left on my own mind, were noted on the spot.

"Rosalie Listening to Music." The figure of a young girl, life-size and three-quarters. She has been reading. The hand which holds the book has dropped; the other is pressed on her bosom. The head a little raised. Rapt, yet melancholy attention in the opening eyes and parted lips. The coloring deep, delicate, rich.

When I first saw this picture, in the drawing-room of Mr. Appleton, of Boston, I had never seen Allston—did not even recollect his name. It at once so captivated my attention, that I could not take my eyes from it—even though one who might well have sat for a Rosalie was at my side. I thought I had never beheld such a *countenance*, except in some of the female heads of Titian or Palma. Yet the face was not what would be termed *beautiful;* and oh, how far from the sentimental, ringletted prettiness of our fashionable painters!

When I afterwards asked Mr. Allston whether his poem of "Rosalie" had suggested the picture, or the picture the stanzas, he replied, that, "as well as he could recollect, the conception of the poem and of the picture had been simultaneous in his mind." He received for this picture 1200 dollars, about £250.

"Miriam Singing her Song of Triumph." Figure three-quarters, extremely fine, especially in color; perhaps too much of solemn melancholy and tenderness in the expression,—in the mouth particularly; yet there may be a propriety in this conception of the character. In the possession of Mr. Sears, of Boston.

"A Roman Lady Reading." Figure three-quarters. The same kind of beauty as the picture of Rosalie; a head and countenance with something

finer than beauty; a contemplative grandeur and simplicity in the attitude, the hands very elegant and characteristic, and admirably drawn; altogether a noble painting! In the possession of Mr. Dwight, of Boston.

"Jeremiah Dictating to the Scribe his Prophecy of the Destruction of Jerusalem." Two figures, life-size; a grand composition, but the canvas seemed to me to want height, which took away from the general effect. The prophet seated, with flowing beard, and wide eyes glaring on the future; the head of the scribe, looking up and struck with a kind of horror, finer still. Coloring admirable, rich, and deep and clear; olive and purple tints predominating. There is a jar on the left, about a foot and a half high, painted with such a finish of touch and tone, such illusive relief, as to cheat the sense,—and yet it is not obtrusive. In the possession of Mrs. Gibbs. I have reason to remember this picture; for, while looking at it, I was leaning on the arm of Dr. Channing. He afterwards told me, that when the picture was exhibited, the water-jar excited far more wonder and admiration than the prophet; and that a countryman, after contemplating the picture for a considerable time, turned away, exclaiming, "Well! he was a 'cute man that made that jar!" The merely imitative always strikes the vulgar mind.

"Beatrice"—Dante's, not Shakspeare's—Figure

three-quarters—the same kind of merit as the "Rosalie" and the "Roman Lady." This most lovely picture struck me more the second time I saw it than the first; the hand holding the cross, painted with exceeding truth and delicacy. In the possession of Mr. Eliot, mayor of Boston.

"Lorenzo and Jessica," a small picture. The two figures seated on a bank in front, her hand lies in his; I never saw anything better felt than the action and expression of those hands!—one could see they were thrilling to the finger ends. The dark purple sky above; the last gleam of daylight along the horizon—no moon. In the possession of Mr. Jackson, of Boston. For this exquisite little picture Allston received 600 dollars.

"The Evening Hymn." A young girl seated amid ruins. She is on a bank, and her feet hang over a subterranean arch, within which, in the deep shadow, is dimly descried the fragment of a huge torso; she is singing her vesper hymn to the Virgin; the expression of devotion and tenderness in the head of the girl, and of deep repose in the whole conception, very beautiful; there is a gleam of golden sunset thrown across the foreground of the picture, which has an extraordinary effect. In the possession of Mr. Dutton.

"Saul and the Witch of Endor," beautifully painted, but I did not like the conception; in this

instance. the genius of Salvator had rebuked and overpowered that of Allston. In the possession of Colonel Perkins, of Boston.

At Boston I saw, likewise, several fine landscapes, some of Italian and some of American scenery.

At New York. "Rebecca at the Well." In the possession of M. Van Schaick.

At Philadelphia. "The Dead Man restored to Life on Touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha" —(2 Kings xiii. 20). The scene is the interior of a mountain cavern, into which the dead man has been let down by two slaves, one of whom is at the head, the other at the feet of the body; other figures above; life-size. This picture has some magnificent points, and much general grandeur, without anything exaggerated or intrusive, which is the fine characteristic of Allston's compositions (those I have seen at least). The best part of the picture is the dead man extended in front, in whose form and expression the sickly dawn of returning life is very admirable and *fearful.* The drawing in the feet and hands extremely fine. The bones of the prophet are just revealed behind, in a sort of faint phosphoric light emitted by them. Several figures above in the background, in various attitudes of horror, fear, amazement. I suppose the female figure fainting to be the wife or mother of the man. The picture is 13 feet by 11.

I heard much of a picture I did not see—"Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand," from Mrs. Radcliffe's "Italian." It is now in the possession of Mr. Ball, of Charleston.

Thus far the written memoranda at the time. I saw several other pictures, of which there was not time to note any particular description, but all bearing more or less the impress of mind, of power, and of grace.

When I heard of Allston's death it was not with regret or pain, but rather with a start, a shudder, as when a light, which, though distant, is yet present, is suddenly withdrawn. It seemed to me, that in him America had lost her third great man. What Washington was as a statesman, Channing as a moralist—*that* was Allston as an artist.

ADELAIDE KEMBLE:

AND THE LYRICAL DRAMA IN 1841.

Written to accompany a series of full-length Drawings executed by Mr. John Hayter, for the Marquess of Titchfield, representing Miss Kemble in all the characters in which she had appeared, and the most striking passages of each.

AUGUST, 1843.

How often we have had cause to regret that the histrionic art, of all the fine arts the most intense in its immediate effect, should be, of all others, the most transient in its result!—and the only memorials it can leave behind, at best, so imperfect and so unsatisfactory! When those who have attained distinguished celebrity in this department of art retire from the stage, it is the most mournful of all departures for those who disappear, and for those who are left behind; for there is no other bond between the public and its idol than this unlimited sympathy of mutual presence. ADELAIDE KEMBLE exists to us no more. She has retired within the sacred precincts of domestic life, whither those who made her the subject of public homage, or public criticism, will not presume to follow her, except with silent blessing, heartfelt good-wishes, and grateful thoughts for remembered pleasure, mingled, perhaps, with some

regrets, to waken up whenever her name is heard, —as heard it will be. Her short career as a dramatic artist, has become a part of the history of our country's Drama;—as such, it must be recorded;—as such, it will be the subject hereafter of comparison—of reference. Those who imagine that when the distinguished artist, whose life and destinies have in a manner mingled with our own, is withdrawn from our sight, sympathy and memory are extinguished, commit a great mistake. Without entering here into the question of its expediency or inexpediency, public or private,—since it is a necessity,—since the record *must* and *will* live,—it had better live in a form that is dignified by its instructiveness and its truth, than in a form degraded by levity and untruth; and therefore it is that this sketch, which was at first intended to be strictly private, is here allowed a place: that a name and a fame, familiar to the many, might be rescued from vulgar and ephemeral criticism, and take—as far as this inadequate tribute may avail—the place they deserve to hold in our memory.

When Johnson said of Garrick, that "his death had eclipsed the gayety of nations," he expressed a simple fact, which yet was only a part of the whole truth. Not gayety only, not merely the amusement of an idle hour, have we owed to the great artist, —more especially the great vocal and lyrical artist,—but that blessed relief from the pressure of this working-day world; that genial warming

up of the spirit, under the sympathetic influences of beauty, passion, power, poetry, melody, which fuses together a multitude of minds in the one delicious and kindred feeling; and surely this is much to be thankful for! Those who have felt and acknowledged the influence of this fascination have too generally, and under the excitement of the moment, exhibited their gratitude by impulses as short-lived, by tributes as empty, by rewards as glittering, as the mere stage triumph; shouts and bravoes,—some tears perhaps, forgotten as soon as shed,—jewels, flowers, flattery, lip-homage,—all that is readiest and easiest to pay. But never, certainly, did chivalrous admiration tender a more elegant and appropriate homage than in the series of Drawings which this memoir was written to illustrate. It was surely a beautiful thought, that of summoning a kindred art to give permanence to what seemed in its nature so transient—the charm of the momentary action, the varied turns of expression, the grace of which words could only preserve the record, not the image. And as the idea was in itself beautiful, so it has been beautifully carried out: Mr. Hayter has avoided those mistakes into which one with less feeling,—one who had less sympathy with the *object*, and less enthusiasm for the *subject* of his work, would inevitably have been betrayed. These Drawings are a good example of what such representations ought to be; they were to be as faithful as could be required to the moment, to the action, to the expression: they

were to be scenic, dramatic, but, at the same time, they were to be poetical, and as far as possible removed from the *theatrical;*—and herein lay the difficulty,—conquered, I must say, with singular felicity. While the figure and action of the principal person are given with portrait-like fidelity, down to the very minutiæ of her dress, the accompaniments are generalized, and all that could recall the conventional stage arrangements, and stage effects, has been carefully avoided. Thus they have all the value of truth, and all the charm of fancy. They appeal to the imagination and to the memory without recalling, for one moment, any associations but those of graceful movement and delicious song; and if the record I am about to trace should add to such associations some others, from a higher and a deeper source of interest, it will at least be not unworthy of its aim, and the motive which gave it birth.

Any one who had undertaken to write of Adelaide Kemble without knowing her personally, could never have done justice to her artistic excellence. For one to whom she has long been personally known, to write of her merely as an artist, is very difficult.

It has been said, and with a plausible appearance of candor, that, in estimating the distinguished artist in any department of art, the moral qualities of the individual, apart from the manifestations of the genius, concern us not; that our

business is with the processes, mental, moral, or accidental (if anything *be* accidental), through which it is produced and perfected; that in bringing these considerations to bear on the principal subject, we hazard injustice, if we do not offer indignity, to the object of our admiration. Yet to set such considerations wholly aside, what is it but to confound the artist with the artisan? It is a matter of indifference to me who made this table at which I write. It is no matter of indifference to me who wrote this book I read; from what mind emanated these words over which I have shed burning tears; whose hand fixed on the canvas these forms which are to me as a revelation from heaven. It is, on the contrary, of the highest import to me that I should *know* that which I must needs love, and be able to approve where I am called on to admire. The eager curiosity, the insatiate interest with which we seek to penetrate the characters, to disclose the existence of those on whom the public gaze has been fixed in delight and wonder, is among the strongest forms of human sympathy. We have been forced to feel their power through every pulse of our being;—in return we "would pluck out the heart of *their* mystery." This form of sympathy may be very inconvenient to its object, and sometimes very suspicious in its motive, and oftentimes very indiscreet in its application; but to say that it is wrong, that it either can be, or ought to be, otherwise, is both false and absurd. *It is so;* and as long as

human beings are constituted as they are, it *must be so.* What great artist ever lived and worked in this world with regard to whom fame was not "love disguised?" The genius which could be wholly analyzed without reference to the *personalité*, would be wanting in all that gives genius its value on earth—the power of awakening to sympathy, and exciting to action. Where the moral qualities of the artist have not strongly influenced his art, that art, in its manifestation, has had no deep nor lasting influence on others. In fact, to unravel and divide the character, and setting aside the woman in all her womanly relations with society, exhibit only the artist, would be to convert the "burning and the shining light" into a hollow, flimsy transparency;—to set up what Carlyle calls a *simulacrum* in place of the living, breathing, heart-warming reality.

The true artist organization, fully developed by exercise of its predominant faculties, will always retain something childlike; I should even say, judging from examples I have met with, something *childish.* I use the word with no irreverence. The Countess Faustina says, characteristically, "What I do not know, I cannot learn;" and so it often is with artist minds of a high order. Through passion, through power, through suffering, we effect much; unless to these are added faculties of comparison, reflection, sympathy—we do not learn much. And by sympathy I do not mean here the instincts of benevolence or pity,

but the power of throwing one's own being into the being of another. The artist mind, on the contrary, absorbs other minds into itself; such characters are objects to others, they do not make objects of others, unless there be the desire to possess. The faculties through which we learn are precisely those which the artist either exercises not at all or within a limited range; the judgment is not often brought to bear on realities; the sympathies recoil from the practical and flow into the imaginative part of the being. Hence it is that minds of this class, otherwise highly gifted and surprisingly developed in power of a particular kind, —artist minds, as long as they exist chiefly in and for their art, their faculties bent on working, creating, representing,—often remain immature in judgment, and unfitted to cope with the actual. Experience either comes to them more slowly and at a later period than to most others; or, if it come, it teaches nothing; they never seem the wiser for it. In such minds experience is not material for conduct, but material for fancy, and their theory and their practice are found strangely and unconsciously at variance;—in short, they remain children; and—spite of all their faults and provocations—one is tempted to add, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven;" so ethereal are they, compared to those whose minds have been shaped by pressure of outer circumstances—like clay, instead of being developed from within, like the flower.

Some artist natures, with which my own has

been brought into contact, I have likened in my impatience to ill-managed wall fruit—ripe, rich, blooming, luscious on one side; on the other, immature, defective, sometimes worse—hard, if not rotten.

How far in such natures we might bring the balance right, through watchful discipline and due cultivation, is a question:—how much might be gained, how much lost—for something would certainly be lost in the process—and how far such natures, and how far society, would be benefited by the result, are also questions not to be hastily answered. One thing is certain, the Darteneufs in art would fare the worse; they would lose their "bite out of the sunny side of the peach."

Such reflections may appear rather too general and serious for the matter in hand,—the *éloge* of an accomplished singer; but they will not be deemed out of place, nor, as I trust, in danger of misapprehension, where the theme is such a woman and such an artist as Adelaide Kemble. With *her*, as with every true woman, the intellect and the genius were modified by the sensibilities and the moral qualities. With *her*, as with every great artist, her art was not a profession merely,—accidental and divisible from the rest of her existence; it was in her blood, in her being, a part of the material of her life. Was she not a Kemble born—the true daughter of her race? And though in her the artistic organization was more than bal-

anced by large sympathies and warm affections, it was of force enough to give the bent to her disposition and determine the vocation. Not that Adelaide Kemble could ever have found her sole, or even her highest happiness in her theatrical vocation ; not that the loftiest triumph of gratified ambition, however nobly directed, could have sufficed to such a heart, " or have filled full the soul hungry for joy." But the experiment was to be tried. Till it had been tried, till a part of her life had flowed out in this, its natural direction, she never, as I firmly believe, could have entered with satisfaction, or a settled mind, or assurance in herself, on any other condition of existence.

Yet in her case, as in her sister's, there were prejudices to be overcome, or, at least, pre-arrangements to be set aside. She was first, at the age of seventeen, intended for a concert singer, without any view to the stage.* Her magnificent voice, naturally a contralto, was more remarkable at this time for volume and quality of tone, than for compass and flexibility. The range of power and execution necessary for a dramatic singer, was to be

* She made her first appearance, as a concert singer, in London, and subsequently at the York festival in 1834. She failed, or, at least, produced no effect. She had not been sufficiently prepared by study ; her appearance was, I have heard, contrary to her own wishes, and she had not the free and entire use of her own powers, even as far as they were developed. It would be difficult for those who have seen her tread the stage in Semiramide to imagine, how timid she was, how *gauche*, how totally devoid of self-possession at this time, and for a long time after wards.

acquired only by long and profound study, and incessant practice. To attain that command over her voice, which was to be with her a means, not an end, she went first to Paris, and placed herself under the tuition of Bordogni for three years. She then visited Germany; revisited England in the spring of 1838; and in the same year proceeded to Italy, for the purpose of practice and improvement.

Her first theatrical engagement was made for the Theatre at Trieste. On her way from Milan to Trieste she was detained at Venice. The Impresario there, the Marchese Pallavicini, whose Prima Donna had failed, and who was at a loss how to finish his season, prevailed on her to appear for one night. This accident was the cause of her making her first appearance as a singer and actress on the stage of the Fenice, at Venice.

The opera was the "Norma;" her success complete, notwithstanding a degree of timidity and emotion which had nearly overpowered her self-possession. She sang in the same opera seven more nights at the other theatre, the San Benedetto, and with increasing effect and popularity. She then proceeded to fulfil her engagement at Trieste.

She remained in that city for about three months, and sang with great success, first in the Gemma di Vergy, a poor part, and not well calculated either for acting or singing, and then in Ricci's "Nozze

di Figaro." This last opera, though full of charming music, failed in consequence of two cabals at the same time,—Mazzucato's party, who wished his opera of "Esmeralda" to carry the day, and the party of Conte Tasca, whose wife (La Taccani) was the other Prima Donna, and who tried to make everything fail in which *she* did not sing. This, perhaps, was the first initiation of a high and generous spirit into the mean intrigues and *tracasseries* of the Italian theatres. Long experience rendered such displays of selfishness and envious temper a mere matter of course; but even when use had lessened the amazement and disgust with which they were at first encountered, the sense of the painful and the ridiculous remained to the last.

From Trieste Adelaide returned to Milan, and made her first appearance at the Scala, in the "Lucia di Lammermoor." In consequence of one of those *intrigues de théâtre* to which I have alluded, and which, in this particular instance, had arrayed against her the whole corps d'opéra, and even the Impresario himself, she had nearly failed; but recovered her hold on the public sympathies; maintained her position, and sang for sixteen nights with increasing success.

She then proceeded to Padua, and sang there in Mercadante's "Elena da Feltre" with the highest, the most enthusiastic applause. Then succeeded a long illness, produced by being called on to sing when under the influence of fever. During an in-

terval of several months she did not appear before the public, at least not on the stage. She remained at Bologna, studying for the greatest part of the time, under the direction of Mercadante and Cartagenova, — the former the most profound musician, the latter the most accomplished lyrical actor, in Italy.

Her next appearance was at Mantua, where she sang in the "Lucia" and "Elena de Feltre," with complete success. Thence she proceeded to Naples, where she sang for ten months with increasing popularity, before the most fastidious audiences in Italy, in the "Beatrice di Tenda," the "Otello," the "Duc Figaro," an opera buffa of Speranza; in the "Bravo" of Mercadante, the "Norma," and the "Sonnambula;" acquiring in every new part added power, and added celebrity. She was at the height of her reputation, and might now have commanded her own terms on any stage in Italy, when the news of her father's dangerous illness recalled her suddenly to England. She arrived in London in April, 1841, after an absence of three years; during half that period she had sung in public, the rest of the time had been devoted to unremitting study of her art.

Of her existence in Italy taken altogether,—its vicissitudes, its triumphs, and its trials,—enough has been said as preparatory to her career in England; yet the retrospect suggests some reflections which

may find a place here. In Italy, the *prestige* of her name, her acknowledged position in her own country, the highest qualities of mind and heart, absolutely went for nothing in the estimate formed of her publicly and privately; but as a secret source of self-respect, even there they availed much. They "bore her, dolphin-like, above the element she moved in." Brought into close contact with the meanly malignant rivalries, the vicious recklessness of a theatrical life, every way far below the lowest and the worst we can imagine of the same existence here, she appears to have steered her course through all that was base and perilous, as one whom it could not touch,—as one who, morally speaking, bore a charmed life. True it is, that what was revolting and contemptible, was at the same time too open, gross, and palpable to present danger or perplexity to such a mind as hers. But this was not her only, nor her best safeguard.

Even in the depth of weariness and disgust, inspired by the low moral state of those around her, her appreciation of the beautiful and the good, wherever they were to be found, left her not without some sources of pure and heartfelt pleasure, apart from the exercise of her talents, and the triumphs of gratified ambition. A real, yet half-unconscious superiority, moral, and mental, in which there mingled no alloy of bitterness or assumption, left her judgment free,—left her awake and alive to every circumstance in her artist-

destiny which could strike a mind endowed with powers of reflection and comparison, as well as with true feelings and quick perceptions. Vile as were some of her forced associates, still there were to be found among them, and not seldom, those elements of poetry with which her own poetical nature could assimilate, or, at least, could sympathize. In the intervals of her public engagements she lived in retirement, devoting herself wholly to the study of the scientific and practical difficulties of her profession, until she had achieved a perfect mastery over those vocal and mechanical processes through which the ardent mind within was to make itself heard and felt. Before she quitted Italy, the hereditary histrionic genius of her family, and her rare musical talent, both fully developed, and aided by those advantages which only Italian training can give the vocalist, had combined to place her, even there, as a lyrical actress beyond all competition, beyond all comparison, except with the remembered glories of Pasta and Malibran. In England she was viewed in another light, and had to go through a different ordeal.

To say that the women of the Kemble family owed their preëminence in their profession solely to professional talent, appears to me a great mistake. To say that they owed the interest and dignity with which they were invested in public, and the position they held in private society, merely to their unsullied reputation in domestic

life, is not only a mistake,—it is a positive insult to *them*, not less than to the many amiable and excellent women who have adorned the profession by virtues as well as by talents. No; it has been through every branch of this remarkable family the element of the *ideal* in aspiration and intellect —something more generous and elevated in their ambition—which has thus distinguished them; the prevalence of the poetical in the whole tone of the mind, interfused through all their artistic conceptions on the stage; and in private life a self-respect which ennobled at once themselves and their profession. Such women had a right to hold themselves above those of the *métier*—and they did so.

The world has been accused of regarding the profession of the stage with unjustifiable contempt; —but, without referring here to insolent prejudices which I have heard avowed, even there where they were most ungraceful and most ridiculous;— it seems to me, that the artists, taken as a class, must blame themselves for the low place they hold in the public estimation. I have known those of the profession who, in the midst of infinite personal assumption, and a dependence on applause, almost mean in its excess, have affected to hold in absolute contempt the profession by which they lived, —to speak of it merely as a forced means of gaining a livelihood,—and to talk as if it were beneath them. Now this is pitiable, and the effect of it debasing. I have heard such professional people murmur bitterly against the pride of the Kembles

and the Macreadys. They might reflect, that the pride from which their individual *amour propre* may suffer more or less, has raised their whole profession in the public estimation,—would raise it higher, if elevated principle and self-respect were a little more the rule,—not, as I am afraid it is, the exception.

We draw, or ought to draw, a wide distinction between what the French call *une artiste*, and what we and the Germans designate as *an artist* in the truer and higher, as well as the more general, sense of the word. *Une artiste*, in the French sense, may designate any woman who gains a livelihood by "public means,"—who sings, dances, acts: who considers her talent merely as a commodity, to be exchanged against so much gold and silver. Her beauty, her grace, her art, her genius itself, are means only to an end, and that end the most vulgar, and altogether unsanctified—the acquisition of money for merely selfish purposes. Even if she lead what is usually termed and considered a *respectable* life, she is not preserved by any innate sense of her own dignity, or the dignity of her objects, from the one-sided influences of an engrossing profession and the faults incidental to, almost inseparable from it; of which the insatiate avidity for gain, and for applause as a means of gain, is not the worst. We ask nothing of such a woman but that she should do her work well, and give us the worth of our money. We consider the

product merely, and much in the light she considers it herself: we pay her demand in solid gold or empty bravoes;—in the double sense, the laborer is worthy of her hire.

An artist, properly so called, is a woman who is not ashamed to gain a livelihood by the public exercise of her talent,—rather feels a just pride in possessing and asserting the means of independence,—but who does not consider her talent merely as so much merchandise to be carried to the best market, but as a gift from on High, for the use or abuse of which she will be held responsible before the God who bestowed it. Being an artist she takes her place as such in society,—stands on her own ground, content to be known and honored for what she is; and conscious that in her position as a gifted artist, there belongs a dignity equal to, though it be different from, rank or birth. Not shunning the circles of refined and aristocratic life, nor those of middle life, nor of any life;—since life, in all its forms, is within the reach of her sympathies, and it is one of the privileges of her artist-position to belong to none—and to be the delight of all: she wears the conventional trammels of society just as she wears her *costume de théâtre:* it is a dress in which she is to play a part. The beautiful, the noble, the heroic, the affecting sentiments she is to utter before the public, are not turned into a vile parody by her private deportment and personal qualities—rather borrow from both an incalculable moral effect; while in her womanly character, the perpetual

association of her form, her features, her voice, with the loveliest and loftiest creations of human genius, enshrines her in the ideal, and plays like a glory round her head. Meantime, an artist among artists, identifying herself with their interests,—sympathizing, helpful,—she keeps far aloof from their degrading competitions and sensual habits; and doomed to go in company with all that is most painful, most abhorrent to her feelings,—"turns that necessity to glorious gain."* She moves through the vulgar and prosaic accompaniments of her *behind-the-scenes* existence, without allowing it to trench upon the poetry of her conceptions; and throws herself upon the sympathy of an excited and admiring public without being the slave of its caprices. She has a feeling that on the distinguished women of her own class is laid the deep responsibility of elevating or degrading the whole profession;—of rendering more accessible to the gifted and high-minded a really elegant and exalted vocation, or leaving it yet more and more a stumbling-block in the way of the conscientious and the pure-hearted.†

To the former class belong the greater number

* "And doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed,—miserable train,—
Turns that necessity to glorious gain!"—*Wordsworth.*

† When writing this character of a female artist, I had Mrs. Henry Siddons in my mind, and in my heart. It is no ideal portrait, for such she was;—and had I not known that most excellent and admirable woman, I should not probably have conceived or written it. One more eminently the gentlewoman in

of those women, to whom we owe much that sweetens and embellishes life;—much of pleasurable sensation; of the latter class are the few exceptions, but such have been, and are among us.

When Adelaide Kemble prepared to make her *debut* on the English stage, it was with the acknowledged determination to attain, by every possible exertion, distinction and independence; but it was also with some larger and less selfish views than are usually entertained by a young aspirant for public applause:—views which she frequently and earnestly discussed with such of her friends as could sympathize with them. She wished to naturalize the Italian lyrical drama, with all its beautiful capabilities, on the English stage; to cultivate a taste for a higher and better school of dramatic music. She said, after her first great success,—"Whatever may be the issue of this,—whether I eventually stand or fall,—whether I keep the high place I have won, or lose it,—I shall at least have opened a path for those who come after me;—a path, in which great things may be done, both for themselves and for the cause of

the highest, truest sense of the word, I have never met with. She left the stage after thirty-two years of professional life, "pure in the inmost foldings of her heart;"—preserving to the latest hour of her existence her faith in goodness, her fervent, yet serene piety, and a power of elevating the minds of all who approached her, through the simple moral dignity of her own nature, which I have never seen equalled. She died in October, 1844.

dramatic music in England." And her intense perception of the grand and the beautiful in her own art,—and her rare power of realizing both,—rendered such enthusiasm, on her part, noble and worthy of all praise, which had sounded like presumption in any other. Such feelings, such views, became her well: there might have been moments of impatience, of despondency, when they were not consciously uppermost in her mind,—when they were even put aside as visionary,—but they were always *there;*—and I have not the slightest doubt that, by giving a loftier grace to her step, and to the expression of her fine face a more serious dignity, they enhanced her moral power over her auditors, and imparted, unconsciously, a profounder significance to the grand style of her acting.

Her first appearance on a London stage was attended by circumstances, which lent it an extraordinary interest in the eyes of the public, and gave it some peculiar advantages and disadvantages as regarded herself. As the youngest daughter of that "Olympian dynasty," which had held and transmitted, through several generations, the sceptre of supremacy in her art, and which the whole English nation regarded with a just pride and reverence, she seemed to have a prescriptive right, not merely to the indulgence, but to the homage and affections of her audience. On the other hand, if the high name she bore was as a

diadem round her brow, it was also a pledge of powers and talents not easily redeemed. It raised expectations not easily satisfied. Where there was genius, it was a grace the more;—"where virtue was, it was more virtuous;" it could impart an added splendor to the triumph of excellence; but on mediocrity and defeat it had stuck a fatal and lasting stigma. To any other in the same position, failure would have been a misfortune; to her it must have been disgrace. These were the advantages and disadvantages, which, in the very outset, pressed upon her mind. How strongly, how acutely they were felt,—with what a mingled throb of pride and apprehension she prepared to meet the ordeal,—those can tell who were near her in that hour of trial—and of triumph.

Then the Opera selected for her first appearance, the "Norma" of Bellini,—in some respects an excellent choice,—had also its difficulties and disadvantages. She had sung in it at Venice; it was associated with her first success; it was well calculated for her person and her features, which had the historical and poetical cast of the Kemble family; modified, however, by strong likeness to her mother. The music suited the natural and acquired qualities of her voice; and the character and situations were calculated to exhibit to advantage her style of acting—majestic, earnest, passionate. On the other hand, both the music and the character were so familiar, that the effect of novelty in either was wanting. Pasta, the original

Norma, had left behind her undying recollections; and Grisi, the successor of Pasta on the stage of the Italian Opera, was then triumphant in her beauty, and at the height of her matured powers as singer and actress. The translation, though well executed on the whole, offered great difficulties to one who had been accustomed to sing the music to the words for which it was composed, and who was now obliged to adapt the organs of her voice to a different enunciation of syllables and sounds. The cultivated taste, the exquisitely nice ear, revolted against the blending of awkwardly inverted words with notes for which they had no affinity. Milton speaks of "Music *married* to immortal verse;" this, to continue the metaphor, was a forced and unequal marriage, and threatened discord. The difficulty was, however, met and overcome, as it had been vanquished before by Malibran and others; but never so completely, so successfully, as by Adelaide Kemble. There were passages in the recitative in which her distinct and perfect articulation was felt through the music, and told most beautifully.

But to return to her first appearance, and the first impression it produced. Her entrance on the stage was a moment of intense interest. The audience gave her that enthusiastic welcome which, under the circumstances, was not merely a thing of course, but expressive of the cordial good-will and respect due to a Kemble. Then for a time all expression of feeling was hushed by expectation,

perhaps by anxious doubt; the first effect was produced by the sustained note at the conclusion of the first recitative, on the word *sever* (in Italian, "il sacro vischio *mieto*"); the wondering, delighted, breathless suspense in which it held her auditors, was succeeded by a short pause of absolute astonishment, and then by a general and deafening shout of applause. Still the more refined and enlightened portion of her audience withheld their judgment; they felt that this wonderful passage was, after all, a mere *tour de force*. They waited for higher proofs of higher powers. The execution of her first cavatina, the "*Casta Diva*," particularly of the *cabaletta* "*O bello a me ritorni!*" showed to advantage the capabilities of her voice. As the opera proceeded, more delicate touches of passion and feeling, especially in the first duet with Adalgisa, the fine opening of the trio, "*O di qual sei tu vittima;*" and the last scene of the first act, "*Vanne, si! mi lascia, indegno!*" displayed her power of tragic declamation, combined with musical science. Her impassioned and pathetic acting all through the last scenes showed how completely she had entered into her part as a whole; and the curtain fell amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause and delight.

Speaking from recollection, I should say that the finest, the most impressive passage in the whole opera, both in vocal and in tragic power, was the deep, calm solemnity with which she commenced the duett, "In mia man alfin tu sei;" it was

terrible:—and the power of her voice in the *sostenuto* passages told wonderfully all through this grand scena. I pass over some other effects; but must be allowed one observation, which is irresistibly suggested by my recollection of her in this particular-part.

Though a consummate musician, Adelaide Kemble was not a mere singer. A larger range of reflection, an intellect more generally cultivated than is usual in her profession, had opened to her more extended views of her own art. She felt all the capabilities, all the fascinations, of the lyrical drama; but she had been nourished on Shakspeare, and felt the bounds within which, as a lyrical actress, her powers were to be circumscribed; felt, not without some impatience, the line which divides the opera-seria from legitimate tragedy; and was sometimes tempted *too* near the extreme boundary of the former. The sacrifice of all verisimilitude as regards story and character is, in opera, a thing of course. Certain unreal and impossible premises must be granted,—and are so;—but sometimes the necessity of sacrificing the truth of expression and character to the vocal intonation was felt as a sore infliction by one who, as I have observed, was not a mere singer. This led her, at times, into a fault not unworthy of a true daughter of the Kemble line. She was apt to sacrifice the music, the vocal intonation, to the more emphatic expression of character or passion. This was an absolute fault; and for this reason several passages in

the Norma, — as for example, "*See the wretch— the wretch thou hast made me*,"—"*That I am a mother I may forget*,"—and the whole scene with Orovecso were imperfectly given to the last; she forgot the *vocalist* in the *tragedian*. Had she sung in Italian, this perhaps, would not have occurred; and, at all events, had she remained on the stage, she would have surmounted the temptation thus nobly to err. Where the development of a character is restricted within the bounds of situation and emotion, and confined to certain effects, produced through a conventional medium, difficulties are to be vanquished, of which only the most gifted and intellectual among vocal artists have a complete perception. Adelaide Kemble, as she saw beyond the limits within which she was to circumscribe her aims, had all the more deeply reflected on whatever could possibly be achieved within those limits,—by propriety of accentuation and expression, and by adjusting to the music every variety of movement and attitude. A lyrical actress must not only be graceful; she must set grace to music, and measure it by time. If the figure do not bend; if the arm be not raised or lowered; the head thrown back; the step advanced, not only at a particular moment, but to a particular note, the result is discord to the nice ear and practised eye. But no teaching can give this, no study, no thought; only a most harmonious mind, to which the limbs and frame move in spontaneous accordance, can convey the impression of perfect ease

and grace, where every motion and action is calculated. Lyrical acting is, in fact, a species of dance. Seldom is the musical organization so perfect as to combine in exquisite proportion the power of musical utterance with the sense of grace, as regards form and movement. Hence so few singers, particularly English and French singers, have been good performers.

Adelaide Kemble excelled in harmonious propriety of action and expression, and with her it was partly the result of spontaneous impulse, partly of reflection. One instance among many reminded me of her aunt Siddons. It was recorded of that great actress, that she had, at different periods, adopted successively three different ways of giving one phrase in Lady Macbeth,—

"If we fail—we fail."

At first with a quick, contemptuous interrogation, —"We fail?" as if indignant at the implied doubt. Afterwards with the note of admiration, and an accent of astonishment, laying the emphasis on the word *we*,—"*we* fail!" Lastly, she fixed on what must appear to all the true reading, and consistent with the fatalism of the character,— "We fail."—with the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, as if she had said,—"If we fail, why then *we fail*, and all is over."

In the same manner Adelaide Kemble varied certain effects, after due consideration of the true significance of the character as bearing on the situa-

tion and the momentary feeling. In the "Norma," in that fine scene and duet with Pollio, when she sees her faithless lover at her mercy, she had tried three different intonations in giving the phrase,—*E tua vita ti perdono:* at first with a bitter contempt for what she gave; next with a scorn of him to whom she gave it; lastly with a tremulous relenting in the voice, which was inexpressibly touching, and in accordance with the feeling suggested by the words which follow,—*E non più ti rivedrò!* The last was doubtless the true expression. These successive alterations were remarked and appreciated by an Italian audience. I am not sure that her English audience would have proved either so sensitive or so discriminating.

The people showed themselves, however, not unworthy of the bright vision which had risen upon them, nor slow in appreciating the intelligence, the feeling, and the musical science, which surpassed all that had yet been seen on the English stage. Those who differed at first with regard to the precise rank she was to hold as a singer were at least agreed in this, that no English vocalist had ever yet approached her as an actress. Every night she sang she gained on the affections and the judgment of the public; and those who had long forsaken the theatre as a place of amusement became for her sake *habitués.*

The crowds which flocked to the representation of the "Norma" had not diminished even after forty repetitions, and the excitement was still at

its height when she appeared (January 23, 1842) in the "Elena Uberti," an English version of the "Elena da Feltre" of Mercadante, in which she had sung with so much applause at Padua and at Naples. But of all the operas in which she appeared here this was the least popular. The music was *a pasticcio*, with a *scena* from Pacini (the "Il soave e bel contento"), and a finale from the "Emma de Antiocho." The rest of the opera, though extremely well put together—"gut instrumentirt," as the Germans say—had little of either melody or originality. The situations, though striking, were commonplace. With all these disadvantages, and a confined canvas, there were points in which she displayed a power of tragic acting beyond anything in the "Norma;" and though the opera failed in effect, she herself rose higher than ever in the estimation of the public—particularly in the last scene of despair and madness. To go mad to music, and to preserve, in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion, the vocal effects and the harmonious grace of movement, so that all shall be *calculated instinctively* (if I may so express myself), and keep time with the orchestral accompaniments, is one of the greatest difficulties—and when vanquished, one of the greatest triumphs—of lyrical acting.

The transition from the grandeur of Norma and the deep tragedy of the "Elena Uberti" to the gayety of the "Figaro," was a trial and a proof

of the versatility of her talent. Those who had allowed and admired her capabilities for tragic acting, and her effective execution of modern Italian music, seemed uncertain how far she was fitted for the opera buffa, or how far she might be trusted with the classic melodies of Mozart. Such doubts were soon dissipated. Of all her triumphs, the part of Susanna was, perhaps, the most brilliant. She not only understood, she revelled in the beauty of the music. She sang it with a purity of style which fully evinced her real taste and correct judgment; and at the same time, with an exuberance of delight which seemed to overflow throughout the part, and in which her audience sympathized cordially. If, in her conception of the character, there was a little too much of dignity and refinement for the Susanna of Beaumarchais, it was only the more true to the musical version of the character, as conceived by Mozart. We cannot but feel how much his charming music, so earnest and passionate in the midst of its gayety, had been desecrated by the common stage-representation of a mere romping chambermaid. Adelaide Kemble felt, with exquisite taste, how false, with all its apparent literalness, would have been such an impersonation of Mozart's Susanna. There was no want of archness, of sprightliness, of buoyant animal spirits; but all melodized, all softened by the truth of the lyrical effect; thus combining attention to the original spirit of the character, and to the spirit infused into it by Mo-

zart. That fine cavatina in the last scene, "*Deh vieni,—non tardar*," generally omitted on the Italian stage, was retained; and she sang it with such admirable taste and pathos, and such a finished delicacy of style, that, among musicians, this success crowned her as a first-rate vocal artist. But the manner in which she gave the famous air, *Voi che sapete che cosa e amor*, was as fine as a piece of vocalism, as it was novel and exquisite as an example of her consummate judgment in comic acting. It was marked by such a feeling of propriety and expression, regarding this song as a part of a whole, that it may be mentioned here as a lesson in art. At first, when she snatched the page's song out of his hand, she began with a sort of ironical air, and a glance at him and the countess, as if consciously expressing *his* sentiments; but she proceeded as if hurried away by her feeling of the sentiment, and continued her song with more and more of heartfelt expression, as if forgetting, till she approached the conclusion, that she was personating another. In general, this air, which belongs to Cherubino, but is always given to Susanna, is sung as a mere *pièce de prétention*, as if to the audience or the stage-lamps, without reference to the action or the business of the scene—all truth of situation, all *vraisemblance* forgotten.

In this opera the recitative was omitted, and the dialogue substituted, not the witty dialogue of Beaumarchais, but a translation of the very insipid and pointless dialogue of the Italian libretto, and

of this only just so much as was necessary to connect the songs. Still, it was delightful to hear, for the first time, the speaking tones of a voice which seemed to be made up of music. Her perfect and beautiful enunciation was pronounced to be "worthy of the school in which it was formed," and the easy grace of her movements, and the charming *naïveté* of some of her scenes, recalled her mother to the recollection of all who had seen that delightful actress in the days of her youth and beauty.

The "Sonnambula," in which she had sung at Naples with brilliant success, was her next triumph; and the part of Amina was certainly one of those in which she produced the greatest effect on the English stage. In this opera she had to sustain a formidable comparison with two of the most accomplished singers the world has yet seen—Malibran and Persiani. The "Sonnambula" was a part in which Pasta had never produced a pleasing effect, because she was *too* great. She threw into the peasant girl too much of the tragic heroine—too much weight and grandeur. Malibran had too much passion and vehemence—too much of the gipsy. Persiani was a little too ladylike. Adelaide Kemble had conceived the character differently, and, as I think, more truly than any one of these great artists. She delineated the simple, affectionate, joyous country girl overtaken by a misery against which she has no defence, not even in her innocence. She made a gentle, confiding tenderness

the predominant sentiment in her impersonation, as it is of the music; and to this conception of the character, sustained from first to last with infinite delicacy and consistency, she was content to sacrifice some of those brilliant and wonderful effects which, as a singer, she might have produced had she been so minded. For instance, in singing the last *bravura*, "Ah! non giunge uman pensiero," she neither aimed at the sparkling grace and triumphant rapture with which the enchantress Malibran had poured it forth, as from some fountain of song in the depths of her own soul, looking the while half gypsy and half sibyl, nor did she emulate the elegance and elaborate finish which characterized Persiani, in the same song; but she gave it more of sentiment than either, and here and there with a touch of tremulous feeling, in which the rich tones of pleasure seemed to vibrate to a past but recent sorrow. When asked why she had varied from the usual style of execution in this particular song, and from the more obvious expression, she replied, with quick feeling, "What! do you think the poor girl has forgotten in a few moments all the agonies she has passed through?" I have said that of all her parts, this was one of the most successful. It was also the one most severely trying to her strength and feelings. She frequently fainted after or during the performance; and, to the last, never sang in it without being exhausted by her own emotions.

On the first of October in this year, after a tour

of a few months in the provinces, she made her first appearance in the "Semiramide." From the representation of the lively *Cameriera* and the gentle heart-stricken Amina; from the profound soul-thrilling music of Mozart and the tender melodies of Bellini, she stepped at once into the impersonation of the haughty Assyrian Queen, and lent her charming voice to the brilliant spirit-stirring airs of Rossini.

On her first appearance in the "Semiramide," it was my impression that either she had pitched her conception a tone and a half too low, or that she was disabled by her nervous terror and want of self-reliance,—by the very sensibility, in short, which was the charm of her acting as of her character,—from working out her conception in all its strength. She made the *woman* predominate throughout, whereas the Assyrian Queen ought to do so; in the first place because more true to the traditional character; secondly, because distinguishing the *rôle* from others of the same class, as the Norma and the Medea; lastly, because the barbaric pomp of the music bears out this reading of the part. It is true that we have strains here and there of voluptuous tenderness, but these are lost immediately in the clash of cymbals, and the rich, tumultuous, triumphant orchestral effects. It was not till after the third or fourth representation, that the character assumed that coloring of grandeur and power which it afterwards retained; and from this time she sang it better and better every night;—

but it remained a feminine and peculiar conception to the end.

In the "Semiramide" she had to contend with undying recollections of Pasta. Next to the Medea it had been the grandest effort of that unequalled artist. It was perhaps fortunate for Adelaide Kemble that she had never witnessed Pasta's performance of this character; that she was left untrammelled by any influences or recollections, to work out her own conception, which differed altogether from that which Pasta had originated, and which Grisi and others had adopted, with more or less success.

Pasta had conceived the part in a tone of greatness, in which the imperious queen predominated over the woman. In her impersonation, Semiramide was a magnificent barbaric heroine, who could feel love, hatred, fury, scorn, but hardly fear or remorse, still less tenderness. Adelaide, on the contrary, had conceived the Semiramide as a voluptuous and despotic queen, in whom, amid crimes of the darkest die, the woman still predominated. The music of this opera, fascinating as it is, and full of fine dramatic effects, has yet little originality, character, or solidity. It is deficient in style,—it is precisely of that kind on which an accomplished singer could stamp her own conception. In this respect how different from the music of Mozart!—so full of dramatic individuality, that he obliges the singer to adopt his conception of a character, or falsify it altogether, and produce a

palpable discord. In singing Mozart, her instinctively fine taste had impelled her to defer to the feeling of the composer, even where that diverged from the more obvious truth of the situation; for instance, she made Susanna poetical, because all the music she sings is passionate and poetical; but in singing the Semiramide she felt quite at liberty to interpret the music as she chose. It was altogether a beautiful and consistent delineation in the singing and in the acting. For example, in the scene with the spectre, in giving the passage—

"Atroce palpita
M'opprima l'anima,"

she displayed more of terror; Pasta, in the same scene, less fear, and more horror, not unmingled with a sort of defiance. Throughout this scene Adelaide's voice trembled—she herself trembled. Pasta did not tremble but sank her voice to a fearful hollow tone, low as the deepest whisper, yet distinctly audible. It was quite consistent with Adelaide's conception, that, in the extremity of sudden terror, she should cling for support to the arm of Assur, and the next moment shrink from him in disgust,—and it was finely imagined. In Pasta's representation such an action had been wholly inconsistent and unnatural. This distinction was still more marked in the famous duet with Assur, in the second Act. And I do not hesitate to say, that her conception here was superior to that of Pasta,—more varied, more delicately felt,

both in the action and the musical expression. The predominant sentiment, as Pasta sang and acted this scene, was not so much remorse for her crime as indignant scorn of her accomplice. This was the coloring throughout. Adelaide displayed all the successive passions and shades of passion which, under such circumstances, would overwhelm the soul of the insulted queen, and the guilty trembling woman. At one moment she grasped her poniard as though she would have struck it to the traitor's heart: the next she cowered, she writhed under his threats and reproaches, her bowed head and clasped hands seeming to implore his forbearance; and none can easily forget the look of horror with which she glanced round, as she sang the words

"L'ombra terribile
Del tuo consorte
Che minacciòso
Infra le tenebre," &c.

as if the very air was filled with avenging furies. The exulting *stretto*—

"Regina e Guerriera
Punirti saprò"——

was a magnificent display of passion, power, fine acting, and vocal science. I have known the audience, in the midst of this passage, as if absolutely carried away as she ran up the notes to the top of her voice and swept across the stage, break into an involuntary shout of admiration, as instantly repressed, and again "they held their

breath for a time!" Most true to her conception of the part, and inexpressibly touching and beautiful in itself, was the smile gleaming through tears, and the pathetic tremulous intonation with which, in the famous duet, "Giorno d'orrore!" she gave the words, "E di contento!" Nothing, throughout her whole career, gave me a more vivid impression of her capabilities as a first-rate intellectual artist, than did this profound and exquisite touch of feeling, whether the result of impulse, or of reflection, or both.

On the 5th of November, in this year, she gave us the "Matrimonio Segreto." As in the "Figaro," the recitative was omitted, and there was only as much dialogue retained as was absolutely necessary to connect the songs by the thread of an intelligible story. The English version, was, however, executed with unusual spirit and felicity. And never, perhaps, were the enchanting melodies of Cimarosa given in a more perfect style, nor with a finer feeling of their tender beauty and arch significance. Her execution of the part of Carolina was an example of the purely simple and classical Buffa singing, with a thorough appreciation of its true character; and her acting throughout was as affectively charming and piquant. This Opera and the "Figaro" were those in which she sang with most pleasure to herself and least physical exertion. The conclusion of the performance always found her untired in voice and spirits,—

often in a state of buoyant excitement; and I do not recollect that she ever came off the stage without some strong expression of rapturous delight in the beauty of the music.

Her brief career of successive triumphs was now drawing to a close. She had, in one short year, given evidence of the wide range of her powers—a range as wide as ever was taken by any lyrical actress. She had shown herself on the stage, or in the concert-room, perfectly at home in every school,—every style of music. She had sung Mercadante, Donizetti, Bellini; she had sung Mozart, Cimarosa, Weber. In the "Norma," and the "Semiramide," and the "Sonnambula," she had emulated Pasta and Malibran. In the famous *scena* of the "Der Frieschutz," she had competed with Schröder Devrient. She had sung the "Erl-König" and the "Ave-Maria" of Schubert, and made every pulse throb or tremble to the music; and she had drawn tears in "Auld Robin Gray."*

*Among the songs she sang most beautifully were Mendelsohn's "*Frühlings-lied;*" Schubert's "*Hark, hark the lark;*" and Dessauer's "*Ouvrez, ouvrez.*" The same composer set for her Alfred Tennyson's fine ballad, "*We were two Daughters of one Race,*" which she sang divinely; it was like a scene out of a tragic drama; and the style in which she sang it was suitable to the words and to the music; but I could not say the same of "*Auld Robin Gray,*" which she made *too dramatic.* It ought to be sung as the "spinners and the knitters in the sun" would sing it, not like an air out of the "Sonnambula;"—this at least, was my own feeling, but others felt differently. When she sang 'Auld Robin Gray" for the first time in public, the venerable

Those who had watched her progress as a dramatic singer felt that, in her departure, the stage had sustained a loss never to be replaced; and, as yet it has so proved. Some, who knew what her own aspirations had been, ardently wished that, before her retirement, she had appeared in three characters especially suited to her person, her mind, and her vocal powers;—the Iphigenia, the Medea, and the Donna Anna.

For the first, she was fitted by her deep appreciation of all that constitutes ideal grandeur of style in impersonation as in song. She would have entered into the Iphigenia as conceived by Euripides, and by Goethe, and steeped its statue-like beauty in the music of Glück. In the Medea she would have entered the lists with Pasta, and would have given us, probably, a new version of that grand impersonation; for Adelaide Kemble could never (overflowing as she was with original power) have been an imitator of any one; and her Medea would certainly, like her Semiramide, have derived a coloring from her own individual temperament and genius. The Donna Anna of Mozart she had

Bishop of Kildare, the brother of Lady Anne Lindsay, was present; as soon as the performance was over, he came up to thank and compliment the singer, but was so much moved as to be scarcely able to speak. In referring afterwards to this incident, her own eyes sparkled and filled with tears, showing how strongly she felt the moral power of her art. It should seem, however, that the true ballad style is incompatible with the dramatic style, for notwithstanding the improvement in general power, she never sang ballads so well after her return from Italy as before she went there; the manner was too *intense* for the subject.

studied, and had resolved on adopting that view of the character which is suggested in Hoffmann's poetical critique of the "Don Juan." In her impersonation, Donna Anna would not have been merely a lady walking about the stage with a dignified air, lamenting and singing in deep mourning. She had conceived the character not merely as a part to sing, but as a grand tragic *rôle;* as it is developed in the passionate and luxuriant music of Mozart, not merely as it is set forth in the words of the *libretto.* She intended to give it a depth of coloring such as no singer had ever imparted, or thought of imparting to it before. This, and far more, we might have looked for from her. But her retirement took place under circumstances which those who most admired her could least regret; and her last appearance, like her first, was accompanied by incidental associations which rendered it as peculiar and touching as it was memorable. Her career had been so short!—so crowded by triumphs, which had left the public almost breathless! Musical critics had decided, "that tried even by the standard of Pasta and Malibran, she maintained, through original power and intellect, her own high place;—measured against all English competitors and predecessors, she stood alone, and supreme." Yet they had scarcely come to this decision, when she was snatched from their sight, like Ipihegnia from the eager gaze of the multitude, to sacrifice, or *be* sacrificed, at a holier shrine. She disappeared so

suddenly and at such a height of popularity, it was as if she had been spirited away by some enchanter.

She left the stage before her profession had been vulgarized to her by habit,—before the excitement of applause had become to her like an intoxicating drug. Her art was not yet to her a *métier*, it had still poetry left for her. Her voice still trembled, her hand still turned ice-cold after a scene of passion or emotion. She was in the bloom of health, youth and strength;—she had intellect, energy, physical power;—she was gaining, every hour, in finish and certainty of execution, in grace and smoothness of action;—and she retired, with her wreath of glory yet fresh and budding round her brow, and while the sympathy between her and her audience had all the novelty and enthusiasm of a first love. She chose, for her last appearance in public, the *Norma*. In this character she had appeared on her *débût* at Venice, in 1838, when she passed the Rubicon which separates a private from a public existence. In this character she had produced her first great effect in England. She wished to take leave of her audience under the same semblance in which she had captivated and conquered them. She had not faltered in her resolution, which had become a duty; she could not for a moment regret the change from a brilliant, but troubled existence, to an honored and tranquil home,—but she had sufficient sensibility

to feel that this was not merely a parting, but a sacrifice; that, in taking leave of the stage—that arena of glory for all her family,—she was renouncing her vocation and her birthright. She sat for some time weeping in her dressing-room, trying in vain to regain composure. Behind the scenes—where all was usually noise and gossip—reigned a sort of funereal silence. From her companions, who were accustomed to sing with her, and to derive inspiration from her genius, down to the lowest officials of the theatre,—all of whom she had won by multiplied kind offices, and by her frank and gentle bearing,—there was not one who did not look serious if not sad; some were even in tears. Before the curtain there was an immense house,—hushed, yet, now and then, breaking into sounds of impatience,—for there was some unusual delay. The overture and first scenes were scarcely listened to; and, when she appeared,—the whole audience rising simultaneously, greeted her with such an acclaim as made the very walls shake. Overpowered, so as to lose all self possession, she covered her face with her hands—and still keeping her majestic attitude by the Druid altar—stood still,—the tears streaming,—her whole frame trembling; at last making a motion as if to implore forbearance, the shouts of applause subsided, and she made a desperate effort to commence. In vain!—the sounds were choked—suffocated. After a struggle, almost painful to witness, she clasped her hands together; and, lean-

ing her face on the altar, fairly gave way to uncontrollable emotion. There was a short pause of deep silence, respect, and sympathy—then the feelings of the excited audience burst forth again in prolonged acclamations.

At length she gained sufficient self-possession to begin. Her voice was at first feeble, husky, scarce audible; but gathering courage as she proceeded, she gave the "Casta Diva" with something of her usual spirit and brilliance,—was encored,—succeeded better,—and went through the rest of the part with the more energy, perhaps, from the state of excitement and emotion into which she had been thrown; and certainly, she never acted more magnificently. She made no attempt at a farewell address; but picking up a wreath of laurel, and a bouquet from among those flung at her feet, she pressed them to her lips, and, with an expressive look and gesture, and a gentle inclination of the head, disappeared. On recovering herself, in her dressing-room, she looked at the laurel-wreath and flowers, still clasped in her hand, and exclaimed with a gush of mournful feeling: "What!—is it all over?—And is this *all* that remains?"

No—not all!

THE END.

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